



ter-tace

POWDER AND FOUNDATION IN ONE

NOW, for all who love the clean, Now, for all who love the clean, fresh fragrance of Gemey Perfume, Richard Hudnut has produced "Flatter-face," an entirely new powder and foundation in one. Just compare "Flatter-face" with any other combined make-up, you've ever seen and your eyes alone will tell you how much finer and softer it is and softer it is.

And when you smooth it on your face,

And when you smooth it on your face, you'll feel it glide softly and easily over the skin, for sensational new "Flatter-face" has been triple-micronised to gossamer smoothness. So remarkable is its covering power that it gives any skin a new flawless look for hours any skin a new flawless look for hours and hours without refoughing—a new and hours without refoughing—a new and hours without retouching—a new radiance that is completely flattering and beautiful.

Living Colours. "Flatter-face" colours look alive because they match the living tones of fresh young skin. Four shades: Dawn Glow, Blush Tan, Rose Beige,

Hotters Every Skin! "Flatter-face" absorbs light instead of reflecting it, so softening



out tiny lines and imperfections. Even in the harshest day or artificial light, your skin looks fresh and flawless.

Doesn't Crack or Flatter-face" is economical to use because it does not flake or crack in the case. You can use it to the very last.

Ask to see Gemey "Flatter-face" ... now at chemists and stores everywhere. You'll admire its smart-looking case, from which it may, if desired, be removed and placed in a compact—fits most compacts now in



Creations of Richard Hudnut

NEW YORK . LONDON . PARIS . SYDNEY

The Australian WONE

SEPTEMBER 19, 1956

Vol. 24, No.

SCOTT LEGEND WILL ENDURE

TRUE heroism leaves an indestructible memory.

In London recently Sir Raymond Priestley, a scientist member of Scott's illfated 1912 polar expedition, criticised certain aspects of Captain Scott's leadership.

Captain Scott, he said, was weak on organisation, psychology, and on Antarctic travelling techniques.

When Scott and a party of four reached the South Pole on January 18, 1912, they found that a rival expedition led by the Norwegian Amundsen had arrived a month earlier.

Captain Scott and his companions perished on the journey back to their base.

The story of the tragic expedition, pieced together from entries in Scott's diary, has been an inspiration in courage to countless men and women ever since.

Sir Raymond waited 44 years to make his criticism. Many people may feel that he should have withheld it, though he added: "I yield to no one in my admiration of Scott and the way he and his men died.

One London paper, reporting the speech, said that he had "destroyed the Scott legend." This, of course, as Scott's son pointed out, is nonsense.

Sir Raymond, president of the British Association of the Advancement of Science and a former Vice-Chancellor of Melbourne University, was addressing scientists, whose minds should be sufficiently clear to separate courage from

The Scott legend will live on because its inspiration does not depend on success. Neither did that of Gallipoli.

Heroism can be all the greater in failure. The example it leaves is untarnishable.

Our cover:

· Cecil Beaton's birthday portrait Princess Margaret is one of the met attractive he has ever taken of her. Her pic tulle evening dress is embroidered with flowes and sequins, and her necklace, bracelet, and earnings are of diamonds. The 26-year-cal Princess begins her East African tour the month. Anne Matheson, of our London office. will cover the tour for us, and staff photo-rapher Robert Cleland will fly from Sydnto meet her in Mauritius and take color p

This week:

- First of our new big film sections begins on page 13. On page 19 Ela Maxwell writes about Gene Tierney's breardown. Since the story went to press, new has come from America that Gene, who left a sanitarium a few weeks ago, has had to return there for more rest and treatment.
- When Wayne Spurgin grows up I will be able to tell people he was a T star when he was born. In this issue Yvon: Auliff tells the story of Wayne's birth, televise, for a medical audience at Crown Street Hopital, Sydney. Both Yvonne and staff photo: pital, Sydney. Both Yvonne and stall photographer Ron Berg rated this assignment as or of the most dramatic they have ever had. Ro has taken many baby pictures in his time, by we think that the one showing Wayne whe less than an hour old is one of his best. captured that mysterious expression newborn babies, a world-weary look as if the already knew all the wisdom that life is about to teach them.

Next week:

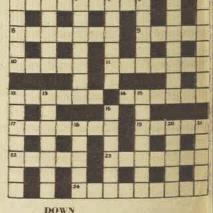
- From now on the Australian spot light will be focused on Melbourne. Nex week we take a preliminary look at th Olympic Games in a seven-page section. Fou Olympic Games in a severi-page section. For of the pages are in color and they include first-class aerial picture showing the stadium and arenas which will be the setting of th Games. Another page of sketches and model shows the decorations that will be used it Melbourne streets, and we also feature color photographs of Australian swimmers.
- Our Needlework Department is offer ing a special Olympic transfer to mark the year of the Games. It includes Olympic symbols and Australian motifs which are easily ironed on to pockets, scarves, and handker-

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

- Member of the cor-responding society of a famous club hid-ing in a trim herb-age (9).
- Abashed, possibly be-cause he's Adam (7).
- 9. Breed a sire (5).
- 10. A deviation from right (5).
- Once it was the most. Uluminating (7).
- 12. Kept miledy's shoe out of the mud (6).
- 14. A graduate, L and a

ANDS I S SOCI

- 17. Pair of pincers for small lads (7).
- 22. The house of frozen materials (5).
- 23. Self-giorification is to 24. Need a tret (Anagr
 - Solution will be published next week.



- Would make a pice grill for a bookmaker (5).
- This is not this, but it could go to her (5).
- Piesh round your teeth gets a plant mostly in Australia (3-4). Red ant (Ausgr., 6). Band made of parts (5).
- Lost rib can be in very good order if it precedes fashion (7).
- Explosive red agent without tes 21. Domesticated after tes (5).

- 12. Percipie may live in it of on a 12. Derinker whose head may be useful for betting if it's good (7).

 15. To become fatty one must take a dip for a start (7).

 16. View must start with a broken space (6).

 18. Eat away (5)
- 20. The last one has an eque connection (5).

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEERLY - September 19, 1956

Page 2



Now I suppose that sounds cryptic and Solomonesque, but before you get the idea that I think of myself as a sort of poor man's Barney Baruch, let me tell you about a case I observed a couple of years ago. It concerned a young fellow samed Sam Padgett.

Sam was already a lawyer, been out of law school a couple of years, but he was just dawdling along, not seeming to get anywhere. His father had been a lawyer—I'd known him well. His dying wish had been for Sam to carry on in the profession.

So when I began to run into Sam around the courthouse, he had a niche in one of the city's old, conservative firms, handling estates, tracing titles and all the rest of it. Rather dull work unless you have a feeling for it, and Sam didn't. He hated it.

We used to have lunch together quite often and Sam would unburden himself to me.

would unburden himself to me.

"You know, Henry," he said one day, "I often think I ought to go down to New York and get into Uncle Clarence's exporting business. There's real money there."

"Think you'd like the exporting business?" I asked. He wrinkled his brow until his mop of red hair seemed about ready to merge with his eyebrows. "Gosh, I don't know. All I know is I'm not satisfied with what I'm doing."

"Are you sure Uncle Clarence wants you in his exporting business?" I asked.

The Australian Women's Weekly - September 19, 1956

"I think so," he said. "He mentioned it a couple of times when I was in college."

when I was in college."

But I knew it wasn't only the career position involved in Sam's indecision—there was also a girl in the picture. Her name was Betty Milner, and she worked in the local accountant's office. She was blond, perky, and smart as a whip. Sometimes I'd eat lunch with both of them, and I could understand Sam's reluctance to go traipsing down to New York and leave her behind. And still he couldn't seem to make up his mind to pop the question, either. An indecisive young man. indecisive young man,

One day he came into the restaurant alone, his freckled, homely face more brooding than ever.

"What's the matter, man?" I said. "Are they loading the scarches on you over there?"

He shook his head. "No, it's just that I got a letter today from Uncle Clarence."

"Oh," I said. "You mean he doesn't need any help?"

"No," Sam replied. "He does. He wants me to come down and look the situation over."

"So now you should be happy, shouldn't you?"

Sam stared moodily out the window. "Well, maybe. After all, I don't have to say yes to him if I don't want to."

"Of course not," I said heartily. "Just put on your best bib and tucker and take off for the big town."

"That's the thing," Sam said. "I don't have any best bib and tucker. You see this threadbare, attractively spotted tweed I'm wearing? This is my best suit. If I buy some decent clothes I won't have enough money left, what with train fare and all, to pay occasionally in the places Uncle Clarence frequents. I hate to go down there like a poor relative."

"Ah, yes," I said, remembering my own days as a young

We sat there, staring out at the gloomy spring drizzle. Then Sam's face brightened and, looking up, I saw why. Betty had just come in, and she was something to improve any

day.

She had on a little red hat and a warm grin and, well, she was just something to encourage young and old alike.

The account masculine flurry at the advent of a pretty

To page 71





complete with puff 16/-Refill with puff . - 10/3

CYCLAX BEAUTY PRESSED

Third instalment of our fascinating 4-part serial

BY DOROTHY

Cressida is harassed by further tense mysteries

HE light flashed on and Cressida saw Jeremy Winter standing, laughing at her, while Mimosa relinquished his grip on her ankle and bounded away on a skittish game of his own.

"Sorry," said Jeremy. "Did he frighten you? He gets like this on loggy nights. I don't know why. Why, my dear child, you're trembling."

"I thought — some horror — had followed me in out of the fog," Cressida gasped. "Actually, someone did follow me home and I thought just now I heard the front door open and shut."

Her voice died away as she saw the moisture on Jeremy's

home and I thought just now I heard the front door open and shut. "
Her voice died away as she saw the moisture on Jeremy's hair and face. He must have just come in from outdoors himself. Her gaze travelled downwards hypnotically and she saw on his feet heavy rubber-soled shoes.

"Someone followed you? That was unpleasant."

"Yes," said Cressida vaguely, looking at the slight damp marks his shoes had made on the marble floor.

"Well, don't imagine it was me," said Jeremy. "I've got a cold and haven't been out all day." He paused to snecze violently. "Except just now when I went down to the corner to get milk for Mimosa." He exhibited the bottle of milk with an air of innocence. "Does that give me an alibi?"

"Don't joke about it!" Cressida said tensely. "It wasn't funny and I'm getting a little tired of unfunny jokes."

"And I," said Jeremy, "am getting more than a little tired of being under suspicion. When anything unpleasant happens why do you instantly associate me with it? I can tell you it hurts."

He looked at her fiercely, his eyebrows drawn in a tight line so that his face was changed; it was that of

"Well, it hurts, too, when people send me notices saying that I am dead. And it isn't exactly my idea of fun being followed home in a

hotly. "You only laugh at me, anyway. You think I imagine things. You really think I'm just a simple country girl who might provide you with a little harmless amusement because

might provide you with a little harmless amusement because I'm naive."

"Naive isn't quite the word I would use." Jeremy's anger had vanished as quickly as it had come and now his eyes had their irritating twinkle of mirth again. "I could think of several more fitting ones."

"Don't bother," said Gressida frigidly. "Don't waste your valuable time thinking of me at all."

Jeremy sneezed again and apologised.

"If I hadn't got this filthy cold I wouldn't; I'd kiss you instead. No wonder you were followed; you're much too attractive."

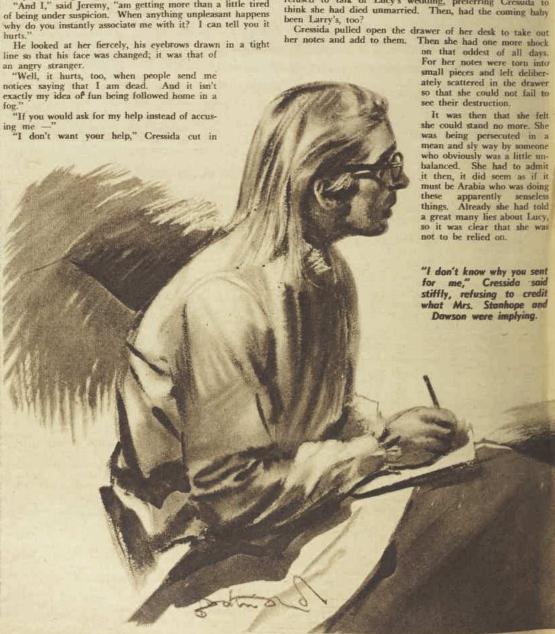
Then he was gone before Gressida could think of anything.

attractive."

Then he was gone before Cressida could think of anything more to say. Mimosa bounded after him, a large, orange-colored shadow, and Cressida was left, now no longer frightened, but suddenly oddly forlorn.

It wasn't going to be much fun living here if she kept quarrelling with Jeremy. She had wanted to tell him about her discovery of Lucy's wedding, but now she couldn't. Pride would not allow her to confide in him any more. She would have to struggle with Lucy's mysterious story by hersell.

Now, more than ever, it demanded to be written. It must be because Arabia had not approved of Larry that she had refused to talk of Lucy's wedding, preferring Cressida to think she had died unmarried. Then, had the coming baby been Larry's, too?



THE ADSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WERKLY - September 19, 1956

Page 4

BECAUSE of the coincidence of her name, CRESSIDA LUCY BARCLAY, coming to London after quarrelling with her stolid fiance, TOM, is able to rent a charming flat in Dragon House, a subdivided mansion, whose eccentric owner, arable BOLTON, declares that Cressida is a replica of her adored daughter LUCY, who died as an attractive girl twenty years ago.

Other tenants of Dragon House are artist JEREMY WINTER, with his cat, of the models of the stoler o

Cressida had the greatest reluctance about dieving these things of Arabia. All the one, it stood to reason. No one who was irely sane would go about wearing a valutiara, for instance.

Cressida made an omelet for her evening cal and ate it without being aware of that she was doing. By that time she had more to her decision and reluctantly she sat iwn to write to Tom.

Thank you for your letter this morning, with I was very pleased to get. I am glad we have called on Mary Madden, she is a see girl and you two ought to get along very

"I am sorry I didn't write yesterday, but all sorts of things were happening. Some of them were odd, mysterious things, which I m sure you wouldn't like, and when I tell ou what has happened today I think you ill agree that I am right in not staying lete after all . . ."

Here Cressida hesitated, suddenly at a

was playing these tricks on her. How could an old woman follow her briskly down the street? At the end she had been running and tet her pursuer had lightly kept pace with her. How could habia, in her seventy-fifth year, am like that, even had she been

No, it must be all the work of one person, someone who hated her or who was jealous of her, or who just had a nasty, malicious mind.

If it was not Arabia she was not going to leave Dragon House. For, if someone here were behaving in that unbalanced way, Arabia more than ever had need of her.

But who could it be?

Cressida tore up the letter to Tom and began again.

began again. "Dear Tom,

"I am having such an exciting and absorbing time here that I am sorry I didn't even get round to writing to you yesterday. Please, please forgive me for this, but if you

Here she had to stop, for there was an urgent knocking at her door. When she opened it (with some trepidation, for she had begun to wonder what next to expect) Dawson stood there looking pale and agitated.

"Oh, Miss Barclay, could you come up and see Ma, she's sick," be said, all in one

boy, for all his professed experience with minor illnesses and remedies, was obviously frightened.

"It sounds like appendicitis," Cressida said.
"It tink Miss Glory might be of more use than me."
"No, Ma said you," Dawson urged, be-

"No, Ma said you," Dawson urged, beginning to lead the way up the stairs.

Cressida followed him with some reluctance. It was true that she had had little experience with illness and Mrs. Stanhope sounded as if she required professional attention. She went into the room, dimly lit by only the bedside light, and saw the sick woman lying small and year white on the sick woman lying small and very white on the

divan bed.
"I'm feeling a little better now," Mrs.
Stanhope whispered as Gressida bent over her.

"Can I do anything for you? Shall I send for a doctor?" Cressida asked anxiously.

Mrs. Stanhope shook her head. Her hair lay in damp wisps on the pillow, her little triangular face had a tired, defenceless look.

"No, I'm better now," she said in her hoarse voice. "I don't need a doctor."

But are you sure _"

"But are you sure
"No, no, I don't want a doctor," Mrs. Stan-whisnered emphatically. Then she hope whispered emphatically. Then she sat up determinedly and beckoned to Dawson, who was standing in the shadows, to give her her writing-pad and pencil. He did so and in a large, shaky hand she wrote, "I had tea with Mrs. Bolton."

"Oh, yes," said Cressida politely. Mrs. Stanhope was watching her with a curious expectancy, so she added, "Were you all right then? Did this attack come on after-

wards?

Mrs. Stanhope nodded. Her eyes held a look of fear — or was it triumph? Behind her, Cressida heard Dawson saying, "Ma thinks it was something she ate at Mrs.

Bolton's that upset her."
"Oh, that was had luck," said Cressida.

Mrs. Stanhope wrote feverishly on her everlasting pad, "Dawson gave me an anti-dote. He knows about these things."

She displayed the scrawled writing to Cressida, then added, almost with a flourish, 'It was lucky he came home in time."

"It was lucky he came home in time."

Cressida lifted shocked eyes. She looked at the little woman, pitiably thin and white, the crushed ruffles of her nightdress coming modestly round her tiny bony neck, then turned to the gangling boy who fidgeted behind her, clumsy in his dressing-gown.

"I keep remedies for simple troubles," he said offhandedly, "coughs and colds, head-

aches and rheumatism, and upset stomachs. Of course if it's poisoning it can be more complicated, but I think Ma will be all right now."







colourful

Canvas

AUSTRALIAN MADE CANVAS

for a pretty cool summer

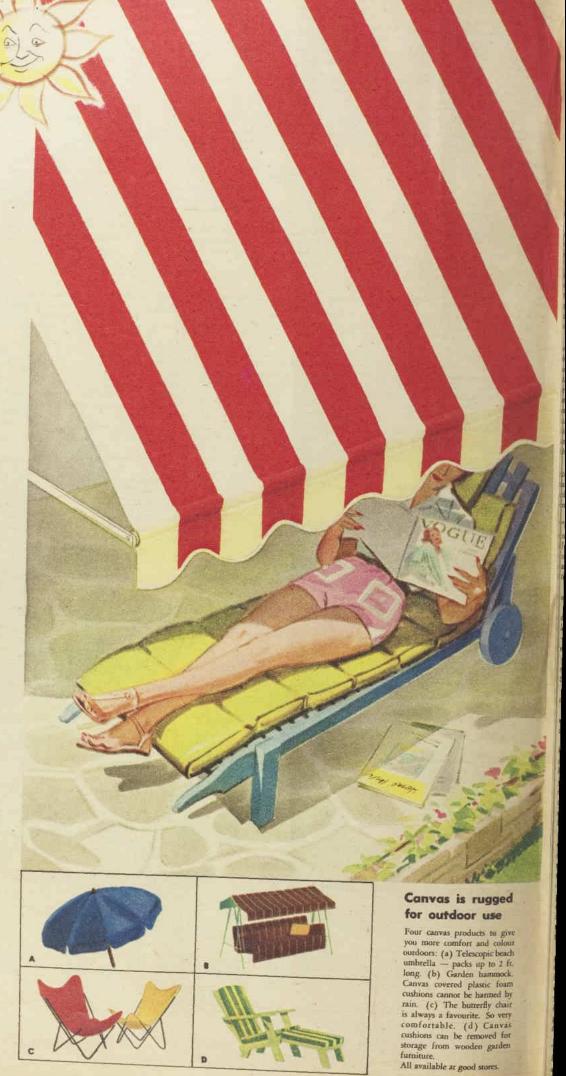
Now is the time to order your canvas awnings for summer—when the relentless baking heat of January is no more than a memory.

Have them measured and fitted while there's no long wait for delivery. Then when the first scorcher comes along let them unfurl their cool shade at every window. You'll be glad then that you got in early with your order.

Canvas awnings can make your home up to 20° cooler. Think how you'll welcome that this summer.

Even though you're still wearing winter woollies, **this** is the week to get your canvas dealer to measure your windows and quote He'll show you a wonderful range of colours and designs. Don't wait a day longer! Ring him now!

CANVAS GOODS MANUFACTURERS' FEDERATION OF AUSTRALIA



A short story complete on this page

By SHIPPEN GEER

N his small office his fingers tapped swiftly on the keys of his typewriter. Occasionally typewriter. he'd stop and look out the window for a moment, groping for the correct word. He was amazed at how the details of the story were falling into place; usually he had to struggle to get going—and keep

His cigarette had burned down topped briefly to stamp it he went back to the story. He'd finally got the couple into a remote camp in the moun-tains and there was a thin coating of ice on the lake.

lim watched his wife as she leaned fim watched his wife as she seaned over to take the supplies from the box. He'd made a point of joking with her in the village store when they'd bought food for the weekend, and she had actually smiled the cold his remarks. But what end, and she had actually smiled at one of his remarks. But what was more important to him, the storekeeper, whom they both knew slightly, had seen her smile. Jim wanted the storekeeper to remember them happily shopping together.

As he watched her now, it seemed to him that she was not so graceful as she once had been. Her skirt was slightly askew, and one of her stock-

She turned to She turned toward him finally.
"What are you looking at? Me, I suppose. Well, I can't help how I look, and what's more I don't cave!" He didn't answer, but turned away and looked out at the ice on

"I wish you'd talk, anyway," she id. "This is supposed to be fun."

The expression on her face was disagreeable. She always seemed to look like that when they were alone now and for the past five years or

end—you might as well try to warm the place up." She shiwered slightly. "I've got the thermostat on seventy," he said.

"Well, at least light a fire. We're going tramping through the

The man's eyes were hostile but he said nothing. In fact, a slight smile crossed his face, as though he'd thought of a rather horrible joke. "No, we're not going tramping through the woods." The last word much the woods." word was left slightly up in the air, and then he added, "Not yet, at least. I'll get a fire going."

The typewriter stopped and there has silence in the room for a was silence in the room for a moment as the writer looked out the window again. It had begun to snow; he hoped there would be only a little fall at Bear Lake just enough to coat the trees and cover the ground. He lighted another eigarette, read the last sen-

tence he had written, and picked up the thread of the story again. The man soon had a good fire going. "Put the screen in front of it" his write had a good fire going. "Put the screen in front of it," his wife said. "You want to burn us up?" She laughed without humor. "Probably that's just what you would like to do. I wish I hadn't come. We couldn't have a

No, you're not trying," he said. "You never do, except when you have an audience. A street angel and house devil—whoever said that what he was talking about."

At first he'd always hoped that she would be pleasant when they were alone. But he'd given up. She either silently ignored him or quietly and viciously attacked him where she knew it hurt the most. She referred to his small income, although she knew he was trying his best to make Lately, on the few occasions he had tried to make love to her, she had pushed him away.

He had developed a reputation for the had developed a reputation for being extremely disagreeable to his wife. Sometimes he yelled at her, loud enough so that the neighbors could hear. At these moments she was careful not to raise her voice.

He'd talked of divorce, but she always laughed.

"You're not rich enough to divorce tet you go until you are. But when the time comes, I'll get the divorce and I'll take you for everything." She always emphasised the "cverything." That day will be when you get your inheritance from your lather."

But he thought he'd worked this vacation weekend out very smartly.
The week before, in front of two the week velore, in front of two other couples, he'd asked her if she wouldn't like to go to the camp for the weekend, and he had referred to her alleged love of the simple

life in winter.
Somehow it had taken her by sur-Somehow it had taken her by sur-prise, because he'd worded the invi-tation as though he had specially planned the excursion for her. Had she turned him down in front of their guests, she would have looked ungrateful. She had tried desperately to think up an excuse, but he had to think up an excuse, but he had invited another couple to the camp to spend Sunday with them, and so there was no way for her to get out

He knew that she had finally decided she could stand Saturday and Saturday night with him, as long as someone would arrive on Sunday.

Again the writer stopped typing

and read what he had written thus far. When he finished he smiled to himself and in a half whisper "I hope I've made her vicious and horrible enough." Then he began the last stretch of work.

They are a sandwich lunch in lence, and afterwards he washed the dishes. She walked to the window overlooking the lake. All the summer cottages were closed, of course, but someone had failed to pull in his

someone had failed to put in no wooden dock, at the edge of the lake, and it was surrounded by ice. "Pm going out," she said abruptly. "Pm going out," she said abruptly.
"No point in sitting around here."
She pulled on a pair of heavy overshoes and slipped on her coat.
"Pll come along," he said.
"I don't need you.
"You may not need me but I'm

"You may not need me but I'm coming anyway."
"Suit yourself." She went out.

He took about two minutes to get into his coat and overshoes. Outside the air was dry and coid. After the snow the temperature had fallen, but he was sure the ice was not yet solid enough to walk on—at least

not far.

When he reached the shore she
was standing at the end of the
wooden dock, looking at the silent
lake. She heard him coming and

turned but did not move. "There's not a single soul up here," she said. "No, there's not a soul up here."

He repeated the words and, staring her, started to walk slowly and

as her, started to want stoney and deliberately down the narrow dock. As she gazed at him, his face seemed to change. A look of hate was in his eyes and his hands were half extended in front of him, as though he were going to grasp her. "fim!" she cried, and it occurred

her how rarely she spoke his ne. "Jim!" He didn't answer, answer, but moved slowly and deliberately

toward her.
"No — Jim!" her voice rose to a scream and echoed across the silent lake. Then suddenly, desperately, she stepped off the end of the dock on to the ice, which was covered with a thin layer of snow.

She started to run—out toward the middle, toward the opposite shore. He stopped and watched. There was a grumbling sound from the ice-coated lake. It was protest-ing her weight, but she went on as fast as she could, her feet pounding. Then there was a sharp crack. She

slipped and tell, and all around her ice started to crack and water appeared. There was one last strangled scream as she thrashed in the lake, burdened by overshoes and

The telephone rang in the writer's office and he reached for the re-

"Yes, Leah," he said after a moment. "I'm just finishing up a short short." The voice asked a question and he answered, "I don't know whether it will sell or not." There was a pause. "Well, of course I want to sell it, but I can't promise anything," he said. Then he stopped to listen, and he listened for quite a while. A look of anger crossed his face, but he made a great effort

to keep anger out of his voice.

"Say, Leah," he said finally, "I talked to Harold this morning at suggested he and Susan go up to Bear Lake for the weekend with us. It should be very nice up there with this snow, and maybe the lake's frozen so we can get some skating."

His wife spoke again and he answered: "I know there won't be

a soul up there. That's why I thought it would be fun. And if you have Harold and Susan along you should enjoy it."

There was another pause as she

spoke.
"Well, they can't make it till quite late in the evening," he said, "but I late in the evening," he said, and thought we could go up ahead and sort of get things settled."

She reluctantly agreed after a moment and he asked a final question of her: "Leah, do you remem-ber whether the dock is still out?

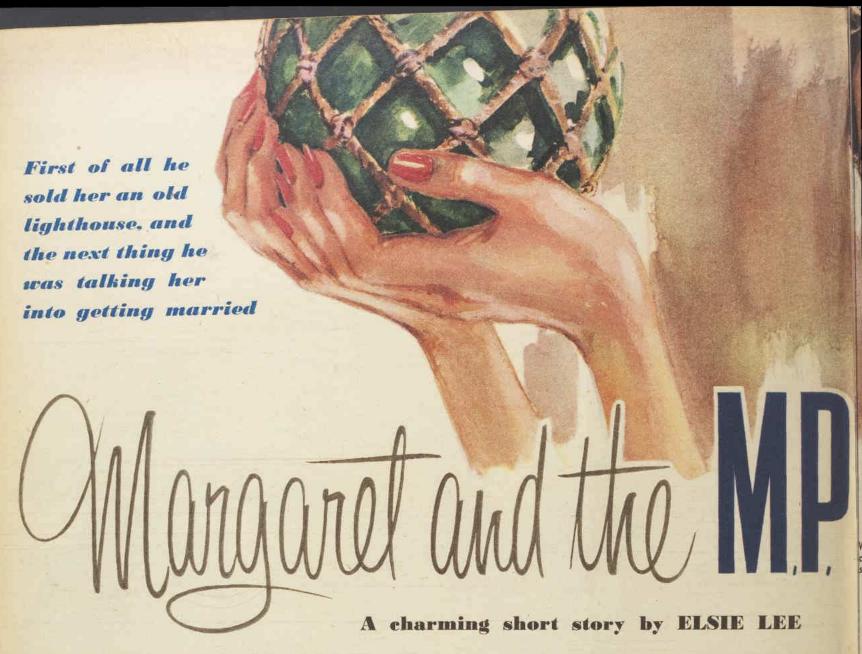
Oh, I just was curious — just ened to be thinking about it, happened to be thinking about it, that's all. We should be able to reach the camp by noon and even have time to take a hike before

Harold and Susan arrive."

Then he hung up and very slowly he gathered the sheets of his manuscript together in a pile. This, he thought, was one story he didn't think he'd try to sell. He tore the manuscript to bits. (Copyright)

The man standing on the end of the small wooden dock watched her run across the ice, which began to crack.





FTER an hour of milling with the mob at Lucy Hartley's cocktail party, Mar-garet was unable to stand another minute of it. Sneaking out to the soft minute of it. Sneaking out to the soft dusk of the terrace, she saw with relief that the party had not yet overflowed in this direction. She walked forward a few steps and nearly fell over a pair of long legs. A man was lounging comfortably in the corner chair.

chair.

"Goodness, you startled me," she said. "I didn't realise anyone was out here."

"Have a drink," he offered nonchalantly. Margaret looked at the well-stocked table beside him. "If there's a ginger ale, I'll accept with pleasure," she said decisively, seating herself in the chair next to him. A bar of light from the french window fell across his face as he leaned forward to pour out her drink. Margaret thought his

pour out her drink. Margaret thought his hair looked almost white—what there was of it. In the corner of his mouth was a fat cigar. The strong, well-groomed hands holding the glass belonged, she surmised, to a

ing the glass belonged, she shrinised, to a very large man.
"Good party," he said conversationally.
"Ummm. It's noisy, anyway."
He looked at her through the gathering darkness. "You don't sound as if you're enjoying yourself," he observed.
"The real"

Then what did you come for?" he asked

in amazement.
"Because," she said lucidly, "I run a model agency, and in that business people think you're dead if you don't appear at every party in London."

"You mean you buy a dress for thirty pounds and wear it so that people will see how good business is," he remarked shrewdly, "Sounds like an easy life if you like parties," "But I don't. I'm bored to death," she

you need, young lady, is a hus-

forbid!"
"pose so," he told her surpris-

"I've got a nephew who feels like ingly. "I've got a nephew who reess pice that. Just the same, the thing to do is to get married, have some children, and contribute something to the world. No time to be bored when you're married. The other alternative is having a holiday. Find a quiet place where there isn't a party within a hundred miles. You'll feel a new woman

"Sounds nice, if I knew anywhere to go," Margaret sighed.

"How would you like a lighthouse?" he asked casually.

"A-lighthouse?" she echoed cautiously, wishing she knew how much whisky was go from the bottle from which he had been helping himself.

"I know where you can buy one for a song," he said.

song, he said.

"It's a fascinating idea," she said politely, "but would I have to manage the light, because I don't know the first thing about it."

"Oh, the light's gone," he reassured her.

"They put a modern flare on a buoy, in the shipping lane. That's why the lighthouse is for sale. There's a six-room house, all furnished. The lighthouse is stone—four feet thick—and the house is in good condition. You'd prohably get if for less than a thousand. You'd probably get it for less than a thousand

'It sounds wonderful," she sighed dreamily.

"It sounds wonderful," she sighed dreamily. "Imagine owning a lighthouse!"

He sat up briskly and pulled out a pencil and notebook. "How do I get in touch with you?" he asked. "I'll see what I can get it for and let you know. You can always change your mind."

"Margaret West," she told him. "Hundred-and-five Thursitor Road."

He was writing it all down industriously when a disembodied voice seeped through the windows. "Sam?" it said. "Where is the man? He'll miss his train."

"Coming," said Sam loudly, thrusting pen-

"Coming," said Sam loudly, thrusting pen-cil and notebook into his pocket and rising swiftly, "Nice to have met you, Miss West,

I'll let you know about this," and before

she could move he was gone.

She was halfway home when she realised she didn't even know Sam's last name. "Lighthouses!" she said to herself with a giggle. "Of all the absurd things. Whoever heard of buying a discontinued model in lighthouses?" By the next day she had forgotten the whole thing. whole thing.

the whole thing.

But not for long. The telegram arrived two weeks later. It sat on top of the pile of letters in the middle of her desk and read: "LIGHTHOUSE AT PERHAMS LANDING KNOCKED DOWN TO YOU FOR NINE HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS STOP SEND ONE HUNDRED TO SECURE TELL E DEMAINDER OVER TEN YEARS. TITLE REMAINDER OVER TEN YEARS PERIOD STOP DON'T CHANGE YOUR MIND OR I LOSE MY COMMISSION."
The signature was Samuel Paxton, and the telegram came from the House of Commons.

It took Margaret exactly one minute to ake up her mind. "Miss Smith," she said make up her mind. "Miss Smith," she said determinedly to her secretary, "send a telegram to Sam Paxton with this message: 'ANYTHING TO HELP A DESERVING M.P. GO AHEAD STOP I ALWAYS FALL FOR A GOOD BARGAIN."

Towards the end of May Margaret re-ceived an official-looking registered envelope, and found she now owned one lighthouse one house with six furnished rooms, and two to three acres of land, depending on tide, situated at Perham's Landing. A short letter from Samuel Paxton suggested she should write to William Perham and either William or his son, Henry, would arrange to meet her. Mrs. Nancy Perham would gladly open and air the house for her.

On a day of unexpected London heat she left the office after lunchtime and travelled by train and bus to the wilds of Norfolk. Long after dark she stood at a crossroads which was as close as the bus went, and prayed between shivers that someone would meet her. A tall figure materialised and in-quired if she were Miss West.

"I think so," she said weakly. "Mr. Per-

"That's right," he said cheerfully. "Car's over here.

"How far is it?" she asked as they started off.

"About twenty miles."

Margaret groaned, "This place is as diffi-cult to reach as heaven."

He grinned infectiously. "Don't know if you'll think it's such heaven when you see it. It's very quiet and rather—primitive."

Here the conversation died. Mr. Perham

car finally stopped and he helped her up the path to a large white house. "Here's Miss West, Mother," said Henry, thrusting her into a spotless kitchen containing a comfortable middle-aged woman and grizzled giant of a man.

Mrs. Perham bustled forward with a nice rustle of starch. "You look worn out! Six down while I get you some tea and the

Margaret sank gratefully into a well-cushioned chair and submitted to William's courteous but thorough scrutiny. At length he said reflectively: "Miss West had better spend the night here. Too late for her to go out to the island alone."

Margaret choked and set her cup down hastily. "Island?" she inquired in a modified

"Island?" she inquired in a modified hastily.

"Three-quarters of a mile out in the bay," Mrs. Perham said non-committally. looked worried.

"I didn't know it was on an island," Margaret said feebly. "I thought it would be on a point somewhere. Good heavens, how do I get to and fro?"

"Row," William replied tersely

"Henry will take you over tonight," Mrs. Perham offered slowly. "But we'd be delighted if you'd stay and go over tomorrow.

"No, thanks. I might as well know the



I wish I were Jane-next-door



Her house isn't any bigger than mine, but oh it is cool! Her builder sheathed the walls under the weatherboards with Cane-ite Wallboard. While we toss and turn on summer nights, Jane's family sleep blissfully cool. And by one o'clock of a summer day, I'm all wrung out from doing the housework in the heat — and that Jane looks as fresh as if she'd never seen a broom.

worst of all, besides being cooler in summer, her house is warmer in winter. Oh she is lucky! Oh it is unfair!

If I were envious Millie

I'd do a little less complaining and take some action. Of course, he can't have built-in Cane-ite insulation like us, but she can stop the heat that builds up in her roof invading the rest of the house. She could get her husband to put Cane-ite Batts in the ceiling — or she could even do it herself. All you have to do is lay them between the ceiling joists. And if she says once more in that sniffy way of hers, "Of course, we didn't want to waste money on insulation", I'll tell her in writing that it only took £36 worth of Cane-ite to insulate all round cur house. She would pay about L3 a room for Cane-ite Ceiling Batts. Penny wise, pound foolish. That's Millie.







the ceiling absorbs harm ful noise, induces noise fatigue. Insulates, too. For new or existing ceilings.



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the ONLY Wallboard that INSULATES as it DECORATES. Available





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Page 10

Letters from our Readers

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

WHAT a number of amenities and services have been gradually withdrawn from housewives in recent and once lost have not been restored. Once the butcher used to include some parsley with the tripe and a lump of suct with the weekend roast. The greena tump of sucet with the weekend roast. The green-grocer would add some sprigs of mint to the peas we bought, and the grocer a hag of boiled lollies when delivering the weekly order. On going to buy drapery a shopwalker would show one to a chair at the counter and call an assistant. Now we have to stand and often wait until the assistants have finished a conversation

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. McIlwraith, 15 Page St., Botany,

FEEL sure more people would volunteer to give blood if a mobile unit would come to the country regularly to collect it. As most country hospitals do not have blood banks, donors are called any hour of the day or night, as the need arises. I have been a blood donor for seven years, but many mothers and shift-workers can't be on call all the time, though they would gladly give blood if it could be taken in their homes or at a specified place and time.

10/6 to Mrs. K. Chency, 18 Cook St., Lithgow, N.S.W.

TO those ordinary folk who've saved like misers for the past two years, the news of the exorbitant prices to be charged accommodation during the Olympic Games comes as a for accommodation during the Olympic Gam blow. Is tipping expected on top of all this? In a land of plenty, good wages, overtime, and double time, I deem tipping

10/6 to Mrs. H. G. Wheeler, 225 Cheapside St., Mary-borough, Qld.

MIGRANTS who don't like being called New Australians should try to be more like Australians. For instance, they should try to leave their old language behind and talk more English. I have met migrants who have been here for years and cannot make themselves understood, let alone carry on a conversation. One would not even try to speak English, though I suspect she knew it quite well, as her three children were at school and spoke English fluently. children were at school and spoke English fluently

10/6 to "E.B.S." (name supplied), Cumnock, N.S.W.

THE number of informal votes cast at elections is amazing. Would it not be a good idea to teach schoolchildren a little about voting, so that when they reach 21 they are equipped with sufficient knowledge to enable them to record

eir vote correctly? 10/6 to "Voter" (name supplied), Mount Lawley, W.A.

I WONDER how other readers feel about those folk who ask to demonstrate household appliances in your home. I would not wish to deprive anyone of his livelihood, but these demonstrators have a good line of sales talk, and frequently sell the article, leaving a worried housewife to explain to hubby why she bought something she didn't really mean to. Couldn't these demonstrations be left to the big stores?

10/6 to Mrs. I. Guy, 70 Iffla St., South Melbourne, Vic.

letter of the week as well as

10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters
work and not previously published. Preference will be given
to letters signed for publication.

Greeting cards

REPLYING to Mrs. N. McDonald (The Australian Women's Weekly, 29/8/56) re greeting cards, I for one don't agree that they are objectionable. I take real pleasure in spending time and money in choosing an appropriate card for any occasion. I derived great pleasure recently in finding and sending a card saying, "So you're a grandmother again," and this particular grandma was very thrilled to receive it. Words with illustrations are a great help when one cannot express one's self aptly.

10/6 to "Aptly Expressed" (name supplied), Ryde, N.S.W.

I DON'T think many people feel as does Mrs. McDonald about the various greeting cards. The fact that so many are offered for sale speaks for itself. I have never doubted the sincerity of the sender's thoughts when I have received one of these "canned messages." Instead, I have shown it to my family and friends, always pleased that someone had bethered to cheeses. bothered to choose a card specially for me,

10/6 to E. Watson, 67 Piper St., Yarrawonga, Vic.

Family affairs

· Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

BEING the mother of four girls, my problem was a mountainous collection of art work done at school and brought home to be admired and treasured forever. Having once or twice been caught out trying to dispose of some of this, my husband and I now store these treasures in a box, and when it is full we hold an art display at which we release the best work of each child treasures in a box, and when it is full we hold an art display, at which we select the best work of each child and dispose of the rest. The children are quite willing to dispose of work which they consider is no longer up to their best standard, and, instead of having to praise work both good and had, we can now tactfully help the children to understand why one drawing is better than the other, and so improve the general standard of their work.

£1/1/- to Mrs. G. P. Trueman, Lot 52, Irvine St., Mitcham, Vic.

Ross Campbell writes...

I HAD a maddening day last week when I kept running into Obs.

These are people who get in your

I call them Obs because they are human obstacles whose mission in life is to obstruct, obtrude, and ob-

A female one was in front of me at the ticket office at the station.

My train was due in 30 seconds. The Ob, of course, wanted a special complicated ticket. Train Obs always travel on tickets of that

The stationmaster had to look things up in a book, and peer at the wall, and write on the ticket in ink.

By the time he had finished with the Ob my train had gone. I got to the office late and dashed

into the lift. But I was held up there by a Lift Ob.

This Ob, an elderly one, thought the POULTRY NEWS was pub-

lished in our building.

He stood at the door of the lift arguing with the driver about it.

AMONG THE OBS

The driver explained patiently several times that we were not the POULTRY NEWS before the Ob ent away, muttering.

When I started work I had to deal with a Phone Ob.

This Ob carried on a long phone



was trying to ring him.

Then he grabbed his hat and rushed out of his office.

After I had got engaged signals

for twenty minutes, his phone rang

but nobody would answer.

Later on I had to cash a cheque. Ahead of me at the teller's counter was a Bank Ob.

Like all of his kind, he had a number of bags of threepences and

sixpences to pay in.

It looked like a month's takings

from a fun parlor.

Then, while I still waited for my turn, he withdrew £200 in pennies.

After work a friend drove me home. On Sydney Harbor Bridge we got stuck behind one of the dreaded Tall Obs. ided Toll Obs.

In the peak-hour queue, he gave the man at the toll gate a five-

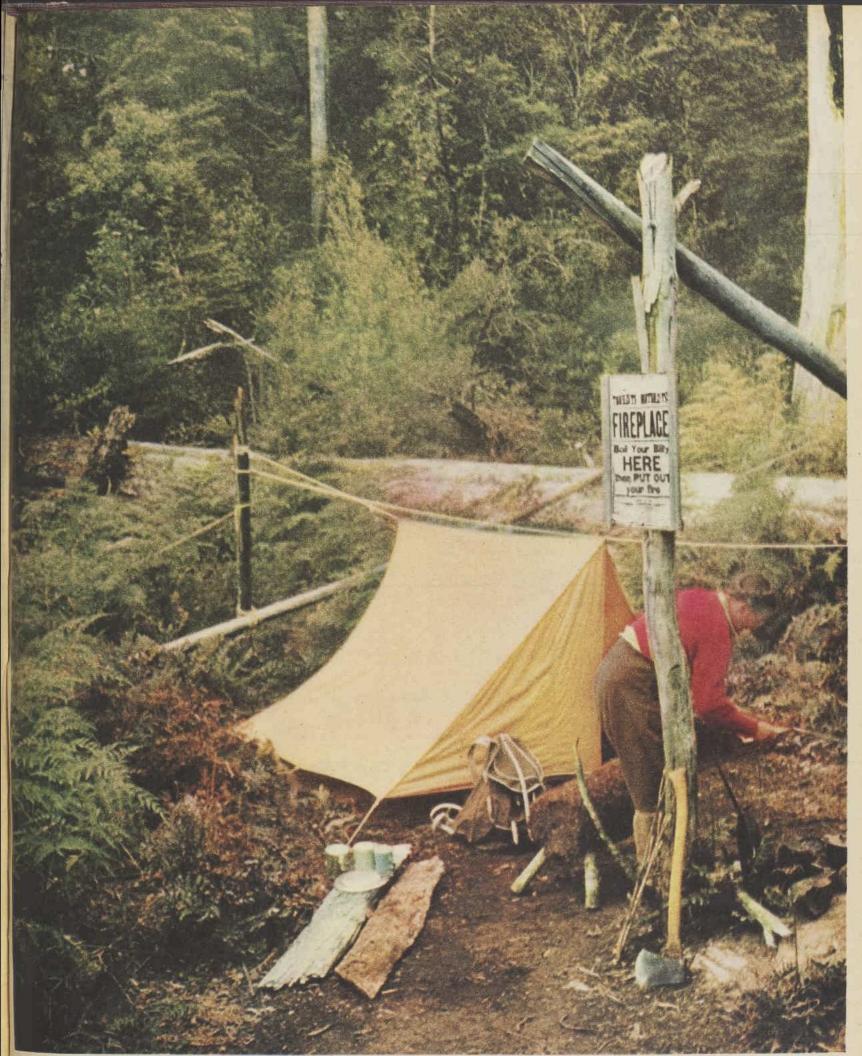
pound note to change.

I remembered I had promised to take some chocolate home, and

In front of me, to end the day, were four Lolly Obs—little boys with sixpence each to spend.

They wanted one of these, and one of those, and one of these, and one of those

Take my advice, if you can -never hobnob with Obs.



WONDERFUL AUSTRALIA

FAR FROM THE BUSTLE OF A CITY, camping in the bush is a popular pastime among Australians. Bushwalkers set off from home laden with sleeping-bags and well-filled rucksacks, which usually contain all the food, cookery utensils, and clothing needed for a few days away from civilisation. They walk for miles through the crisp, clean air of the bush, stopping to cook a meal, to admire the always-changing countryside, or to set up camp for the night. Then they swap stories round the campfire till bedtime. This picture was taken by J. W. Richardson, of Devonport, Tasmania, in the Arve River Valley, west of Geeveston, Tasmania.

See page 49 for order coupon for Wonderful Australia Book,

Poll of our readers' opinions

Tell us what you like and dislike

 This is an invitation to tell us what you think of The Australian Women's Weekly and of the material that goes to make it up each week.

WE are conducting a Readers' Opinion Poll, and want you to write letting us know what you like best and least - about our paper.

Three years ago, for the first time, we asked readers to co-operate in this way.

The suggestions and viewpoints that emerged from that were immensely interesting and helpful.

One direct result was the introduction the very popular Letters From Our Readers.

The opinions you express this time may also result in some equally successful feature.

Write us a letter (any length you like) telling us what you like best about the paper, what you like least, and what features would like to see dropped or what you would like features added.

If you would like to see more of one thing and less of another, let us know.

So that you don't miss commenting on anything you meant to, we list below the features and departments that go to make up the paper each week:



seas current events in the way and in the proportions that you like?

FICTION: Serials. Short stories. Full-

COLOR: Covers. Wonderful Australia. Overseas and local news events,

FEATURES: Editorial, Crossword puzzle. Letters From Our Readers. Ross Campbell. Social Jottings. Dorothy Drain's "It Seems To Me." Worth Reporting. Book News. Beauty in Brief. As I Read the Stars, Adam and Eve. Disc Digest.

FASHION: Overseas color pictures. Mary Hordern's Paris Notes, Betty Keep's Dress Sense. Fashion Patterns. Needlework Notions. Fashion Frocks. Candy Hardy fashions and frock service.

HOME-MAKING. Cookery illustrated in color. Family Dish, Gardening. Archi-tect's Diary. Sister Mary Jacob. Interior decoration ideas. Household hints. Needle-

work and knitting patterns. Embroidery transfers. How-to-make ideas. Photographs

FILMS: Reviews. Pictorial preview of coming films. Color pin-ups, Studio news City Film Guide.

TEENAGE: Here's Your Answer. A Word from Debbie. Debbie cooks.

CARTOONS: Mandrake, Teena, Wuff, Snuff, and Tuff. Famous Last Words, Mother, CONTESTS: Do you enjoy our contests, and what type do you like best?

You may think that we give too much space to one department and not enough to another.

Let us know your opinion and the opinions of other members of your family. All are of interest to us.

Here are some questions you might like to consider:

- Do you like the way the paper is arranged or would you like to see it presented in some other way?
- Does our news coverage give you the sort and number of topical articles and interviews you want to read each week?
- · Do you like the subjects we choose for our covers, and do you think they are varied enough? What are your favorites?
- Would you like to see the introduction of some entirely new feature or the reintroduction of one that we had and have dropped?

We are not looking for compliments (although, of course, we like them very much), but we do want candid opinion and constructive suggestions,

Address your letters to "Readers' Opinion," Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney



This YOU: How can WD-9 help? space

for a second tooth that must last

Ipana tooth paste

SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

YOU: They tell me that over 98% of Australian children are affected by tooth decay.

US: Yes. And on the average a 14-year-old child has already lost two PERMANENT teeth.

YOU: I don't want that to happen to any child of mine! Can't anything be done about tooth decay

US: Certainly. In fact, that's why IPANA contains

US: WD-9 destroys the bacteria that cause decay. It foams into tiny crevices where even the toothbrush can't reach.

YOU: Mm—and that's so important when it comes to children's teeth. But tell me, is it really important to brush as soon as possible after

US: Yes, Your dentist will support that, Incidentally, 8 out of 10 dentists recommend IPANA above any other toothpaste.

YOU: Well, nothing could be more convincing. My family will start using IPANA to-day.

US: And you'll find IPANA has such a sparkling-fresh flavour everyone will love to use it.

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

Protect your child's teeth with the toothpaste recommended by 8 out of 10 dentists

Ipana ... the toothpaste that fights decay with every brushing

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 19, 1956

Page 12

INTRODUCING our big new movie section . . . star features in color . . . personality stories . . . news and gossip from world centres of film production.

Conducted by M. J. McMAHON

Hush-hush for Marilyn

No visitors allowed on "Sleeping Prince" set

By BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

A deadly hush-hush hangs over Pinewood studios, where Marilyn Monroe is wrapped in romantic scenes with Sir Laurence Olivier behind guarded doors. The world's most famous vital statistics are out of bounds to the prying eye.

MARILYN is taking a leaf out of Sir Laurnce's book and allowing Britishers as much nowadays by her wit and her tact as by pressmen to look over he making of "The Sleepng Prince," which her ompany, Monroe Pro-lections, is making in

Nobody believed that she'd take this stick until, on the int day of shooting, a news-link from a national British aily hid in the men's room. popped out to snapshoot moe as she came undulatng down the corridor towards le sound stage.

As the camera clicked tere was consternation. Oficuls pounced on the wretch, onfiscated his camera, and, in the tradition of the best ecurity police, removed the

her splendid contours, deli-cately agrees with Sir Larry about barring visitors to the

Says she, in her quiet, slightly breathless voice, "I was glad to see people before filming started, and I shall be glad to do so again when it ends. But when I'm filming it spoils my concentration."

In this attitude I suspect she is prompted, too, by her husband, playwright Arthur Miller, the unsmiling giant who towers in the back-ground, mostly silent, exhibiting, behind his shiny thick-rimmed glasses, an indefinable hostility to the curious public.

He spoke up reluctantly: "I'm a writer, but I don't

write in public. I don't see why be expected to perform in film studio with onlookers wandering about."

Like a benevolent ogre, Miller his bride swept his bride into the fastnesses of their country home at

are padlocked, where a security man patrols the drive, and where all known telephone lines to the house are cancelled.

Marilyn purrs like a contented kitten under his masterful protectiveness.

Shortly after this story was written Arthur Miller left by air for a short visit to New York.)

Her studio Her studio is issuing hand to his lips, royalty-type bulletins about On shone the Kleigs, her progress on the set, giv- Olivier smiled down at her

arrived at the studio and out-lining briefly the

the day. Behind the

cenes at Pinewood, my studio friends report, the highly im-pressive Monroe circus is in-stalled—Milton Greene (her vice-president), Mrs. Lee stalled—Millon Greene have vice-president), Mrs. Lee Strasberg (her drama coach), Jerry Juroe (her publicist, who always commands a team of British Press-agents for her). There are Marilyn's per-

sonal secretary, her personal hairdresser, her personal make-up man, and her private chef, who prepares meals for her in the kitchen off her dressing suite.

On her first day of shoot-ing, the hard-working Marilyn swished through the studio gates at 6.30 a.m. in a limousine with drawn blinds, She arrived tense, edgy, and pale.

In the dressing-room they poured her into a low-necked white satin dress, fitting as tightly as the celebrated curves would allow. The seams were

tight for emphasis.

In "The Sleeping Prince" her role is that of an American chorus girl who meets a foreign prince (Laurence foreign prince (Laurence Olivier) visiting Edwardian London for the Coronation.

Surrounded by her entourage, Marilyn swept on to the set. The camera crew grinned at her. Sir Laurence Olivier, debonair in evening dress, with cane and monocle, bowed and gravely raised her

ing thing about her. Though some columnists are trying to muster a resentment to the no-visitors-to-the-set rule, she dis-plays an innocent humility about her work which disarms

all hostile resolve. She talks honestly, with a flutter of her eyelashes or a great warming smile.

Invariably she has a devastating riposte to the barbed

questions people fling at her. Her candor is irresis-tible. For in-stance: "A lot of people teased me about my want-

ing to play Grushenka in "The Brothers Karamazov. But it didn't put me off this, because I realised that a lot of people who laughed hadn't read the book.

"Actually, Grushenka is a very earthy and erotic creature. I still hope some day to be able to play her.

"It's my ambition to be-come as good an actress as I can. But I also aim to wear a bathing suit as long as I am able to."

While she is at the studio the taciturn Arthur Miller has been busy revising his latest play, "The View from the Bridge." With the work he has done on it, he hopes to overcome censor's objections and stage it in the West End in the autumn with Shakespearian actor Anthony Quayle in the leading role. On their free Sundays Mari-

lyn and Miller have wheeled bicycles out of the back gate of their home in Englefield Green, mounted them, and escaped down the English lanes. One weekend she pedalled off in blue drainpipe trousers and a loose jacket over a striped sweater.

They rode on down to Windsor Great Park, with a security man pedalling some distance behind. There was a crowd watching a polo match from the sidelines. They got off and watched. Nobody recogthe sidelines. nised her-only a park keeper.

He nudged a mate and said, Look! Marilyn Monroe!"

His mate stared at them and back at the keeper. "Garn! you gorn orf yer rocker."

When filming on "The Sleeping Prince" ends early in October Marilyn and Arthur Miller plan to continue their honeymoon on the French Riviera and in Italy.

In other words, she is in-vading the domain of Lollo-brigida and Loren,

It will be interesting to see if those two great European beauties can stop scrapping for long enough to turn and fire some of their invective on the invader.

But whether it is a battle of the bulges or simply a battle of wits, my money is on Mon-

NEXT WEEK: Marilyn Monroe's new Hollywood



FIRST PICTURE of Marilyn being directed by Sir Laurence Olivier on the set of "The Sleeping Prince" shows her looking as pretty as a picture. Olivier, who co-stars in the film, appears raffled and tired.



Impressive entourage happenings of installed backstage

as she wriggled nervously into her place before the camera. All waited till the studio sounds died down one by one, and gradually tense and breathless silence enveloped the set

Olivier said almost in a whisper, "Action!"

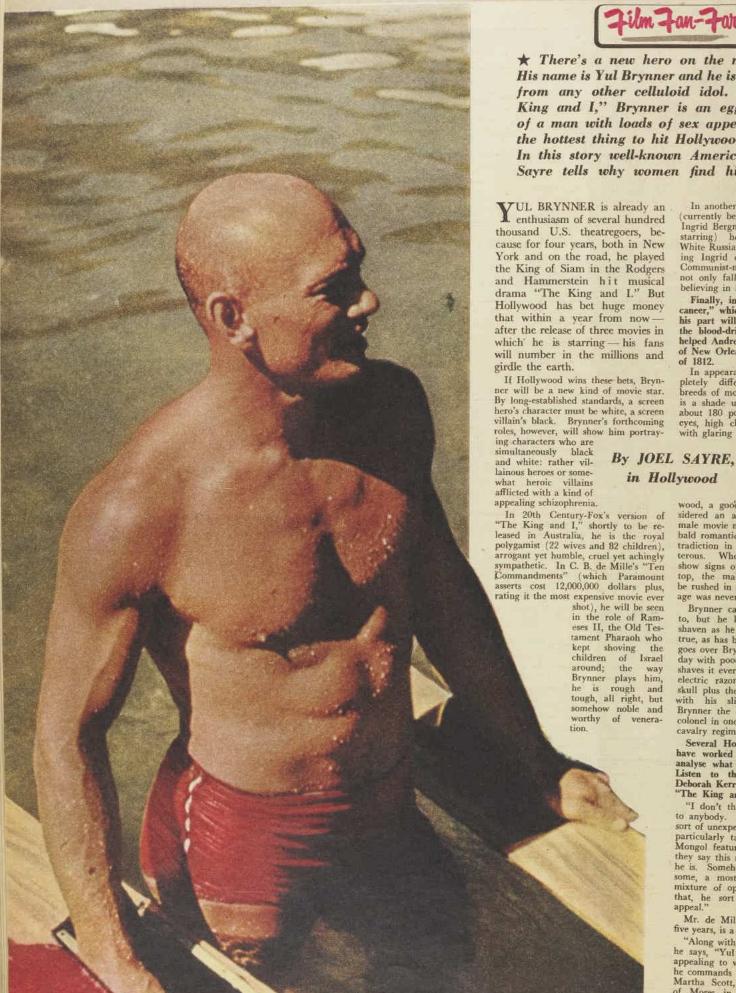
Monroe's lips parted and her first words in her own production were, "GOSH production were, "GOSH
... THIS IS ALL RIGHT!"

It was a 12-hour day, and it lasts likes that, six days a week, for some ten weeks. Her first day as her own boss ended at 6.30 in the evening. Said Sir Laurence Olivier, who also directs "The Sleep-ing Prince," as the hot Kleigs switched off one by one, "Very good."

"Oh!" breathed Marilyn atefully. "Thank you!" gratefully.

And that's the most charm-

BRYNNER-He's sensational!



7ilm 7an-7are

* There's a new hero on the movie horizon. His name is Yul Brynner and he is quite different from any other celluloid idol. Star of "The King and I," Brynner is an egg-bald panther of a man with loads of sex appeal. He may be the hottest thing to hit Hollywood in 30 years. In this story well-known American writer Joel Sayre tells why women find him irresistible.

thousand U.S. theatregoers, because for four years, both in New York and on the road, he played the King of Siam in the Rodgers and Hammerstein hit musical drama "The King and I." But Hollywood has bet huge money after the release of three movies in which he is starring - his fans will number in the millions and

ner will be a new kind of movie star. By long-established standards, a screen hero's character must be white, a screen

polygams (22 wives and 52 charles), arrogant yet humble, cruel yet achingly sympathetic. In C. B. de Mille's "Ten Commandments" (which Paramount asserts cost 12,000,000 dollars plus, rating it the most expensive movie ever

kept shoving the children of Israel around; the way Brynner plays him, he is rough and tough, all right, but and somehow noble and worthy of venera-

In another 20th Century-Fox picture currently being made in Europe with Ingrid Bergman and Helen Hayes also starring) he portrays a scheming White Russian prince engaged in palm-ing Ingrid off as a daughter of the

White Russian prince engaged in palming Ingrid off as a daughter of the Communist-murdered czar; he ends up not only falling in love with her, but believing in her authenticity.

Finally, in Paramount's "The Buccaneer," which will be filmed in 1957, his part will be that of Jean Laffite, the blood-drinking Creole pirate who helped Andrew Jackson with the battle of New Orleans to button up the War of 1812.

In appearance, too Bryanes is com-

In appearance, too, Brynner is com-In appearance, too, prynner is com-pletely different from the various breeds of movie stars in the past. He is a shade under six feet tall, weighs about 180 pounds, has glowing brown cyes, high cheekbones, a flattish nose with glaring nostrils, and fawnlike ears

set close to the head.

The most striking feature of his appearance, though, is his haircut.

Hitherto, in Holly-wood, a good head of hair was con-sidered an absolute basic essential to male movie magnetism. The idea of a bald romantic leading man was a con-tradiction in terms, downright prepos-terous. When a romantic actor did show signs of getting a little thin on top, the make-up department would be rushed in for repairs and the shortage was never noticeable on the screen.

age was never noticeable on the screen.

Brynner can grow hair if he wants to, but he keeps his pate as cleanshaven as he does his face. (It is not true, as has been reported, that a valet goes over Brynner's noggin every other day with poodle clippers. Actually, he shaves it every few days with a prosaic electric razor.) This totally hairless skull plus the electricity he discharges with his slightest movement gives Brynner the effect of a young Tartar colonel in one of Genghis Khan's crack cavalry regiments. cavalry regiments.

Several Hollywood big names who have worked with him have tried to analyse what it is that Brynner's got. Listen to the beautiful and gifted Deborah Kerr, co-starring with him in "The King and I":

"I don't think he can be compared to anybody. He has an extraordinary sort of unexpected attraction. He's not sort of unexpected attraction. He's not particularly tall, he has rather strong Mongol features, and he's bald. And they say this man is attractive? Well, he is. Somehow he's very, very handsome, a most unusual personality, a mixture of opposites; and, on top of that, he sort of has oodles of sex appeal."

Mr. de Mille, as befits his seventy five years, is a little more restrained.

"Along with his great acting ability," he says, "Yul has the pure knack of appealing to women at the same time he commands the respect of men." But he commands the respect of men. Dur Martha Scott, who plays the mother of Moses in "The Ten Command-ments," is almost unbridled in her en-thusiasm. "Wait till you see Yul!" she declares, barely suppressing a wisser.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY



BOY PLAYING on the sands at Acapulco is nine-year-old Rocky, son of Yul and Virginia Brynner, photographed during a recent family holiday in Mexico. Father Yul is a stickler for privacy in his domestic life.



WATER SKI-ING, which he took up just two years ago, is the favorite sport of Yul Brynner. He pursues this pastime with furious gusto and considerable skill.

He'll duplicate the appeal Rudolph Valentino had. The women will be crazy about him."

It is interesting to hear Valentino's magic name invoked again, 30 years since his death Hollywood has been longing for a successor to the Great Lover. Every foreign-born actor with good looks and dark eyes gets measured as a possibility.

The fact that Brynner is unquestionably a fine actor doesn't interest magnates nearly as much whether or not he can set womanhood in the mass on fire. Does he have what back in Valentino's days was referred to as IT and later became known as Sex Appeal?

A STUDY of Brynner's form chart would show that he definitely has, and in rich profusion. The wonderful business that "The King wonderful ousmess that The King and I" did as a play was attribut-able to his tremendous appeal to ladies of all ages, who made up the bulk of the ticket buyers. When

Brynner left, the box office sagged.

Before he became a smash on the stage, Brynner had a rewarding TV career. Paul Feigay, associate producer of the Ford Foundation's Omnibus, for which Brynner starred in two shows and directed a third,

"He can charm the hell out of women. He used to come to the studio for rehearsals directly from the theatre, wearing his 'King and I' costumes. The from receptionist would give a creed by the beautiful to the control of the control

I' costumes. The front receptionist would give a special buzz when he arrived, and all the girls—secretaries, production assistants, every-body—would line up inside. They used to pretend to be afraid of him, but they were mad for him."

And Charlotte Paley, who was Bryumer's production assistant when he was a TV director at CBS, says: "He's so dramatic! He can say Hello' in the most incredibly romantic way. It knocks you out. There's an awful lot of animal in this man.

an awful lot of animal in this man.
He walks like a panther."

Sex appeal is for the opposite sex.
Quite aside from it, Yul Brynner is a tremendously vital man, bursting a tremendously vital man, bursting with energy and curiosity, pugnacious, restless, voracious, a breaker of rules, an original. He sleeps only five hours a night and eats like an Olympic shot-putter.

Movie actors specialising in romantic roles must watch their weight the way a mother watches her sick child's temperature. Brynner, who has to maintain a washboard stomach has to maintain a washboard stomach

has to maintain a washboard stomach and the silhouette of a classic Greek statue, wolfs down four, and sometimes five, meals a day, all of which is consumed in the manner

of a prisoner just released from concentration camp. "It's a habit I got into during the war," he ex-

plains.
His friend, Jean Negulesco, the
Hollywood director, insists Brynner
withing without making a can't do anything without making a profession of it; and it is true that he pursues his hobbies with furious gusto. He designs and builds modern furniture; collects ballads from all over the world and sings them in a pleasing baritone voice to his own guitar accompaniment; is an excellent amateur chef, particularly skilled in the dishes of North China; and plays Scrabble as though he had invented the game.

Joe E. Lewis, the nightclub comic. is one of his passions, and they al-ways get together whenever they are in the same town. But Brynner also

has a high-brow side. He holds the American equivalent of a master's degree from the Sorbonne, a n d when "The King and I" was playing

a long engagement in Chicago he went to Northwest University and started a Ph.D. Thesis on ethics and the philosophy of religion in terms of the modern world.

At Northwestern he also studied At Northwestern he also student photography, won a local prize for a series he shot of a tumor operation on a woman's hand, and has since become so skilled that he could probably earn his living at it.

As if all these pursuits, in addition to his professional career, weren't enough to keep him busy, Brynner has taken up movie direc-

tion. His maiden effort will be "The Buccaneer" next year, and one of his first directorial decrees—to himself as the player of the title role-was that Jean Laffite must wear hair. "The Buccaneer" won't be released

until 1958. Meanwhile, Brynner will have been globe-trotting in celluloid as the King, the Pharaoh and the White Russian prince—all egg-bald. Will the world public expect bald-Groucho Marx's cigar and Hum-phrey Bogart's sneer? A generation ago the globe resounded with the slogan: "Garbo Talks!" In a couple of years the Paramount Press department may be tromboning: "Brynner Has Hair!"

Brynner is a Press agent's dream and, at the same time, despair. On the one hand, Brynner's color-

Began his theatre career

via guitar and trapese

drenched and somewhat mysterious past furnishes ideal publicity mater-ial; but on the other, Brynner takes a dim view of that invasion of priv-

ate life which picture stars are sup-

posed to undergo for alleged public

He has been happily married for the past 12 years to Virginia Gilmore, the former stage and screen

actress, and they have a nine-year-old

son named Rocky. "How I brush my teeth or what goes on in my

family is none of the public's business," Brynner says. "If the public's

relations

MKS. BRYNNER, the former stage and screen actress Virginia Gilmore, talks ski-ing with her husband. Yal has already made an 85-foot jump. (The world record is 125 feet.) "Yal can't do anything without making a profession of it," says one friend.

interested in me, let it buy tickets."

The saga of his early days sounds so fantastic that some of Brynner's friends nurse affectionate scepticism about it, because it changes in detail from time to time. "I've heard 12 from time to time. "I've heard 12 different stories," said one, "and they all came from Yul,"

Here follows the latest version: Brynner was born in Sakhalin,

large island off the coast of Siberia. (The year of his birth is given in the World Almanac as 1915, but on his passport as 1920.) His father was a

Mongolian who had been born in Switzerland, attained Swiss citizenship and studied mining engineering at the University of St. Petersburgh: in Switzerland pere adopted the name of Brynner, a fairly common Swiss one, substituting it for his Mongolian name, Taidje Khan. Yul's mother was a Rumanian gipsy, who died at his birth.

Yul spent his first eight years in hina, where his father owned silver and lead mines and an import-ex-port business. Toward the close of his eighth year, his maternal grandmother took him to live in Europe; she died not long after their arrival. Yul refuses to discuss the next five years of his life: "Some people who were supposed to do right by me let me down, and I want to forget about

At any rate, when he was thirteen years old, after he had spent about seven months at a boarding school in suburban Paris, he took his most valued possession—a guitar, which his gipsy grandmother had taught him to play at the age of four-and set forth into the world. One evening in Paris he picked out a night-club at random, struck a chord and began to sing some of his grand-mother's ballads. After hearing him, a troupe of gipsies featured in the floor show gave him a job.

The gipsies used to hang out in a saloon near the Cirque d'Hiver-the famous indoor circus - which was also patronised by the Cirque's acrobats. One day some acrialists jok-

ingly asked the fourteen-year-old Yul if he had ever done any trapeze fly-ing. He replied that he certainly had, so they invited him to work out with them.

"I pretended to be an old hand, but of course I was bluffing," he re-calls, "and when I had climbed up to the take-off platform, about 50 feet above ground, I looked down and nearly fainted. But there was a net, and I finally decided I had a net, and I hadly decided I had better carry the bluff through. I got on the trapeze, swung out into space—terrified, naturally—and then somebody yelled, 'Let go!' I was so startled that I did. I found I'd dropped right back on the platform taken off from.

"This is an old joke the fliers play on every greenhorn, relying on fright and inexperience to make it work. They all roared at me; but they gave me a few months' training and took me into the troupe. It was the happiest period of my whole life."

Circus crash

BRYNNER'S aerial career lasted three years, during which he tred France, Switzerland, and toured France, Switzerland, and Italy. Then one morning while re-hearsing he jumped from aloft into a net that had not been properly adjusted, was hurled on to a set of parallel bars, and suffered numerous fractures on his left side—in the shoulder, arm, ribs, fingers, and leg. When the doctors at last took the casts off they told him there could be no more trapeze flying.

It was then that Yul went into the theatre. A White Russian couple named Georges and Lud-milla Pitoelf had a celebrated repertory company in Paris between the wars which featured the plays of Shaw, Ibsen, Strindberg, and Piran-dello, as well as French and Russian classics. Yul joined them as an unpaid apprentice and for the next several years they taught him not only acting but how to be a stagehand, wigmaker, scene painter, car-penter, costume designer, electrician, flyman, property builder, and stage

To page 20

IN "KING AND I" make-up and every-day clothes, star Yul Brynner obliges a bedayded assembly of autograph-serkers. He merely points up his own exotic features when preparing for the King role.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 19, 1956.

http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4809715





ABOVE. Summoned to the study of the King (Yul Brynner) in the middle of the night, the gentle Anna (Deborah Kerr) finds him lying on the floor reading a huge Bible from the Royal collection. The King is a colorful despot, eager for knowledge.

BELOW LEFT. After singing the number "Getting To Know You," Englishwoman Anna Leonoscens (Deborah Kerr), right, who teaches his 82 children, dances with one of the King's wives (Gemze De Lappe) in a gay and appealing film sequence.

BELOW RIGHT. At a Court reception the King (in background), aided by Anna, proudly introduces his fashionably gowned wives to two guests. They are the British Ambassador, Sir John Hay (Alan Mowbray), right, and his aide (Geoffrey Toone), left.





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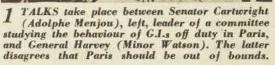
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SENSATIONAL! Gay comedy of Paris







2 DATE arranged by the ambassador's daughter Joan (Olivia de Havilland), centre, who pre-tends she is a French model, and the senator's wife (Myrna Loy) with G.I.s Danny (John Forsythe), centre, and Al (Tommy Noonan) is a test case.

• Norman Krasna's new comedy, "The Ambassador's Daughter," a United Artists' release, is a sparkling bit of non-sense about a not-very-serious sense about a fore-restriction attempt by a fire-reating senator (Adolphe Menjou) to have the city of Paris put out of bounds to fun-loving American G.I.s off

Star Olivia de Havilland, the ambassador's daughter, rising to the defence of the Army, decides to prove beyond all question that American soldiers are harmless.

This self-imposed undertaking results in some lively situations and a pleasant romance between Olivia and co-star John Forsythe.

There is even a Christian Dior fashion show for added glamor.

The whole story is set in Paris in the spring, filmed in techni-color CinemaScope.



AMICABLE relations are established between Joan and Danny after a bad start, in which Danny accuses her of picking his pocket, and then finds his wallet. Joan forgets her French accent and has to revise her story to make her an American model, rather hard up. Danny, smitten now, offers to buy her a ticket home.



4 INTRODUCED by Mrs. Cartwright to the ambas-sador (Edward Arnold), left, and others, Al, very talkative under the influence of champagne, stuns them with tall stories of how G.I.s conquer the local girls with phony offers of tickets to the United States.



AT A FASHION SHOW next day, Joan, who had been shocked on returning to the Embassy to hear the trip-to-America story, is seen by Danny helping the senator buy a frock for his wife. Danny misunderstands and leaves.



MEETING as arranged that afternoon, both Joan and Danny are disappointed. When he accidentally spills wine on her dress (another "technique" of the Army), Joan leaves angrily. Al knows Joan's identity but can't tell Danny.



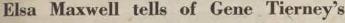
7 EXPLANATIONS are made all round at an Embassy party, but even then Danny refuses to forgive Joan for her deception. However, the United States Army, the Diplomatic Corps, and Senate join the company of the company. forces to ensure a happy ending to the romance.



FILM STAR Gene Tierney, a devoted mother, with her youngest daughter, Christina, who is called Tina. The little girl was born after the reconciliation of her mother with Oleg Cassini. She brought new happiness to them.



HAPPY early days in the marriage of Gene Tierney after her romantic runaway match with handsome Count Oleg Cassini. A brilliant designer, Cassini made Gene's gowns and helped place her among the world's best-dressed women,



ROMANO

FOR months now the columnists have been making veiled allusions to Gene Tierney. Recently an item reported: "Her friends and family are worried about her despondency, her ill health."

These items do not exaggerate. But they do Gene an injustice. Better, always, the whole truth than a half truth . . . Gene has not made a motion

picture in more than a year. Much of this time she has Much of this time she has lived quietly in her Connecticut home, seeing few people, painting with her little girl, Christina, and fighting to regain the well-being and the test for life and work which have, so pitifully, failed her.

A few months ago, aware that she was not making chough progress, that there are times when the mind and

times when the mind and spirit as well as the body re-quire medical help, she went to a sanatorium.

The only surprise—to me— all this is that it didn't

happen long ago . . . Gene is beautiful. Men find her desirable. Her secure background, with good schools and environment and world travel, has given her a grace of manner. The luxurious and sometimes exotic aura of movie stardom becomes her very well. But in spite of all

movie stardom becomes her very well. But in spite of all this, for 14 years Gene has been ill-starred.

Perhaps the Fates conspire against her. But I do not be-lieve in the Fates. I feel Gene has brought much of her bad fortune upon herself because fortune upon herself because she always leads with her

Family shock

INTIL 1941 her life went along smoothly. Then, following her parents' disap-proval of her elopement with Count Oleg Cassini, came her first blow. Her father sued her for £20,000.

His disapproval of Oleg, I think, she was able to under-

The lawsuit was different. the lawsuit was different. It came about, actually, when Gene was 19 but was considered to be legally of age because of her marrige. So, under a new contract with Hollywood her money no. under a new contract with careers zoomed. But in 1952 Hollywood, her money no their marriage was over. Gene tried living in the family corporation — Belle East, going to Hollywood only

Since Gene Tierney's parting with Aly Khan she has been ill and unhappy. Here Elsa Maxwell, confidante of cafe society, sketches-in the background.

Tier-which had been formed to control her earnings. Her father's suit came as a great shock.

It may very well have caused Gene, young and be-wildered, to wonder if per-haps she had not been an in-vestment as well as a daugh-ter. But whatever disillusion-ment she knew she concealed. She proceeded to devote her-self to Oleg, her home, and her career — I would say in her career — I just that order.

I first met Gene during the early days of her marriage. Her house was delightful. She was a charming hostess. Oleg was very gay. Everybody loved their parties.

But it is not easy for any man—even a man like Oleg Cassini, who was at this

time rising brilliantly in his profesto be sion

married to a motion-picture

Inevitably movie stars' husbands — seeking solace for bruised egos — find someone else. Oleg frequently was seen with beautiful models. Gene tried to understand.

But those close to her knew how often she was hurt by this publicity. Finally she ob-tained an interlocutory decree.

Three years earlier, Daria had been born. Gene, carry-ing Daria, had contracted German measles. Too often this ailment affects the child.

this ailment affects the child.
Daria never can be normal.
It was, I believe, because
of Daria—as well as because
of her true love for Oleg—
that Gene did not pick up her

divorce papers, but reconciled with him instead. During Gene's and Oleg's reconciliation, Christina (called Tina) was born. For a while Gene and Oleg seemed happier than they had been in a long time. Their two a long time. Their two careers zoomed. But in 1952

when she was making a pic-ture. She had a house in Con-necticut and an apartment in

New York.

However, as Daria grew older and as Tina grew older, too, Gene faced the inevitable. Daria was going to need special care for the rest of her life. And it was to ensure an annuity that would yield about 10,000 dollars a year and pro-vide the best for Daria as long as she lives that Gene worked so hard and saved so much.

so hard and saved so much.

All this time girls and
women all over the world
sighed, "How must it feel to
be a movie star like Gene Tierney . . . rich, famous, beautiful . . ." Little did they famous know. Little did even Gene's friends know. Had she faced know. Latter friends know. Had she face-the world with less grace and courage the

might have been less dis-a s t rous. Alv Khan

might never have fallen in love with her.

One autumn night when I was sailing from France for home, Gene told me she was going to meet Aly. I warned her, Cassandra-like: "Prenez garde, mon enfant. Don't take him seriously. Only I can love him — because I am now 70 and he cannot hurt me."

My advice was wasted. The following spring, arriving in Paris, I found Gene desper-ately in love. She had taken a house with her mother and Tina, right near Aly's place.

She and Aly and I went many places together. She seemed wildly happy. They swam together, sailed to-gether, danced together, and laughed together.

One day I heard Gene discussing with his chef a dinner that Aly was giving. And I felt a vague alarm. Aly's maitre, with his gift for food and wine, needs no assistance. Furthermore, as I well know, Aly likes his women mysterious and aloof.

"Watch out, my dear," I arned Gene. "When his love warned Gene. "When his love is over he is as cold as stone. You are not the first, as you know. You will not be the last, as I know."

Gene listened with friendship. But she could not leave him. Again and again she turned down movie offers.

It was at this time that the Aga Khan asked me to tell Aly that if he married Gene Tierney he never again would receive him.

Father's veto

MY son cannot have two movie stars as wives," he said implacably.

From then on I could foresee the end. Even though Aly gave Gene a six-carat "friendship diamond" for Christmas. She wore it on her right hand for a time, you may remember.

It came several weeks later when Gene, moving her dia-mond on her left hand, denied that the Aga Khan was opposed to the marriage and talked of a wedding in Paris. But new pictures showed Aly looking sullen. "I do not wish to discuss my personal affairs," he said.

My first warning to Gene came back to me. I thought, "That poor unhappy girl . . ."

But I had underestimated the depth of her unhappiness. Some women might have taken it all in their stride. Gene, loving and sensitive and feminine, could not.

With the passing of each week, I hear, she comes a little closer to a state of wellbeing. As soon as she is ready to report for work, her studio has promised a picture will be waiting for her.

That will be a happy day!



ALY KHAN and Gene Tierney. Gene fell in love with Aly even though she knew she wasn't his first love and was warned she wouldn't be his last.

BELOW: Smart and sophisticated Gene Tierney of Hollywood, as she is remembered by millions of filmgoers.



THE Australian Women's Weekly - September 19, 1956

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Studio news and gossip

From LEE CARROLL, in Hollywood

"DESIGNING WOMAN," the film shelved at Metro when Grace Kelly intimated that she would not be returning to Holly-wood "at this time" and then turned down by James Stewart, who insisted on acting with Princess Grace or else, may be made after all.

that he is willing to go through with the deal if the studio can sign Audrey Hepburn for his

co-star.

* * * *

TT seems that R.K.O. has offered Janet Leigh the top role in its remake of "Stage Door," this time as a musical. The original picture had names like Katharine Hepburn, Lucille Ball, and Ginger Rogers among the credits. Janet will have her work cut out living up to these.

DIRECTOR Alfred Hitchcock, back from his "se-cret mission" to darkest Africa, disclosed that he came upon sights never before captured by a film camera. The special Hitchcock spots are marked on a series of detailed maps of Kenya, Tanganyika, and Uganda. The picture Hitchcock is preparing is supposed to put all African thrillers filmed in this area to shame.

Stewart has now indicated TO all the complaints that she has received about looking so fat and drab as the mother of Debbie Reynolds in "Wedding Breakfast," star Bette Davis gives this stock answer: "I'm an actress, not a model."

IF Susie Hayward gets the job of playing the role of Almee Semple Macpherson in the life story of the colorful evangelist—and Samuel Goldwyn badly wants her to have it—the betting is that she'll an award-winning pergive an formance.

VERSATILE actor Cameron Mitchell is the latest Mitchell is the latest Hollywoodite to form his own production company. Cam hopes to shoot his first picture wholly in Tahiti, and plans to take a trip to scout the pros-pects before long. Lack of a regular air service may make



BRITAIN'S Diana Dors, who has been so much in the news of late, is photographed in her Hollywood dressing-room, tranquil among her floral offerings. Diana is filming "I Married a Woman" with comedian George Gobel.



HUSKY STAR John Derek stands while Hollywood make-up man Beau Hickman covers his arms with a suntan cosmetic. Derek, who is very popular with young fans, plays a semi-boxing role in "The Leather Saint."

Talking of Films

★ D-Day the Sixth of June

N "D-Day the Sixth of June" 20th Century-Fox sets a problem-choked triangle romance against De Luxe color Cinema-Scope backgrounds of London and Normandy.

The film's initial impact is pleasing enough, but before too long the love story be-comes as ordinary as it can be in spite of all the glamor

The plot tells of the whirl-wind wooing of a well-bred English girl (Dana Wynter) by an American Army officer who is happily married at home (Robert Taylor).

Richard Todd is the inarticulate English colonel who Dana's childhood sweetheart and fiance. Miss Wynter, an actress of elegant charm, is by far the most interesting one

A fair bit of bookish dialogue about divided loyalties is exchanged by the two central characters before they are swept off their feet altogether. This does little but invite a mild wonder at what follows.

How to resolve the lovers' dilemmas is, of course, the high spot of the story.

To do so the picture invokes one of those curious little twists of fate to throw the two officers together in the D-Day landing on the Normandy

There is just enough foot-age devoted to this event to justify the film title.

Two frustrating characters in the company are the die-hard British brigadier of John Williams and Edmond O'Brien's rank-happy American major and an experiment of the company of the company and the company and the company are company are company are company are company are company and the company are can major.

There are some irritating cracks about Anglo-American relations that might easily be

Continuing ... BRYNNER ... He's sensational!

TO bank - roll himself through the winters and springs, he worked summers in the south of France as a beach life-guard and professional player of jai alai, that player of jai alai, that strenuous Basque ball game. During his spare time in Paris he pursued his studies at the Sorbonne. When the war came he volunteered for the French Army, but was turned came he volunteered for the French Army, but was turned down because his left shoul-der was still out of whack from the circus accident. In 1941 Brynner came to

America and broke into show business with a struggling Shakespearian troupe that played at universities and col-leges for mostly one-night stands and travelled in a bus. Yul drove the bus and also slept in it. His salary was 25 slept in it. His salary was 25 dollars a week. In "Twelfth Night" he played Fabian, a

character who has almost no lines to deliver, which was no doubt just as well, for, in those days, his English was pretty insecure.

from page 15

"I spoke part Shakespeare, part Romany, and part gib-berish," he says. His literal translations from the Romany sometimes confused his hearers. "Bring me a chopped sirloin medium rare, or dread my anger," was a command that used to startle hash-house that used to startle hash-house waitresses. The phrase "or dread my anger" is what gipsy men say for "please." (Gipsy women aren't permitted to employ it; they just say "please.")

The Brynner English is now virtually flawless. Lan-guages come easily to Yul. One day in Hollywood, be-tween takes on "The King and

I" set, he was visited by a venerable gentleman named Vira Dharmawara, who is spiritual adviser to the Throne spiritual adviser to the Finone of Cambodia, in southern Indo-China, and speaks 13 languages. They conversed on spiritual matters in English, French, Chinese, Mon-golian, Russian, Spanish, German, Italian, and Hungarian.

A summons from director Walter Lang broke up the conversation and the Cam-bodian sage left the set. "Good thing we were interrupted," Brynner told Lang. "We had four more languages to go and I had run out of languages."

Brynner's first break in the New York theatre came a few months after the end of the war, playing opposite Mary Martin in "Lute Song," in the role of an Oriental student prince. The show toured the U.S. for a year and then went to London. He and his wife spent almost a year in Europe while Yul played in a London musical and sang in a Paris night spot. When they re-turned to the U.S. in 1948 he became a television director.

Brynner was very happy in TV. He worked 14 hours a day, never got ulcers, and was handed some first-rate assignments, notably with the "Danger" and "Studio One" programmes. But Mary Martin heard that Rodgers and Hammerstein had bought the stage rights to the book "Anna and the King of Siam."

Remembering Brynner's brilliant performance in "Lute Song," she called on Rodgers and Hammerstein and insisted that he would be perfect in the king's part. He was. Ask any female who held a ticket.

largaret's East African to

Brilliant Royal welcome is planned for Princess

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff, who is visiting East Africa for the Royal tour

• The world may have its trouble spots, but in East Africa there is great rejoicing and only one topic of conversation the visit of Princess Margaret. Already thousands of loyal East Africans scan, with joyous anticipation, the sky from which next week is expected the aircraft bearing their Princess.

THE most brilliant of have ordered dresses from the most famous Paris couturiers. will acclaim the Princess when she steps on to the steamy, palm-fringed air-strip at Mombasa.

She will step into a world of African and Eastern splendor, for the population is part Asian, part African, and part European.

Before embarking on the Royal yacht Britannia, which will be awaiting her be-yond the coral reef, the Princess will see and meet the people of differing race, creed, and color, who will be gathered to meet her with love with love and lovalty.

An Arab ceremony will speed the Princess on her way to Britannia, which will later sail to Mauri-tius, where she is scheduled to arrive on September 29.

Princess Margaret is taking the most beautiful tour wardrobe to East Africa, but she will pay the cosmopolitan island of Mauritius the compliment of wearing her very loveliest clothes.

There the Princess will move There the Princess will move among people speaking nine different languages, who will view her dressing with ap-praising eyes, for the women are smart, and the strongest influence is French.

Highlight of the Royal pro-gramme will be a race meeting at the Champ de Mars, for which the Mauritian women

Air France is already flying in fragile cargoes of the new season's models.

season's models.

Famous London designer
Victor Stiebel has made the
more important dresses for
Princess Margaret's tour, and
his new "prow" line, which is
so perfectly adapted to the
individual figure, will be seen
on the Princess at the Garden on the Princess at the Garden Party at "Le Reduit," and at the big race meeting.

French towns

ONE of Margaret's first calls will be to Government House, known as "Le Reduit," which was built in 1758. She will tour Port Louis, and drive by the Route Royale, passing through French towns like Beau Bassin and English ones like Rose Hill.

On her first Sunday in Mauritius, Princess Margaret will attend morning service at Vacaos, and later drive through Floreal and Curepipe to Rose Belle, visiting the Vic-toria Hospital, which was named after Queen Victoria. From Mauritius Margaret

will sail to Zanzibar. As she approaches the island, the breezes will be spice-laden, for the scent of cloves can be detected two miles off shore.

In Zanzibar they quote an old Arab proverb that says: "When the flute is played in Zanzibar, all Africa east of the lakes must dance." There will be flute-playing for the arrival

of Princess Margaret.
The Sultan of Zanzibar, 77year-old Sir Khalifa Bin
Harub, will drive the Princess

in one of his two scarlet cars. When she dines with the Sultan at his Palace, Princess Margaret will meet his Queen,

the youthful and pretty Sul-

The Sultana will wear Western dress, for her clothes are from Paris, although she has been out of purdah only a few

She has only once left Zanzibar, and that was to visit Nairobi, in Kenya. Until this visit, the Sultana has never in her life walked down a street,

or been in a shop. She has, however, met many famous personalities, includ-ing Rita Hayworth, who visited her with Prince Aly

At Dar es Salaam Princess Margaret's first official function will be to open the deep-water berths alongside which the Royal yacht will be moored. The next day she will attend a baraza (a gathering of the local inhabitants).

It is expected that Princess Margaret will receive a rare diamond in Tanganyika from Dr. J. T. Williamson, one of the world's richest bachelors and owner of the Mwadui diamond mine.

Bluff and hearty

HOST to the Princess in Tanganyika and travelling Tanganyika and travelling with her will be the Governor, Sir Edward Twining, a wonderful personality, bluff and hearty, with a regal air and way of wearing his white plumes of office with a flewrigh. flourish.

The Princess will fly a lot in Tanganyika in order to carry out the official programme, which includes visits to welfare organisations and meetings with schoolchildren at African and Indian schools.

Princess Margaret will have a magnificent view of Mt. Kili-manjaro when she goes on safari to the famous Amboseli Game Reserve in Kenya.

Rising before dawn after spending the night in a small lodge in the heart of the reserve, the Princess will be driven slowly through the fringe of thorn and acacia trees around the dry lake-bed of lava flats, where most of the game is to be seen.

Wardens hope she may be lucky enough to catch a glimpse of "Gertie," Queen of the Rhinos, and "One-Tooth Charlie," an elephant with only one tusk.

At present, wardens estimate there are about 100 lions in the reserve, several hundred elephants, and a great number of rhinos.

For 24 hours before the Princess arrives, the game rangers will be out patrolling so they know where the ani-



ROMANTIC DAR ES SALAAM will fascinate Princess Margaret, who will visit it on her East African tour. This picture shows one of the seamen who man the Persian dhows, trading vessels that throng the harbor.

The nearest thing to paradise

"The nearest thing to paradise" is the way an Australian woman describes Tanganyika after spending three years in the territory Princess Margaret is to visit.

year-old son Rodwick, recently returned to Sydney.

"It is a white man's land," said Mrs. Lyons. "All the work is done by 'boys,' cost of living is ridiculously low, social life is exciting, and for the white man the existence is idyllic.'

Mrs. Lyons spent a lot of time at Tanga, a tiny but busy port 100 miles up the coast from Dar es Salaam, Tangan-yika's capital, where Princess Margaret will step ashore from the Royal yacht Britannia on October 8 to be greeted by schoolchildren of all races.

"It has a very cosmopolitan population," said Mrs. Lyons. "The harbor is a most pic-turesque spot. The foreshore is dotted with palm trees, and right at the water's edge over-looking the harbor is the beautiful, sparkling white District Commissioner's building, where Princess Margaret will

stay while in Dar es Salaam. "The view is breathtaking. Hundreds of tiny craft fill the

harbor, ranging from the na-tive 'ngula,' a dugout canoe with one square sail and a side float, to the most romantic of them all . . , the Persian

"They come up over the horizon in full sail looking like ancient Spanish galleons with brightly painted hulls and Arabic inscriptions.

"The dhows run regularly from Persia to India, trading dates and mats for tyres, and then come down to Tanga, where they load ivory and sisal

"Many of the Arab seamen have their homes and familie in Tanganyika, and stride round the towns looking as if

SHE is Mrs. Athol they'd just stepped from the pages of 'Ali Baba and His Forty Thieves,' in their long, white flowing robes with big silver daggers at their waists.

"One personality Princess
"One personality Princess
Margaret is sure to meet during her tour is an Australian,
Mrs. Gladys Ryden, who
originally came from Queensland and whose wonderful
villa-style home is set in the
middle of a large coffee plantation at the foot of Mount
Kilimanjaro, Africa's highest
mountain.

"Seven hundred steps lead down to a patio and garden at the edge of Lake Duluti, and anyone who is anyone usually visits there while in Tanganyika.

"Two other Australians Princess Margaret may meet are the Ramsay brothers, who have a tea plantation at Amani, 35 miles north of Tanga.

"They are known as the Tea Kings," said Mrs. Lyons. "They settled in Tanganyika many years ago.

"Girls who go to Tangan-yika from England have a marvellous time."

She added: "They are out-numbered by the male popu-lation. Most come out under contract on salariees ranging from £50 to £60 (£A75) a month, with accommodation free in some cases.

"The natives will be very onscious of their dress during Princess Margaret's tour.

"On special occasions it is not unusual to see your house-boy riding a bicycle down the main street looking very proud of himself in a pair of bright red dungarees, a yellow shirt topped with an old dinner jacket thrown out the week before by your husband, with its tails flapping in the



GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE in Mauritius. This magnificent old home is known on the island as "Le Reduit" and was built in 1758. Princess Margaret will attend a garden-party in her honor at "Le Reduit."

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PRINCESS MARGARET, who will next week begin a Royal tour of East Africa and the Indian Ocean Dependencies.



CHARLE WERE WARE

by KNIGHT

Styled from fabulous Italian ravia, exclusive to Knight, with new fully cushioned back . . .

it s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s to caress your feet so gently



You've never seen a price so low for such a beautiful casual. And only Knight gives you s-t-r-e-t-c-h-a-b-l-e, super-cushioned raffia— "Gay Venice" takes the exact shape of your foot—firmly snug, yet unbelievably comfortable. Wonderful range of fittings, too—half sizes, 2-7.

29/11

Daniela Pilosa, glamorous finalist in the 1956 "Miss Teenage" Quest, has been in Australia for a year.

She says: "I haven't seen such highfashion casuals since I left Italy. But Knight has made their 'Gay Venice' even more lovable. The special raffia used in these beautiful casuals is imported from Italy and made so that it s-t-r-e-t-e-h-e-s. And every strap has a super-cushioned back."



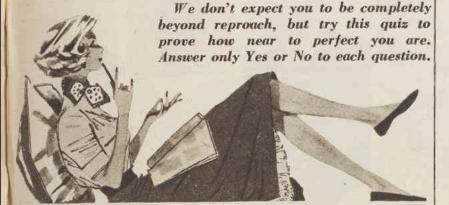
See all the top-fashion "Gay Venice" shades at your favourite shoe store — white and red . . . black . . natural . . . white . . . red . . . pastel pink . . . white and black. And then step out on hard-wearing "Neo-Knight" soles. But, be first with the newest — choose "Gay Venice" today — available at 9 out of 10 stores throughout Australia.



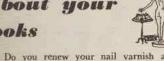
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How good a wife are you?



About your looks



Do you renew your nail varnish as soon as it chips?
 Do you keep a watchful eye on your

3. Do you really know what cosmetics suit you?

4. Even if you don't have your hair set professionally very often, do you always make sure that it is well cut?

5. Do you always make up your face in

6. Do you keep your nails scrupulously clean, even when you are wearing nail var-

mish?

7. Do you take as much care of your legs and feet as you do of your face and hands?

make up, do you pay as

8. When you make up, do you pay as much attention to your neck as the rest of your face?

9. Do you always take the trouble to match your lipstick to the clothes you are g and to your nail varnish?

10. Do you take care to remove all your make-up before you go to bed and nicotine stains from your fingers?

About your clothes

21. Do you plan your wardrobe?

22. Do you know your correct measure-ments—shoe size, bust, waist, hips, length from waist to hemline?

23. Do you take the trouble to get propcrly fitted for new bras and girdles.

24. When you choose a swimsuit, are you honest enough to consider your figure faults?

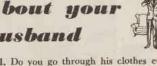
25. Do you take the dry-cleaning tags out of your clothes before wearing them?

26. Are the seams of your stockings always

27. Would you buy a hat because it looked good on Grace Kelly?

28. Do you brush your clothes—particularly your shoulders—before you go out?
29. Do you look at yourself from behind when trying on clothes?
30. Do you clean your handbag as often as your shoes?

About your husband



11. Do you go through his clothes every month or so to check on minor repairs? And do you then make them?

12. Do you know his size in collars, socks, and shoes?

13. Would you stay on at a party when you knew he was tired and wanted to go

14. Are you a back-seat driver?

15. Do you show boredom when he tells you golfing stories, or what sort of day he has had at the office?

16. Do you always insist on going to the film or play you want to see?

17. Do you think he should always help with the housework?

18. Are you resentful when he has a night

out with the boys?

19. Do you feel that any money he earns should be shared between you, but that what you earn is your own?

20. Are you on good terms with his secre-

About



serving food

31. Do you use that soiled tablecloth one extra day more?
32. Do you serve unvarying menus?
33. Do you always warm the teapot be-

fore making tea?
34. Do you use table napkins?
35. Do you know the cheapest cuts of

meat?

36. Do you always wash the butter dish

before adding fresh butter?

37. Can you tell when fish is fresh?

38. Do you wash salads really thoroughly?
39. Can you always provide food for the unexpected guest?
40. Are your tea-towels always scrupu-



HOW MANY POINTS DID YOU SCORE?

THE right answer to all the questions is "Yes" except for numbers 5, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 27, 31, 32. Give yourself one point for each correct answer. If your score is 40 obviously you're beautiful, practical, considerate, smart," and eco-nomical—in fact, the perfect wife. Or are you guilty of wishful thinking? 30-40, we hope your husband admires you as much as we do. 20-30, a little room for improvement. 10-20, are you, perhaps, the type who tends to let the little things

slide? Under 10, definitely in need of a refresher course! But perhaps you are underestimating yourself.

Now take a careful look at your scoring. If you rate high on the "Husband" and "Food" sections, why not be a little more self-indulgent, spend more time on yourself, and let the chores go hang for once? But remember, when it comes to a new hairstyle and burnt potatoes, it's potatoes your husband will notice first.

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Save Money with White Rain -only 5/- a bottle and a little goes a long, long way.

No Waste-because it's a lotion, White Rain does not run away through your fingers-it all goes right into your hair, forming a million gentle bubbles that dissolve any dusty, dulling film, leaving your hair soft, easy-to-manage, glistening with new highlights.

> White Rain to-nightto-morrow your hair

LOTION SHAMPOO

by Tone





ON BOARD U.S.S. SOUTHERLAND, Captain J. F. Felter with Miriam Rostein and her fiance, "Chuck" Henry, before luncheon given by the Commodore and Captains of the four American destroyers which visited Sydney this week. There were about 25 luncheon guests in each destroyer.

COMMODORE of the U.S. Fifth Destroyer Division, Cap-tain Rob Roy McGregor (right), talks with Rear-Admiral and Mrs. H. J. Buchanan at luncheon on flagship Rowan. The four U.S. destroyers staved five days in Sydney.



SOCIAL

WEDDING bells will soon be pealing for Mait-land Levy and Victorian lass Shirlie Neale, who announced their engagement in Melbourne.

Maitland is the son of Mr. Mattana is the son or Mr.
Pat Levy, of Woollahra, and
Mrs. Ronald MacKellar, of
Double Bay. And Shirlie is
the only daughter of Mrs.
J. W. Neale, of "Berringama,"
Lake Gillear, Vio, and the late
Mr. Neale. Mr. Neale.

Maitland's father flew down from Sydney for a celebration party for the young couple given by recently married Mr. and Mrs. John Hardie, of Toorak.

Shirlie was the chief bridesmaid at the Hardies' wedding in June . . . Mrs. Hardie was formerly Jane Luxton.

After their marriage Shirlie and Maitland will live in Melbourne.

SYDNEY members of the Garden Club of Australia are having a very busy time just now. They are organising a stall and an exhibition of flower arrangements at the Lady Gowrie Red Cross Home fete. The fete will be held at the home in Gordon on Satur-day, September 22, and the proceeds will go to the exten-

they have spent most of their time on the Continent.



WELCOME ON BOARD. Captain J. W. Land, of U.S.S. Rowan (right), welcomes Captain and Mrs. R. J. Robert-son to U.S.S. Rowan, Southerland, Gurke, and Henderson.

sions appeal. I HEAR that pretty Judy
Allen is having a wonderful time in London . . . she
has just returned from a visit
to Scotland, and is busy settling into "digs." Judy voyaged to England early this
year with Jan McDonnell, of
Neutral Bay, and up to now
they have spent most of their

A RECEPTION at the bride's home at Bellevue Hill will follow the wedding of Elizabeth Prevost and John Kinross at St. Mark's, Darling Point, on October 26. Elizabeth is the eldest daughter of Mrs. George Hard and the late Mr. Reg de T. Prevost. Her uncle, Mr. Robert Bunting, of Lae, New Guinea, will travel down to Sydney especially to give the bride away. Elizabeth's sisters Prunella and Regina will attend her with Mrs. Neville Munro and Wendy Lloyd-Jones. John is the son of Mrs. J. Kinross, of Inverell, and the late Mr. W. J. Kinross. W. J. Kinross.



FROM SWITZERLAND. Mrs. Alex Knecht (left), of Zurich, with her mother, Mrs. Lionel Coppleson. Mrs. Knecht was formerly Fay Coppleson, and she is visiting her family at Rose Bay after an absence of three years.

DEBUTANTE Schubach wore a most

unusual stole when she was presented to Lieut.-General E. W. Woodward at the Manly Mayoral Ball. Margaret's stole was of white silk, and on it her grandmother had painted colorful bush flowers.

Margaret LOTS of people will be interested to hear of the baby son born in London to Dr. and Mrs. Emmett Dalton. Mrs. Dalton's father, Dr. R. A. Eakin, of Darlinghurst, was in London when the baby





WED IN LONDON. Canadian Robert Mac-Neil and his bride, who was formerly Rose-marie Copland, younger daughter of High Commissioner for Australia in Canada, Sir Dauglas Copland, and Lady Capland.



LEAVING St. Mark's, Darling Point, are Mr. and Mrs. Bill Harvey. Bride was Janeha Hunter, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Hunter, of Edgeclif. Bill is the son of the W. F. A. Harveys, of Rose Bay.



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Home to play a wild colonial boy

By HELEN FRIZELL, staff reporter

Home from England to play the title role in Douglas Stewart's drama "Ned Kelly," internationally known actor Leo McKern has found colonial atmosphere in his parents' Sydney home.

A courtyard leads to Mr. and Mrs. Norman McKern's flat in the basement of a century-old beards twice before. Both have building which backs on to historic Phillip Lane, near Macquarie Street.

On the front verandah stands an enormous hollowed sandstone washtub, dating back to convict days.

When I called to see Leo McKern he was surrounded by old photographs and papers-all dealing with Ned Kelly.

Absorbed

MR. McKERN is soaking up history for his title role in the play, which will have its premiere at the Elizabethan Theatre, Newtown, on October 3, and a season in Melbourne as part of the official Olympic Games Music and Drama Festival. The play will open at Her Majesty's, Melbourne, on December 4.

Mr. McKern is not only trying to make himself look like history for his title role in

ing to make himself look like Ned, he is also trying to inter-

pret the outlaw's character.
At 36, Leo McKern is about 10 years older than Ned Kelly at the time of his execution at Melbourne in 1880.

His short, stocky figure will have to be raised on high to simulate Kelly's

An official "Wanted" notice

An official "Wanted" notice of the day describes Kelly as "five feet eleven or six feet."
"But at least my beard will see the right color," said Mr. McKern, feeling the first day's growth. When the play opens he hopes to have the "Vogue" magazine in false

STONE-FLAGGED full bushy growth which old courtyard leads to and Mrs. Norman well below the chin.

Leo McKern has come out chestnut-red, con trasting with his brown curly

hair.
"See this," said Mr. Mc-Kern, holding out a photo-graph. "It's an authentic pic-ture of Kelly taken by the gaol photographer the day be-fore execution.

"Look at those eyes, Some people think they are cruel, but I fancy they are rather

kind.
"This is the way I will grow my beard—and my eyebrows will have to be turned into those straight bars of Kelly's.'

Throughout his career on the stage and films, including Old Vic and Stratford per-formances, Australian Leo formances, Australian Leo McKern has not yet played the part of an Australian on stage.

"When Hugh Hunt, executive director of the Elizabethan Theatre Trust, wrote
to me about 'Ned Kelly' several months ago, I certainly
wanted the part," Mr. McKern said

Success ties

"COMING home to Australia meant seeing my family and the Elizabethan Theatre,

"One always talks vaguely

whiskers against a background showing Ned Kelly an ar-mored apparition in the Glen-rowan dawn.

"When I act the part of Ned Kelly," he said, "I don't in-tend to use an Irish accent, though I am convinced that Ned had one. His father was an Irish 'deportee.'

"Anyway, I imagine the way Australians talk now differs from the accent of 50 years ago, and certainly from that used 100 years back. The sun has cooked it slowly."

"Wicked pig"

OF Ned Kelly's character, Mr. McKern said:

"His enemies regarded him as a brute, a murderer, a wicked pig, and a real crimi-nal. I don't see him that way.

"I believe those remarks came from propertied classes of the time whom he opposed.

"But I do not see him ac-cording to the nonsensical modern legend which hails him as a great hero, a nine-teenth-century Robin Hood. "The truth, I feel, lies some-where between. Kelly was no

uneducated bushman. You have only to see his handwriting or read some of the amazing speeches he made during his trial."

At present Mr. McKern seems more occupied with the Kelly Gang than with his own family. He talks knowledgeably about Ned, Ned's brother Dan, Steve Hart, and Joe

His research has been helped by a long letter from a student of Kellyana, Mr. Ian Jones, of Toorak, Victoria.

THE OUTLAW. Leo McKern describes Kelly's eyes as those of a kind man. Others see of a kind man. Other cruelty and greed.

The letter describes the suit of armor, and Ned's padded silk skull-cap worn under his helmet. Over the armor Ned Kelly is said to have worn a long, light grey overcoat.

Accompanying an authentic picture taken during the Glenrowan battle is the decrieriowan battle is the de-scription of the shanty there, tin-roofed, made of weather-board and slabs, the inside walls lined with calico.

Diverted at last from the Kellys, the actor told me a little about his own family.

His grandfather was born Limerick, Ireland. The McKerns came originally from Scotland, but migrated after the battle of Culloden.

Family tree

"IT'S a funny thing," said Mr. McKern, "but every McKern in the world is re-lated. A McKern in Buenos Aires South Assert Aires, South America, who is building up a family tree, has found McKerns in 12 countries."

A fourth-generation Australian McKern arrived in Sydney when Leo's wife, actress Jane Holland, followed him by ship with their 18-months-old daughter, Abigail.

Before the play opens, Mr. McKern will visit Glenrowan to compare the modern town with the print of the shanty, gumtrees in the background, and the civilian-clad troopers creeping through the bush

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Millionairess weds "dead-end" kid

Third marital bid for happiness

The recent marriage of Gloria Vanderbilt to Sidney Lumet should test the Hollywood maxim that it's love, not money, that makes wedded bliss. The bride and the groom were born just four million dollars apart and at opposite extremes of the social caste system.

GLORIA came into a fortune at birth and grew up in the midst of -but luxury without love. Lumet started life in a cold-water flat in Manhattan's lower East Side slums. He had the love of his family, but little

In the past 32 years—Gloria and Sidney are both the same age—a lot of things have happened to narrow the gap between them.

Gloria became the "Poor Little Rich Girl," and Lumet the "Rich Little Poor Boy."

It was Gloria's third marriage and Lumet's second.

Her former husbands are Pat Di Cicco, an actor's agent, whom she wed hastily in 1941 at the age of 17, and aged conductor Leopold Stokow-iki, by whom she had two

In succession, Gloria's hus-ands have been twice her age, three times her age, and just her age. The strange chronology may be a sign that the willowy, doll-faced heiress has at last reached emotional maturity.

Former wife

LUMET'S former wife is Rita Gam, Hollywood actress, who herself took a second husband recently and went off on her honeymoon to Monaco to be Grace Kelly's

It was the stage that brought Gloria and Sidney together. She made her debut as an actress shortly after she left Stokowski. Lumet has been a "dead-end" kid in the film of the same name at the age of

That's when he started supporting his family, and he has helped them ever since.

Lumet's father was Baruch Lumet, former Yiddish art theatre player. From his "dead-end" debut, Sidney went on to become a Broadway favorite, acting in such hits as "Going To Jerusalem," "A Flag Is Born," "The Eternal Road," Born," "The Eternal Road,"
"My Heart's in the Highlands," "George Washington
Slept Here," and "Seeds in
the Wind."

He directs and acts frequently on television, and re-cently directed his first film, "Twelve Angry Men," starring

-ByROBERT FELDMAN, of our New York staff

Henry Fonda. He will stage the play "Night of the Auk" on Broadway this month.

Gloria is currently starring in Ferenc Molnar's "The Spa" on the so-called "Straw-Hat," or summer theatre circuit in the New York area.

So the two have a common So the two have a common interest in their careers. That's something new for Gloria, an unwanted child who had to fight harder to overcome the handicap of her wealth than her husband had to overcome its lack.

One thing they haven't in common is stature. She is close to 6ft. tall, he a runty 5ft. 3in. At the wedding breakfast, photographers cruelly snapped them together from a low angle to accentuate the difference in their height.

But Gloria, who was perhaps

the world's most publicised child, has doubtless developed an immunity to the slings of the Press.

Great - great - granddaughter f Cornelius Vanderbilt, the railway tycoon, she first made the headlines in 1934 at the the headlines in 1934 at the age of nine as the bewildered unhappy pawn in a sensational court battle for her custody between her widowed mother, Mrs. Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt, and her paternal aunt, the wealthy Mrs. Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney.

Mrs. Whitney won after a series of witnesses depicted the mother as devoting herself exclusively to her own gay pleasures, and dallying with a series of men while her daughter pined for love, and found only the affection of a

At 17, the timid girl made her first bid for marital happiness by running off with Pat Di Cicco. The playboy was dashing enough in a shallow way, but inherently unable to meet the subtler demands of her starved emotions.

Gloria divorced him after four years, and almost immediately married the fiery, whitemaned Stokowski.

In 10 years of marriage they had two children, Stan, now

6, and Christopher, 4. she was young and he was old. Happiness still cluded

her.
She rang down the curtain on Stokowski last October by obtaining a divorce at Juarez, Mexico, on grounds of "In-compatibility of characters."

But

She gained custody of their children, with the 74-year-old maestro retaining visiting rights. Gloria agreed to drop visiting the name Stokowski. Leopold undertook to support the boys. Gloria asked for no alimony.

She said at the time: "Leopold is a genius and I have tremendous admiration and respect for him. But he is dedicated to his work, and I've practically lived alone the past three years, with Leopold away on concert tours as long as seven months at a time.

"In a way, I was neither married nor unmarried."

Gloria went out for a time with Frank Sinatra, and when her love poems were published people speculated that he was the "S" to whom she publicly to whom she publicly dedicated the volume. tainly it wasn't Stokowski.

She and Frankie both insisted they were merely "good

Steadily Gloria kept the welfare of her sons in mind. One reason she left Stokowski, she said last year, was that she couldn't make with him the home she wanted for her

Always she has been ex-plicit that she never wanted them to know the loneliness and anxiety of her own child-

Lamet's career took a new impetus after the war in the television field, in which he was one of the first and most capable directors.

Divorce

HE had married Rita Gam when she was a beautiful when she was a beautiful but unknown young actress. Then she got her big break— a leading part in "The Thief," the suspense film without words-and they drifted apart.

Their divorce was pending when he started work on the hit play by William Inge, "Picnic." In it he directed a

THIRD MARRIAGE. Looking demure behind her wedding cake, Gloria Vanderbilt and TV movie-director Sidney Lumet pose for photographers at their wedding reception.



FIRST MARRIAGE. Gloria Vanderbilt cuts the wedding cake after marrying Pat Di Cicco, actor's agent, in 1941.

struggling young actress not poor and struggling, mind you, just struggling.

She was Gloria Vanderbilt, se search for fulfilment led her to the footlights and the gratification of pub-lic applause.

After nearly a year's court-ship, the couple slipped quietly down to the Licence Bureau at City Hall one day last week and were united on the spot by New York Supreme Court Justice Irving Saypol, Lumet's old friend.

White orchids

SAYPOL performed the ceremony again in the apartment of playwright Sid-ney Kingsley, whose "Dead End" had started Lumet's

Gloria, white orchids in her jet-black hair, wore a long 1830 French wedding gown of

As bridesmaid she had her best friend, Mrs. Carol Mar-cus Grace, former wife of author William Saroyan.

Mrs. Emily Prescott, Gloria's nurse since childhood, was also present.

After the reception, the couple hurried to the Paper Mill Playhouse, in Millburn, New Jersey, where Gloria was due to go on at 8.30 p.m. in "The Spa."

house was a sell-out, but, thanks to a blackout caused by a thunderstorm, the per-



SECOND HUSBAND. Leo-pold Stokowski, by whom Gloria had two sons, conducts a concert at Carnegie Hall.

formance was cancelled and the couple had a brief, unexpected honeymoon.

Some said the storm augured well for the marriage.

The respite ended the next night when the lights were restored, and Lumet had to fly to Hollywood to begin a directing assignment. At the end of her current engagement, Gloria will join her husband

Meanwhile, she may read with new emphasis the closing stanza of her touching "Love Poems"

And yet I drank

believing that when

I reached the bottom It might be sweet.

SHOW MUST GO ON. Day following her marriage to Sidney Lumet, Gloria Vanderbilt (above left) appeared on stage at the Paper Mill Playhouse. Shortly after this picture was taken the performance was called off when the lights failed, so Gloria had more time for her honeymoon. Right, she poses happily with her third husband. THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 19, 1956



TESTS PROVE IT!

Exhaustive tests show that Antiseptic Listerine reaches way back on throat tissues to kill germs before they start their deadly work.

The gargling of Listerine, three times a day, is a potent protection. Antiseptic Listerine reduces germs on mouth and throat surfaces by as much as 96.7%, 15 minutes after gargling . . . as mu 80% even an hour later

"SECONDARY INVADERS" QUICKLY REDUCED

Tests conducted under the strict supervision of skilled bacteriologists show that such germs as Pneumococcus Type III. Hemophilus influenza, Streptococcus pyogenes.

87% of all infections initially attack the body orally

Medical science believes that nearly all illnesses start their dangerous work in the mouth. Among the many germs that enter the body in this way are those responsible for:

Hepatitis • Poliomyelitis

Scarlet Fever . Pneumonio Influenza · Common Cold

misery. Listerine costs so little compared with the pro-Pneumococcus Type II and Streptococcus salivarius can be quickly reduced in number tection it gives.

the Antiseptic Listerine IT'S SAFEI

Listerine Antiseptic kills

germs by millions—instantly!

Listerine is so easy and pleas-

ant to use. All you do is gargle it undiluted three times

a day . . it's as easy as that! And Listerine is so pleasant tasting, too! It takes only 30 seconds but protects for hours.

Guard against winter ills-

keep Listerine handy!

Aspirin, sprays and non-anti-septic drops often do relieve many of the symptoms, but they can't kill germs the way Listerine does, germs that cause so much wretched

The Listerine treatment is safe it doesn't burn or sting. More important, for your kid-dies' sake, Listerine is harm-less if accidentally swallowed.

CONTAINS PROVEN GERM-KILLING INGREDIENTS

Listerine is made under the most hygienic conditions to a proven, tested formula and contains only the purest medi-cinal ingredients. Tests over cinal ingredients. Tests over a twelve-year period clearly showed that those who regularly reduced germs on mouth and throat surfaces with Listerine were better pro-tected from illness than those who did not. Here is proof positive that Listerine will protect all your family from so many illnesses

DOUBLE PROTECTION

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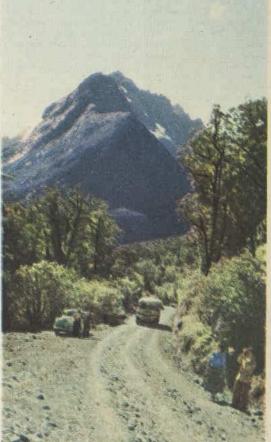
ANTISEPTIC



CARPET in the lounge of the Milford Hotel at Milford Sound is patterned in Scot tartan. The bar-lounge carpet is in Sleat tartan. The plate-glass window overlooks Mitre Peak and Mitre Sound. The hotel tariff is roughly £45 a day per person.

Million pound tourist project

The New Zealand Government has spent a million pounds on a new mountain road and a luxury hotel to open Milford Sound as a tourist resort.



THE MAGNIFICENT Cleddau Canyon, along which runs the £1,000,000 road which opened this area to tourists. The Queen and Duke sailed round Milford Sound before leaving New Zealand in 1954.

BUILDING the road was a formidable task. Milford Sound lies near the south-west tip of the South Island of New Zealand. It is in the 21million - acre Fiordland National Park.

Previously, access to Milford Sound was over a foot track from Te Anau, 30 miles away.

When a fire razed the hotel three years ago the Govern-ment decided to build a new hotel and a good road.

Barring the way too.

Barring the way to civilisation was between 6000 and 7000 feet of solid rock, a continuation of the Southern Alps, and, on the other side, nearly 80 mountain streams which become roaring torrents in the wet.

The road travels through remote valleys, along avenues of beech trees, and through the Eglington and Hollyford Val-leys, with their snow-capped mountains, glaciers, rushing streams, waterfalls, and native

Finally it runs through a three-quarter-mile tunnel that cost more than half a million pounds to build.

Gradually the darkness of the tunnel gives way to sun-light, pouring into the exit, and suddenly you're in a new world. From the ridge of the saddle, 1600ft, above, serrated heights loom over misty treeclad valleys to your right and below. Down the Cleddau below. Down the Cleanant Canyon snakes the road for the 12-mile journey, dropping 2300ft to the sea. A sweep round a final curve—and Mil-



MILFORD HOTEL, at Milford Sound (above), taken from the head of the Sound looking towards Mitre Peak, RIGHT: This view of the hotel staircase shows how Maori symbols have been blended to give the room an effect of native artistry with modern simplicity.

Nestling at the foot of the Sheerdown Range is the new Hotel Milford, one of New Zealand's most modern hotels. Built by the New Zealand Government Tourist and Publicity Department at a cost of more than £300,000, the hotel will accommodate up to 80 guests during the season, which lasts only from November to the end of April. Avalanches close the road in winter.

The hotel overlooks Milford Sound. Bedrooms have a spectacular view of Mitre Peak, which rises 5560 feet above the level of the water. All double rooms have private bathrooms. Single rooms have

The Hotel Milford has its own hydro-electric plant, harnessed to the nearby Bowen Falls, but the falls remain unspoiled, as the machinery is hidden from sight. The hotel is also centrally heated.

Every visitor takes the for Australia THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHEKLY - September 19, 1956

ford Sound bursts gloriously launch cruise ten miles down the Sound to its entrance.

Nestling at the foot of the they pass close to the spectacu-lar Bowen and Stirling Falls, suspended glaciers, snow-clad peaks, dozens of waterfalls, and rock-faces rising sheer out of the sea.

The hotel is also a popular starting point for hikers and bush-walkers.

Indoor recreations include dancing, film shows, billiards, and table tennis.

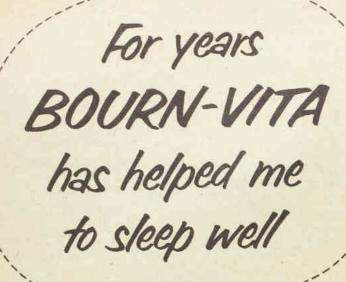
The hotel has an inclusive tariff of roughly £A5 a day per person.

There are also a few rooms reserved for hikers at about £A2/10/- per day.

Milford Sound was the last place visited by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh during the Royal tour of New Zea-land in 1953-54.

After the official departure from Bluff the Royal yacht Gothic sailed round the southern end of the South Island and crused to the head of the Sound before departing







It's an old saying that "experience is a good teacher". Many folk have found, over the years, that good health goes hand in hand with regular, deep, restorative sleep. To help promote sound sleep, wise folk always drink a cup of hot Bourn-vita at bedtime every night. Made from malt, eggs, milk and chocolate, Bourn-vita is a tonic food drink suitable for all the family. You'll find they'll enjoy its delicious flavour.

Sleep Sweeter BOURN-VITA

IT'S CADBURY'S

FAMOUS LAST WORDS-



"That school-bus job should be a snap. No transfers, no change, no giving direc-tions."



gest: Consomme Fines Herbes, W Meurice, Pintade Rotie, Coeur Romaine, and . . ."

t seems to me

GRACE KELLY'S record of marriage proposals has been eclipsed.

When Grace became en-gaged to Prince Rainier her mother told the world that this was Grace's fiftieth proposal. Now film star Elsa Mar-

tinelli says that she refused 150 offers of marriage during the Venice Film Festival.

Five of them, added the exuberant Miss Martinelli, were from Texas oil million-

Allowing that millionaires are fairly common in Texas, it is unusual to encounter five in a bunch anywhere else.

Indeed, less favored girls go through life without ever meet-

ing one.
A more cautious character would have arranged to put one away for a rainy day.

Arranged to put one away for a rainy day.

Miss Martinelli's boast confirms the rumor that at Continental film festivals hardly anybody goes to the pictures. They spend most of the time at parties, or being photographed obstructing the traffic in bathing suits.

Miss Martinelli, obviously, spent all her time in gondolas. Or, more likely, speed-

THIS week two flasks of water from Port Phillip Bay are being flown to America "as an Olympic goodwill ges-

American officials will blend the contents with water from the 48 States and other countries competing in the Games. President Eisenhower will pour the mixture into the Potomac River, Washington, to inaugurate the

President's Cup regatta.

This is an excellent example of man's love of ritual.

It would be awful, wouldn't it, to say what one really thought—that it's rather silly.

THE case of Miss Nina Ponomareva, Russian discus-thrower, and the five hats shows, among other things, that remote control of a business makes things difficult.

The accusation against Miss Ponomareva of trying to steal five hats from a London store had highly embarrassing consequences. store had highly embarrassing consequences. The Soviet Embassy having spirited her away, the athletic meeting having been called off, and the Foreign Office having turned red in the face, the store's chairman of directors spoke from Holland, where he lives.

"I do not think we should upset the world for a mere thirty shillings!" he said.

By this time the decrease we done If

By this time the damage was done. If he had been on the spot he might have had the charge dropped before the machinery of British justice went into action. Admirable as is justice, tact is sometimes better.

To a woman the case has a pathetic personal side, as well as its international assects. Miss

of dishonesty may be easier to bear than the probable ridicule from team-mates.



Dorothy Drain

by Frank Lloyd Wright becomes reality, a new term will have to be found for little old shanties, such as the Empire State. "Skyscraper" will be a word reserved for buildings like this,

which will be five times as high as the Empire State, and will accommodate 100,000 Government and council em-Interviewed in America,

Interviewed in America, Lloyd Wright was testy be-cause, he said, everyone harped on the height of the building. He implied that this

was nothing to get excited about.

Such a reaction is typical of the expert.

Obviously everybody is interested in the height because the height is the most in-

height because teresting thing, tread about it since I read about it Ever since I read about it I've been imagining a similar building in Sydney. If used for housing instead of offices it could take care, in one hit, of all the people want-

take care, in one hit, of all the people wanting flats.

If you lived on the top floor (the five hundred and tenth), you wouldn't need to go to airports to see your friends off. You could wave to them as they flew by.

Advocates of the fresh air of the suburbs would find their argument invalid. You could get the best quality fresh air a mile high in the sky, and you could probably grow tulips in the window-boxes.

Going "downtown" and "up home" would become literal descriptions of commuting-frank Lloyd Wright asserts that his 60-mile-an-hour lifts will be safer than horizontal traffic at the same speed.

You'd have to lay in iron rations, of course. A lift breakdown could maroon you, unless the baker and the grocer delivered by belicopter.

CIENTISTS are conducting grunting experiments with porpoises, so Unesco leader reported in Paris recently. The scientists want to communicate with porpoises, teaching them to herd fish in sea "farms" so that fish can be stored and easily caught.

Oh, little fish eat littler fry, And littler ones eat littlest, And sharks grab big ones passing by, So thus survive the fittest.

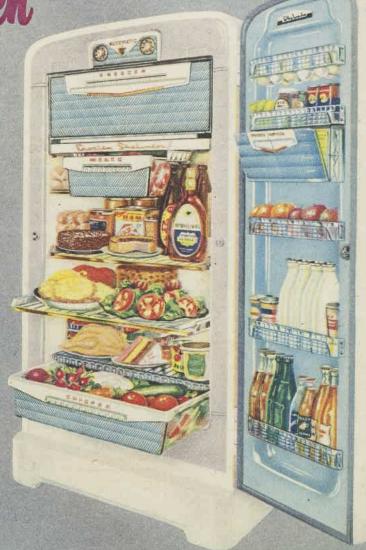
Which makes the ocean like the land, Although it's somewhat wetter. For scientists, you understand, The going's rather better.

A wily one avoids the strife, Selects a subject peaceful, And thus can choose a way of life Congenial and easeful.

And if he has a grant that's fat And fancies ocean breezes, With porpoises a cosy chat Sounds like the best of wheezes.







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Career Wives



HER PRETTY HANDS CREATE NEW HAIR STYLES

Mrs. Y. M. Webb of 51 Railway Street, Granville, is one of those busy young women who handle two jobs. As well as running a house. Mrs. Webb has gone back to hairdressing because she is saving to travel. She's already planning an exciting trip to the Islands.

When interviewed at the salon last week, Mrs. Webb said: "When I decided to take a job again, I was very glad the years at home hadn't given me 'housework hands'. I give most of the credit to Persil for that. I've always used Persil for my washing, because it is so kind to my skin. It keeps my hands soft and smooth—a 'must' for hairdressing."

P.137.WW62a

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The Australian Women's Weekly

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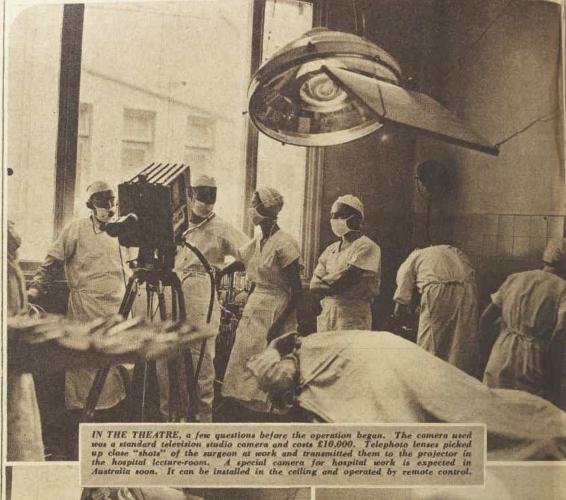
(PLEASE USE BLOCK LETTERS)

NAME

(PLEASE USE BLOCK LETTERS)

age 32

ON HOSPITAL TV.





FROM THE PATIENT and theatre nursing staff, reporter Yvonne Auliff takes a few notes before the operation. Sisters R. Hattersley (left) and J. Reeves (right foreground), no longer camera conscious, are used to being on television.



EXPECTANT MOTHER is carried into the operating theatre for the Caesarean-section operation. Mrs. Spurgin had previously given birth to two stillborn babies, one by Caesarean section. Her other child, a boy, is 12.



EVERYTHING IS READY and Mrs. Havel Spargin smiles at some encouraging words from Narse Rien before the anaesthetist begins. Mrs. Spargin gave permission for televising the birth.

Caesarean operation saves lives of mother and

• In a world of white and wonder at Sydney's Crown Street Hospital for Women I witnessed, simultaneously, one of the oldest and one of the newest miracles known to mankind - the birth of a baby on television.

THE birth was by a L Caesarean-section operation, a common-enough event today, but in this critical case the only means by which the mother and child could be saved.

With the use of a television camera in the operating theatre and a giant projector in the lecture-hall, a medical sudience was shown how.

Performed by one of Sydney's leading obstetricians, the operation was followed by students in close detail.

For the TV equipment, weighing a ton, is more sensitive than the eye, though if requires no special lighting.

To medical students the

use of television in this way is another milestone in their all-important purpose of learning to save lives,

This was the last of eight demonstrations by Philips Elec-trical Industries Ltd. during Crown Street Hospital's annual post-graduate fortnight.

To staff photographer Ron Berg, father of two daughters, was partien and myself, married recently,

particu-impres-

table being adjusted to receive the patient, and, above it, a large mirror hung at an angle.

From a corner near where the surgeon would work, the television camera was focused in the mirror by Philips' television engineer, Peter Joyce, and his assistant cameraman,

Mr. Joyce has supervised these demonstrations for Philips in other Australian capi-tals over the past few months.

Ron Berg had found a spot from which to work, and, while his camera clicked, I got down to talking and taking

The assistant doctor came in, and behind him the anaes-thetist, who looked surprised at our presence for an instant, then acknowledged us with a nod and began to scrub up.

Commentary

THEY were followed by the Medical Superintendent. Speaking into a microphone in the theatre, he was to give the students a commentary

during the operation.

The stage was ready now for the two main stars.

One of them, the surgeon,

entered unobtrusively, took in

began asking questions about the television camera.

patient.

Another door swung open admit the other star—the

Fully conscious of what was happening—every patient in-volved had given permission

for these demonstrations—the mother smiled tremulously at

marks, and at me, as I met her

marks, and at me, as I met her for the first time.

Her name, she told me, was Mrs. Hazel Spurgin, from Green Hills, on the Macleay River, in New South Wales. She was 30.

"I have one child, a son, who is 12," she said.

"What would you like this time," I asked, "a boy or a girl?"

"I don't care," she said, "so

"I don't care," she said, "so long as it's alive."

Ron Berg had already rushed to the lecture-room, and I

the sisters' encouraging

to my seat in the darkened lecture-room.

Mrs. Spurgin, the commen-tator told us, was suffering from chronic nephritis and diabetes, a combination of complaints so powerful that the chances of having a live baby were extremely rare.

She had previously given birth to two stillborn babies, one by a Caesarean section. This child would be six weeks premature, but an im-

mediate Caesarean was the only chance for either of them.

The camera steadied on the surgeon's gloved hands. A sister handed him his first instru-

by, the commentary continued, punctuated by an occasional brief order from the surgeon to his assistants.

Once we heard the an-aesthetist's voice: "Breathing

Then suddenly the baby was born. For a few seconds the doctor held it, head down. It appeared to move, but we could not be sure. A waiting nurse took the child and rushed from the theatre.

Alive or not we had yet to learn, but it was born. And the battle for By YVONNE AULIFF, staff reporter its first breath was in other, expert hands.

The surgeon's skill was now concentrated solely on the mother. The quick, de-cisive hands moved ceaselessly.

Then the announcement: "The baby is breathing and crying. It has even coughed."

For the first time there was movement in the hall, a slight shuffling of feet and shifting in scats

But the surgeon's work went on until the vital announce-ment: "The patient has with-

ment: "The patient has with-stood the operation very well." It was over, a new life born and an older one saved. It had taken 45 minutes.

The commentator came into full camera range. "Are there any questions?" he said, and the technician behind the projector held up a micro-phone to transmit them to the

"Yes," said a firm male voice, "is it a boy or a girl?"
Laughter ran through the

LESS than an hour old, baby Wayne Grant Spurgin, as he will be christened, poses for his first photograph.

eyes twinkled, "They assure me," he said, "it's a boy, Now are there any other ques-The questions continued,

while the photographer and I started for the nursery to see Baby Spurgin.

He was less than an hour old, and already the first thought in his mother's mind. For on the way up in the lift, quite by accident, we saw Mrs. Spurgin being taken back to her ward.

She was not fully conscious but we clearly heard her mumble some words. It sounded incredible to us, too. but they were, "My baby, my baby boy,2 As for Baby Spurgin (51b.

eyes, closed them, stretched

This strange new world seemed to bore him.



14oz at birth, and to be christened Wayne Grant Spurgin), when we saw him lying in his Street Hospital for Women. "I'd like you to say how pleased orib, he opened his deep blue."

14oz at birth, and to be christened Wayne Grant Spurgin; street Hospital for Women. "I'd like you to say how pleased I am with Grown Street." she said.

It was the first time either of us had seen a baby born. And the circumstances were such as few outside the medical profession could ever wit-

Through the co-operation of the Medical Superintendent at Crown Street, Dr. W. G. McBride, the operating doctor, and his assistants, the sister, incharge, and her theatre ter-in-charge and her theatre staff, and 'Philips' TV en-gineers and technicians, we were allowed to enter the theatre just before the opera-

We were capped and gowned and all other precau-tions were taken in accordance with hospital procedure.

The theatre atmosphere was alive with bustling, methodical activity: the metallic click and clash of shining instruments, white-clad figures of sisters and nurses moving in smooth team-work, the operating

LECTURE-HALL. A medical audience watches closetal audience watches closetal tall the projector on to a
screen 12tt. by 9ft.—the
largest yet used in Australia.
The image is so clear that
only the size of the hall
limits the number of persons
who can watch exactly what
the surgeon is doing.



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Unhappy engagements should be broken

 An engagement to marry is a testing time for both the man and woman concerned. If either one creates continued strain during the engagement, that person is a poor marriage risk.

DR. DAVID MACE, Chairman of the International Marriage Guidance Council, points this out to a young woman who has written to him for

Dr. Mace, who, with his wife, is at present touring Australia under the joint ponsorship of The Australian Women's Weekly and the National Marriage Guidance of Australia, has to answer readers' problems during his tour.

Send your problem to Dr. face, The Australian fomen's Weekly, Box 1988WW, G.P.O., Sydney. Mace, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1098WW, G.P.O., Sydney. Pen-names may be used for publication, but real names and addresses must be given as guarantee of good faith.

MISS D.C. writes: "I am 20, and engaged to a boy of 22. Our plan is to marry within the next year.

"I am very fond of children, and love to be among them.

My fiance is always teasing
me about this. When I try to
be serious with him he tells me be just doesn't want a family. I'm afraid that if we get married this difference in our attitudes will cause a lot of trouble.

'I have watched him carefully around his home, where there are several families with children. When they speak to him he doesn't even answer,

"Sometimes he acts like a child himself. When he gets me at a disadvantage he will behave like a tyrant. But when I try to tell him off he just sulks.

I love him because when he "I love him because when he is coming to see me I always get very excited. But when he arrives I seem to change. When we're alone I somehow don't want to talk. Then he gets upset, and says he might as well not be there. How can I solve this problem, please?"

Dr. Mace writes:

One important purpose of the engagement period is to test out thoroughly the per-sonal compatibility of the two sonal compatibility of the two who plan to marry. Do they have the same mind about essential issues, the same goals, standards, and ideals? Are they good friends, with minds and hearts really in time? Can they still get on well together under conditions

where they are under stress and strain?

These are vitally important questions. The engagement period finds people at their best—more anxious to please than they are ever likely to be later, and free from the bur-dens of responsibility that come with home-making and bringing up a family.

In this highly favorable situation, Miss D.C. finds her intended husband difficult, inconsiderate of her feelings, and petulant. She is even disinclined to talk to him—probably because she despairs of being able to communicate her

As far as I can judge, that is just about where Miss D.C. now stands. If she finds herself faltering, a frank talk with any older woman who has been through the agony of an unsuccessful marriage ought to give her the courage she needs.

MRS. W.N. writes: "I have been married eight years and have two children. My trouble is that I can't get on with my husband's people.

"It was only after our marriage that I was the market because of the control of the control

riage that I met his mother.

real thoughts, feelings, and

What lies behind his diffi-cult attitude I don't pretend to know. But a young man who dislikes children, and opposes his future wife's desire for a family; who behaves badly under any kind of stress; who creates such strain in her that she can't open her heart to him—a young man who acts like that toward the girl he is seeking to make his wife seems to me to be a very poor prospective husband indeed. If he makes things so difficult for her now, what miseries await her after marriage!

It's painful to break an emotional tie which has set deep hopes for future happi-ness. Yet it is irresponsible folly not to do so when it is all too clear that these hopes are ill-founded. A little heartbreak now is far better than a broken home later on, when not only Miss D.C. herself, but innocent children, too, may be in-volved. It is far more honor-able to break off an engage-ment about which serious We went to live with her. then discovered that she had not wanted him to marry.

not wanted him to marry.

"A campaign of petty persecution began. If we talked late at night in our bedroom I was told I was preventing my husband from getting his proper sleep. If we argued his mother intervened and accused me of upsetting her son. I was expected to do all the housework, even though we paid our way.

housework, even though we paid our way.

"When we moved to a home of our own, my mother-in-law would insult me in front of my friends. If I bought anything new for the home I was accused of wasting my husband's hard-earned money. one of our children doesn't resemble my husband, that he was not the father.

"We have now moved right away. Yet she still writes me insulting letters. I have never been rude or answered back. But I feel now that I just won't write to her or see her

again.
"My husband is kind to me, but he can't stand up to his

nothing more to do with my husband's family?"

This is, alas, a very familiar story. All mothers-in-law are not tyrants, and all daughters-in-law are not angels. But now and then one does find woman who seems to be consumed with implacable hostility towards her son's wife.

Such a woman is nearly always, deep down, personally unhappy and insecure. After she has failed to achieve a satisfying emotional adjust-ment to her husband, she has turned to a son in the attempt to fill the empty place in her heart. Any other woman who claims the love of her son then appears in her eyes as a deadly

member that such a woman is to be pitied rather than feared. In the circumstances I think Mrs. W.N. has shown remarkable fortitude and restraint in refusing to retaliate. But she has naturally been inwardly hurt.

wardly hurt.

Now that she and her hus-band have moved away, I would have thought the prob-lem was practically solved.

Mrs. W.N. need not take the insulting letters seriously if she reminds herself that they are the ravings of an unbal-anced and miscaphly supharms. anced and miserably unhappy person. She need not even read them. Why not hand them over to her husband and get him to pass on to her any news she needs to know?

No doubt it would be most satisfactory to Mrs. W.N. to shut the mother-in-law completely out of her life. But she should not forget that this woman, for all her faults, is her husband's mother. A son owes to his mother a certain consideration and devotion, consideration and devotion, regardless of her weaknesses. Surely Mrs. W.N. hopes and expects her own children, when they grow up, will be good to her even if she may have fault and fall liness.

Would she not try to write a occasional friendly letter, and tolerate an occasional brief visit, for her husband's sake? I'm sure it would make the

doubts have arisen than to blunder on blindly into a marriage that may well end in disaster.

mother. Her word for him is law, and his policy is to do anything to avoid trouble. Am I wrong in wanting to have

Dr. Mace writes:

It sometimes helps to re-

have faults and failings.

situation a great deal easier for him if she could find it in her heart to display just that much forbearance and forgiveness. No matter what it's like outside,

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NAME





24, 8 p.m., Public Meeting, Burnside Town Hall-"Modern

24, 8 p.m., Public Meeting, Barriage."

September 27: 8 p.m., Salisbury, Dr. Mace, Public Meeting—"Marriage As a Sex Relationship."

September 28: 3 p.m., Bordertown, Mrs. Mace, Women's Meeting, Bordertown Institute; 8 p.m., Public Meeting, Bordertown Institute, Dr. Mace—"Marriage As a Personal Relationship."

This programme may have to be altered slightly. Further

This programme may have to be altered slightly. Further details may be obtained from the South Australian Marriage Guidance Council, Industrial Building, 55 King William

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 19, 1956

This week Dr. and Mrs. Mace are visiting South Australia. Here is their programme:

September 18, Adelaide, 8 p.m., Public Meeting, Free-masons' Hall, North Terrace—"Marriage in the Modern World"; September 19, Nuriootpa, 3 p.m., Women's Meet-ing, St. Petri's Hall; 8 p.m., Public Meeting, St. Petri's Hall—"From Friendship to Marriage"; September 20, Berri, 2 p.m., Women's Meeting; 8 p.m., Public Meeting— "Marriage and Society."

September 21, Port Adelaide, 8 p.m., Public Meeting, Town Hall—"Marriage and Parenthood"; September



Here's your answer

Differences in age always narrow as you grow older. What seems slight after you have reached your twenties is a big gap in your early teens. What closes the gap is the amazing amount of growing up and experience that you pack into your late teens.

FIRST out of the mailbag this week is a letter from a girl who is going out with a man who, at this stage, is far po old for her. Here is her letter:

Here is her letter:

I AM 16½ years old and wonder if I am too young keep company with a boy 23. Because my father and nother do not like me going at with boys quite so old, I have told them he is 19, and I so so hate deceiving them. I have been going with him for early a year, but we are not oling steady. Do you think I hould stop going out with oing steady. Do you think I hould stop going out with the other boys I know, because the is rather jealous and wants me to stop seeing other boys and go out with him alone? Otherwise he says our friend-hip will end."

'Undecided," Murwillumbah, N.S.W.

I think this whole affair is on the wrong foot. You are on the wrong foot. You are obviously unhappy because you've deceived your parents about your boy-friend's age. Just as obviously, you are far too young even to consider going steady. Seven years is not a vast difference in ages after you are 19 or so, but it's a terrific gap at 16. I'd brush this young man aside if I were rou, tell him you will go ready with him when you've had the experience he has of laying many friends (as he undoubtedly has at his age), and go out with your other boy-friends. I think it would be a very good thing if your very good thing if your friendship ended. You haven't the experience yet to cope with this man,

"I AM 16 years of age and am
very fond of a boy who
is 18. We have been keeping
company for two months, but
we live in different towns. My
parents are fond of him, too. He lives with my brother and his wife, and he has no way of coming out to see me, so he has to come when they come. Because of this he asked me would I write to him, and I did. I have written two let-ters, and only got an answer



A word from

WHEN you introduce a boy to a girl, it is very good if you add a remark that kicks the conversation along like: "Verlie, Bill is yo-yo champion of Ruritania." Arch phrases not to be used in an introduction and, in fact, guaranteed to shrivel any confliality and make the pair cringe are: "I know you two have so much in common," "You two are going to get along," or "Verlie knows so much about you."

• Cheese dreams are a wonderful supper dish. Grate two ounces of cheese and mix with two ounces of

• Cheese dreams are a wonderful supper dish. Grate two ounces of cheese and mix with two ounces of creamed butter. Add 1 teaspoon of chopped parsley, salt, pepper, and 8 chopped asparagus sticks. Spread thickly on crisp, hot toast and serve immediately.
• It happens to all of us sometimes. You have to wear an entanglement of bobby-pins in the afternoon to look good for an evening date, and you have to be presentable in the afternoon, too. Here's the solution. Buy yourself a garden of stiff little daisies from the counter of a chain store and thread a daisy on each pin. It looks wonderful.

to the first one, and it is a while now since I posted the second. What should I do? My brother said that he often speaks of me and he thinks a

J.F., Dingo Creek, N.S.W.

It seems to me that this young man was a bit carried away by his feelings when he suggested that you begin writing to each other. He obviously enjoys receiving your letters, as he says nice things about your letters. about you to your brother, but while he appreciates them, he is evidently not prepared to take the time to answer them, which is most unsatisfactory. I'd just let things drift along if I were you; don't write any more letters, but when he calls again don't mention letters, again don't mention letters, just be polite to him. If he makes any more suggestions about the two of you corres-ponding, tell him that you will answer his letters if he writes

"I AM very fond of a boy who I am sure likes me.
Unfortunately he was asked to
a dance by a girl whom he
does not know at all well. It is obvious that this girl had no one else to turn to to ask, but because of that invitation

the boy felt he should repay her, and consequently he often takes her out. My problem is this. Since I have heard from good authority that the boy does not enjoy himself in this other cities company should. I other girl's company, should I show him that I still like him and that he can always come back to me when he has re-paid the courtesy owing?" "Plotter," Vic.

I don't think you have a problem at all. I think you're playing the ostrich. With your head well buried in the sand, you do not have to face the fact that your former boy-friend is taking this girl out because he likes her, and not to repay her invitation. One invitation would have repaid any obligation he felt, even a brief note of thanks or some flowers would have been suf-ficient. I don't think you ficient. I don't think you should do anything about showing this boy you still like him — I have no doubt he knows. If he wants to take you out again he will ask you. But if you still believe your theory is right and he is repaying a courtesy, you could try the system yourself. You ask him to take you out, and if you are right, you are assured of many "repayment" invita-

****** DISC DIGEST ************

RICHARD TUCKER, the American tenor whose re-cent operatic recital record proved to be so rewarding, reappears on a 12in. LP, KLC.515, in "Great Love Duets." This time he has for a partner the soprano Dorothy Kirsten. Both are Metropolitical Operation of the control of the tan Opera stars, and they sing with the "Met." Orchestra under Fausto Cleva.

Puccini dominates the disc. The first side is devoted en-tirely to "La Boheme," a caporely to "La Boheme," a cap-ule presentation of the opera, in fact. From Act I you'll hear "Your Tiny Hand Is Frozen," "My Name is Mimi," and "O Beautiful Maiden." For the extract from Act 2, Doro-

thy Kirsten switches roles for a few minutes and performs as a spirited Musetta in the "Waltz Song," and finally, as Mimi once more, sings "Fare-well" to Rudolpho outside the

to Rudoipho dustate the inn in Act 3.

Her operatic singing is mod-ern, by which I mean she acts as she sings, but avoids phony sobs and sighs which are apt sobs and sighs which are apt to make opera on record slightly ludicrous. As the fickle heroine in Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" on side two, her restraint is again obvious. Act 2 is represented by "These Are Hours of Joy's Creating" and "You, You, My Love." Her singing of "Lonely, Forsaken, and Abandoned," the climax of Act 4, is in effect one long

solo and a formidable one, culminating in the death scene in her lover's arms.

THE last band is again from "Manon," this time by Massenet. It is rather a pity that it comes in the anticlimax position, because here she appears to have been resurrected, and is encourag-ing her beau to flee with her ing her beau to flee with her by singing the beguiling "Thou, You," which is surely one of the origins of the mod-ern French cabaret chanson. However, the position of this band is only a minor fault, and if you collect operatic records this is one which you must hear.

-BERNARD FLETCHER.

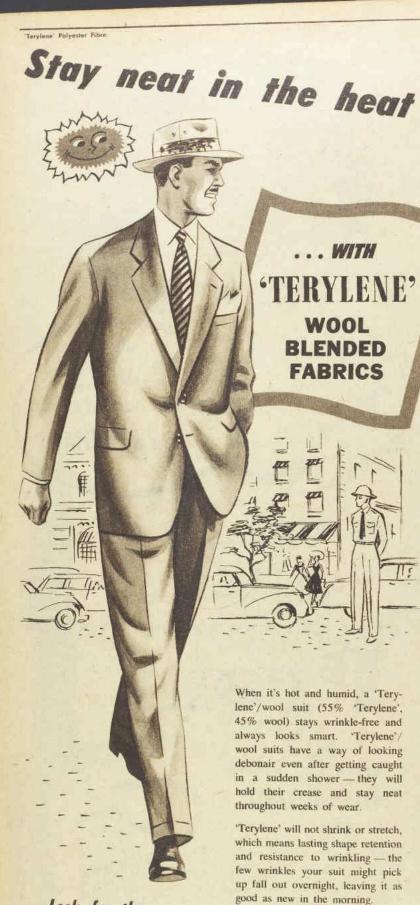


Lanolin-enriched Prom actually conditions your hair to new, soft beauty as it perms. It's so simple to have shining springy curls that last longer because the entire curl, right to the very tip, neutralizes as it dries. Just wet your hair with trouble-free Prom and curl it up. In 30 minutes rinse with warm water and let your hair dry naturally on the curlers. Perm with Prom for natural-looking waves and curls that never straggle.

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In brief - from your head to your feet - stay neat in the heat.

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Continuing Margaret and the M.P.

away were the remains of a vegetable garden. There was not a tree on the island, al-though untidy flower-bel-towered in the lee of the house.

When she had made a complete tour she sat down on a warm flagstone and thought. She was surprised to find her hands were busily uprooting weeds. After a while she changed into her most sedate sports clothes and rowed across to the mainland. plete tour she sat down on

Mrs. Perham was busy with the darning basket when Mar-garet knocked. "Come in," she said cheerfully. "I was just going to send Henry over to bring you back to dinner."

to bring you back to dinner."

"How nice of you," Margaret said gratefully. She dropped down on a footstool and plunged in. "I did so want to ask your advice. I expect you've guessed I bought the island without seeing it. Last night I meant to turn round and go home today, but this morning—well, I fell in love with the place. I'm not rich, of course, but I'd like to do it up and I wanted to ask youwould you think it wise for me to stay and do you know anyone who could help work out the cost of what I'd want to do?"

Mrs. Perham broke off the

Mrs. Perham broke off the Mrs. Perham broke off the end of her thread with a snap, "Sam Paxton," she announced decisively, "is a meddler. He's my own brother and I'm fond of him, but he always thinks he knows what's best for every-hody."

body."

Margaret choked slightly.
"Mr. Paxton's your brother?"

Mrs. Perham nodded. "He's the youngest and the cleverest."
She eyed Margaret and said shrewdly: "Might as well tell me the whole story."

Margaret did, not pausing for three minutes, and concluding breathlessly: "So he said I ought to have a husband, but since I haven't, why didn't I have a holiday, and before I knew it he'd sold me a lighthouse."

house."

"Just like Sam," Mrs. Perham chuckled. "He's always telling Henry he ought to have a wife. I tell Sam he'd better try it himself before he's so free with his advice, but he's so stubborn no woman would put up with him."

"You mean." Margaret

"You mean," Margaret asked with incredulous amusement, "that he's a bachelor? Well, I never!" She grew serious. "But what shall I do about the lighthouse?"

from page 9

Mrs. Perham thought for a minute. "Perhaps Henry could help. He's an engineer. He might spare some time while he's on holiday."

Faithfully seconded by Henry, Margaret whipped through the house like a cyclone. Gay curtains appeared at the windows; fresh paint and paper covered one room after another. Breakfast was at six o'clock, lunch was at twelve, and supper was a salad eaten on the lighthouse balcony at sunset. Then she weeded the garden, watered the flowers, and went to bed. On Saturday nights she went to the local village dance with Henry. By the first of August even

By the first of August even. William referred to her occasionally as Margaret. The first crop of peas was picked from her garden and in honor of the event she changed in the evening. She was about to carry her coffee up to the lighthouse when she saw a strange man investigating her a strange man investigating her garden. He was very large, topped by a shock of fine ash-

"Do you want something?" she called pointedly as he rambled towards the house.

"Just wanted to see how you getting on.

Margaret was struck by an indefinable familiarity about that deep, slow voice. "Do I know you?" she inquired hesitantly.

"Chiefly through telegrams.
I'm Sam Paxton," he said politely. Margaret gaped at the blond giant before her. "What's the matter?" he asked. "I'm no beauty, but I don't usually frighten people."

"But I thought you were an old man," she said accusingly. "You had white hair. And a big cigar."

big cigar."

"How do you know what I had?" he countered. "We never really set eyes on each other. I'm forty-two and I've always had hair this color. If it comes to that, I guessed you were small and blond, and now I find you're at least five feet eight. And why are you clutching that percolator so tenderly?"

"I always have coffee in the

"I always have coffee in the lighthouse," she said, still stunned by surprise. "Get an-other cup if you want some."

They sat in comfortable sil-ence, watching the clouds flame

and die out. Sam leaned bacl and puffed contentedly at his cigar. "Well, how do you like it up here?"

"After the first shock, it's very nice," she told him dryly, "But if I'd really been a small helpless blonde, I don't know what would have become of

"Oh, William and Nancy would have looked after you," he said cheerfully, "and if you couldn't take it you wouldn't be worth saving. Now that you've had a holiday, what are you doing about exting a beyou doing about getting a hi band? You could do with man here."

Margaret got up suddenly and folded up her chair. "I'm going in," she said severely. "The last time I sat on a balcony with you you sold me a lighthouse and I'm not going to sit here patiently and let you sell me a husband."

"Goward," he chuckled, fol-lowing her with the percolator.

He was much impressed, however, by the changed appearance of the main house. Margaret exhibited each accomplishment with pride. At the frequent mention of Henry's name, he raised his eyebrows and said: "Hmmm."

"Don't get ideas," Margaret advised wickedly. "Henry and I are just friends — for the present."

"I didn't say anything" he remarked mildly. "But you want to get out and meet people, too. Someone's giving a midnight picnic on Thursday.

Would you like to go?"
"Ummm," Margaret said
eagerly. "All my life I've heard
about midnight picnics."

The picnic was in full swing when they reached the shore. Tantalising odors of sausages and baked potatoes mixed with hot rocks and seaweed surrounded her as she acknowledged introductions politely. but interminably. Finally Sam settled her in the shelter of a rock and handed her a plate.

"Well thank products."

"Well, thank goodness there's some left," she said, attacking a potato vigorously. "I can see it's not much fun being a politician's wife. I wonder if the poor things ever get enough to eat."

. "They do all right," he re-plied with a grin. "They may

To page 64

Contributions are invited for our Adam and Eve Contest, in which each week we award £2/2/- for the most amusing accounts of typically male and female behaviour. Here are this week's winners.

JUST LIKE A MAN

WHEN my brothers were young, they were always fighting and arguing. One particular day Mum had enough, so, with thoughts of curing them of fighting, she put on her hat and coat and made for the door, saying she would never see them again. But four-year-old Johnny followed, so she turned and said:

"Well, what do you want?"

Choking back tears, her little dar-ling said: "Who's gonna cook the pud-ding?"

£2/2/- to Miss Elizabeth Hunt, 755 Gilbert Road, Reservoir, Victoria.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

MY elderly aunt was travelling by train from Melbourne to Benalla, Victoria, and asked the conductor if he would be certain conductor if he would be certain to tell her when they reached Wallan When the train had pulled out of Wallan the conductor suddenly remembered his promise. He stopped the train, had it pulled back into the station, then went to my aunt, prepared to help her out.

"Oh, I didn't want to get out here," she said. "I'm going to Benalla. But my doctor told me to take some tablets when we got as far as Wallan."

£2/2/s to Miss L. Montfort Rich-

£2/2/- to Miss L. Montfort, Richmond Park, East Gordon, N.S.W.

Send your entries to "Just Like a Man" or "Just Like a Woman," The Australian Women's Wockly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.





MALLEYS

New Lox-it-on Garbage tin has PEST PROOF LID!

Here at last is the complete answer to the long-felt need for a garbage bin that will positively defy interference by stray dogs, cats or other pests. The new Malleys Garbage Bin, with the patented "Lox-it-on" Lid, gives you absolute protection from the germ menace of exposed, decaying rubbish. Don't tolerate the inconvenience of using makeshift weights or the annoyance of cleaning up the unsightly mess caused by overturned bins. Replace your out-of-date garbage bin now with the new pest-proof Malleys "Lox-it-on."

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Tapered household bucket for every damestic need. This sturdy, low-priced bucket is made from black iron galvanised to prevent rust.



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Page 40

New Peter Mitchell Will Quest

Young Australian women who wish to benefit from the will of the late Peter Mitchell have only until October 29 in which to send in their application forms and completed examination papers.

Under the will there are 15 prizes for unmarried women under 30 years of age.

They are: First Prize, £512/16/8; Second Prize, £256/8/5; Third Prize, £128/4/3; and 12 Prizes of £64/2/- each.

THE 15 successful competitors will benefit rom what is regarded as one of the strangest wills n Australian history.

The late Peter Mitchell, a gazier of Bringenbrong, near Ubury, N.S.W., died in 1921, laving a fortune of more han £215,000. His widow, a ife tenant in the trust, died n 1954.

The will directed that after her death the net inome from his estate should e awarded, through a number of periodical competitions, is prizes to 15 unmarried winen under the age of 30, 0 youths under 21, and to oldiers, sailors, and police.

The Australian Women's Weekly was appointed by the nustees of the Peter Mitchell state to conduct on their behalf the quest for the women and youths to benefit from the

The newspaper has awarded the prizes for women over the past two years, and last year conducted the first of the competitions for the

The 1956 Peter Mitchell Will Quest is easy to enter.

Simply fill in the form printed below and return it to the box number given.

On receipt of the form, he Australian Women's Weekly will forward an appliation form and examination saper, which must be com-pleted and returned by October 29, 1956.

The conditions of entry are

addressed envelope.

Competitors must be unmarried and under the age of

They must be British subjects and bona-fide residents of the Commonwealth of Australia, of a white race, and not the offspring of first cousins.

They must have good physical health, be able to swim, and ride a horse "reasonably well," and have a knowledge of the geography, climates, and primary products of Australia.

In addition, they must know something about the main elements and the history of the British Empire,

A knowledge of elemen-tary anatomy and physiology and the main functions of the human body, and of first-aid, is also required.

However, the main test that women candidates must

"Practical and theoretic knowledge of the nursing in sickness and health, handling, management, training, care, and rearing to perfect health and strength of babies and young children."

Competitors also must have a "knowledge and under-standing" of well-known stan-dard English literature, and of sections of the Protestant

The majority of the books on the list are read by most girls at school.

The same people who mark Intermediate and Leaving Certificate papers will be

FILL IN THIS FORM

When you have filled in this form, return it, with a self-

Please send me the papers necessary to make application to benefit from the Peter Mitchell Trust, I enclose a stamped,

NAME

ADDRESS

····· STATE

asked to mark the examination papers.

The trustees have set 50 per cent, in this written examination as a minimum standard for eligibility of candidates for further consideration.

From the results we will choose a number of girls in each State to come to their capital cities for interviews and further examinations by committees of experts.

Those under consideration as finalists will be required to sign a statutory declaration stating that the information supplied in their application form is true in every detail.

All travel and hotel ex-penses will be paid by The Australian Women's Weekly.

In the past two competi-tions conducted to find beneficiaries, finalists, who came from all Australian States, thoroughly enjoyed their stay in Sydney.

They were booked in at leading Sydney hotels, were taken to the theatre, and were guests of honor at parties.

We believe that this year we will be again able to find a further 15 young Australian women who will measure up to the standards set by the late Peter Mitchell.

Entry forms have been sent to many Australian universities, teachers' colleges, techni-cal and music colleges, and nurses' training hospitals.

Further supplies can be obtained on request to The Australian Women's Weekly, 168

IT'S A BOY!



During those anxious hours of childbirth, and in the days that follow, doctors and nurses are never off guard against the risks of septic infection. Today, in Australia's leading maternity hospitals, doctors and nurses use Dettol — the approved antiseptic. In your own home, Dettol is the safe, effective way to guard against the risk of septic infection.



It can happen anytime — especially in the kitchen! Remember: "It's only a cut" can be very dangerous think-ing. Never fail to reach for Dettol. ing. Never fail to reach for Dettol. Use Dettol on all cuts to kill germs and help heal the wound — quickly.



Hilda Scorr — popular radio actress — says: "Dettol is a good friend of mine my daily gargle with Dettol helps to protect my throat from infection.

Dettol in water brings cool comfort protects your throat from infection.



Bathtime should be protection time. Soap and water is not always enough — especially with school children. A little Dettol in the bath-water is most refreshing, and of course, fragrant Dettol is harmless to everything but germs.



Dettol is used in our great hospitals, and is the chosen weapon of modern surgery.

Do as your Doctor does . . use Dettol. Use it on the cut which may lead to blood-poisoning . . in the room from which sickness may spread . . in the all-important details of bodily hygiene (especially in the bath) . . in every emergency where speedy, thorough cleansing of a wound is essential.

Dettol is the safe, effective yet gentle antiseptic . . a good friend in need at all times. Does not stain, does not pain.



nleasant to use



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHEKLY - September 19, 1956

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Actually grows lovelier with use!

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHERLY - September 19, 1956

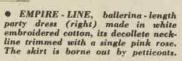
Page 42











New hair beauty for Mother and daughter with...



Wink

THE NEW ONE-LOTION HOME PERM WITH SPECIAL OIL CONDITIONER

Silky-soft waves without frizz — in only (15) minutes

No wonder Twink caught on "quick as a wink" with thousands of women! For Twink not only does its proper job of waving hair into shiny-soft waves and silky curls, but gives it a delicate oil treatment. Even the fine-spun hair of a little girl comes out of a Twink wave as silken as ever. Whether your hair is easy or hard to wave. Twink suits every type and colour.

AVAILABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING DEPARTMENTAL STORES FULL HEAD SIZE 13/6 END CURL SIZE 9/-



The charming mother and daughter "twosome" are Mrs. P. Writer, of Dettman Avenue, Longueville, N.S.W., and her 13-year-old daughter, Sandra. Mrs. Writer gave herself and Sandra a Twink Home Permanent on the day the picture was taken. Mrs. Writer's hair called for twelve curls on one side, four on the other and fourteen across the back. "And I did Sandra's hair only on the ends," she said. "Twink left our hair so shiny and soft."

QUICK QUIZ ABOUT TWINK

- Will Twink Save Me Time? Yes, for one creamy, pink lotion does the whole job of waving - in just 15 minutes. And Twink eliminates the neutralizer. You can go about your business at home for the time it takes your hair to dry naturally. Or go to sleep — and wake up with a brand-new hair-do.
- How Long Will A Twink Wave Last? Depending on how short you cut your hair and how quickly it grows, your Twink wave will last as long as a £4 permanent at a hairdressing salon



London enjoys the Kangaroo Hop



FIRST EXHIBITION of the new dance, the Kangaroo Hop, is given by television and skating star Belita and Group-Captain Leonard Cheshire at the ball named after the dance and held at the Savoy Hotel, London, in aid of the Cheshire Homes for Incurables.

CRICKET BAT autographed by Australian Test cricketers was a prize at the ball. Here, bowler Ray Lindwall adds his signature while Jane Craig, of Perth, and batsman Jim Burke hold the bat for him. At left is Lady Rocksavage, a vice-president of the ball committee. Page 44

· A new dance, the Kangaroo Hop, has become one of the successes of the English social season since it was introduced at the Kangaroo Hop Ball at the Savoy Hotel, London. The ball was arranged by the visiting Australian Test cricketers to raise money for the Cheshire Homes for Incurables, which are run by the famous wartime bomber pilot Group-Captain Leonard Cheshire, V.C. With television star Belita, Group-Captain Cheshire demonstrated the new dance to guests at the ball.



SHORT EVENING-GOWN was worn by Lady Carrington (left), wife of Lord Carrington, the newly appointed U.K. High Commissioner to Australia. She is with Australia's Acting High Commissioner in London, Sir Edwin McCarthy, and Lady McCarthy.



FLORAL KANGAROO is admired by (from left) English boseler Tony Lock, Sydney author Russell Braddon, English boseler Freddie Truman, and (fore-ground) Anona Winn, Dauna Roth, of Melbourne, Beverley Process, of Sydney.

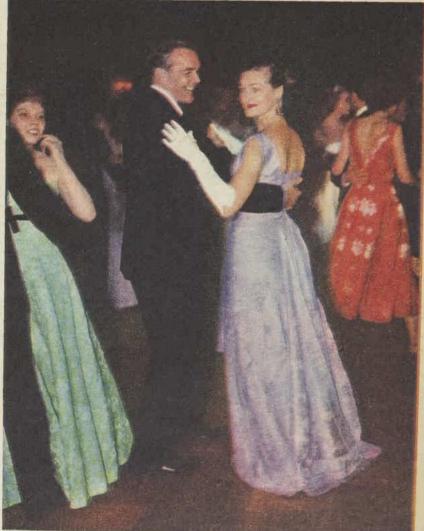




ABOVE: Famous pianist Winifred Atteell talks with the vice-captain of the Australian Test team, Keith Miller. Miss Brickhill, Atteell and her "honky-tonk" piano provided popular cabaret entertainment.

The Australian Women's Weekly - September 19, 1956

RIGHT: Former Hartnell model Margot, now the soife of Australian author Paul Brickhill, dances with her husband's publisher, William Collins. One of Paul Brickhill's successes was "The Dam Busters,"



DRESS SENSE & Betty Keep

The one-piece dress illustrated here has been chosen in response to a number of letters requesting a simple dress for general day-wear. The dress is made in checked gingham.

HERE is a typical letter from this week's mail-

AS a regular follower of your fashion notes I am writing to ask for a style and pattern for a day frock. I would also like a suggestion for the material and color. I am a young married woman with two children, and I haven't much time or money to spend on clothes. I hope you will be able to help me. I have a 36in, bust.'

answer to your letter is illustrated at right. The material is checked cotton gingham in lilac and white. The bodice is Empire-inspired, the waist in its natural place, and the skirt bolstered out by a stiff-ened petticoat. The latter is optional, because the design looks attractive minus the wide petticoat,

You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in your size. Further details and how

The dress I have chosen in to order are given under the

"I HAVE a piece of black-and-white silk surah for a between-seasons frock, and would like a design suggestion for frock and hat. I like any-thing new in fashion and am supposed to be smart."

My suggestion is a bloused-back one-piece with a slender skirt. This easy fullness above slenderness is feeboor slenderness is fashion news. Have the design collarless, front-buttoned to the waistline in self-material buttons,

and finished with set-in three-quarter-length sleeves. Have the dress belted in black calf, and wear the dress with a red turban. For the other accessories I like the idea of short, white gloves, red handbag, and black shoes in the same leather as the belt.

"WOULD you please help me with the following problem? I have just finished making a coat-frock and can-not get the buttons in the correct place for the button-holes."

The position of the buttons should be marked after the buttonholes are made. Mark with pins through buttonholes, then stitch buttons to

ON my annual holidays I am going to a northern beach. Would you please suggest an idea for some style of new playsuit to take?"

My suggestion for a playsuit is short shorts and a sleek shirt. Have both gar-ments made in the prettiest cotton print you can find, and you will have one of this sum-mer's newest looks for the beach. For extra glamor add a cummerbund sash in a contrasting color.

"I INTEND buying sufficient

linen to make a summer frock and would like your advice about the style. I want something very plain and tailored, yet smart. Would a pinky-beige be a smart color? I am very slight in build and fairly tall."

A definite beige or a definite pink would be a smarter color choice for a linen dress than pinky-beige. For the design I suggest a collared, sleeveless sheath-almost like a shirt grown long. Have the dress narrowly belted at the natural waistline. If you decide on pink, have it belted in black; if beige is your choice, have the belt in dark chocolate-

Beauty in brief:

PRE-SUMMER HAIR CARE

By CAROLYN EARLE

• This is the time of the year when, much to the horror of the milliners, women like to throw hats to the winds for a while. It's not at all a bad idea either, always provided your hair stands up to the test.

AGAIN this year the stylists are showing many pretty, easy-to-keep hair-dos. The general trend is towards slightly longer hair, less "bitty" than in past

By starting now to train your hair to prettier ways you can have it in first-class condition before the humidity sets

If increasingly warm weather makes hair go limp and hard to manage, consider having a good permanent wave very soon, if that is what you usually do.

As part of the build-up programme, follow the perm with regular shampoos and settings, either at home or at the hairdresser's.

People who shampoo their own hair usually find that setting it in small pincurls with a good wave-set lotion sim-plifies the task.

A touch of hair-spray to keep the un-ruly ends of hair in place is another good idea for this type of head.

On very humid days, of course, it might be essential to set the whole head

Now you can have a <u>trimmer figure</u> and still enjoy your daily bread

APPETISING RYVITA-AUSTRALIA'S ONLY CRISPBREAD THAT KEEPS YOU SLIM AND SATISFIED WITH VITAL RYE

What a delicious way to keep your figure, and your health, in trim! Enjoy Ryvita-at every meal, if you like-in place of

Crisp-and-crunchy Ryvita satisfies you quickly; keeps you going so long. You don't want filling make-weight. That's because Ryvita feeds your body what it needs-proteins, vitamins and minerals concentrated in whole rye. And Ryvita gives you

extra energy that works off extra weight.

EASY RYVITA MAKES BETTER MEALS

Mealtimes, slide out a plate of Ryvitas instead of preparing ordinary bread. Ryvita's fascinating to crunch-brings out the full flavour of soup, salad, cheese, jam or any spread. Sandwich Ryvitas for easier, livelier-packed lunches. Your family will love Ryvita as their daily bread.

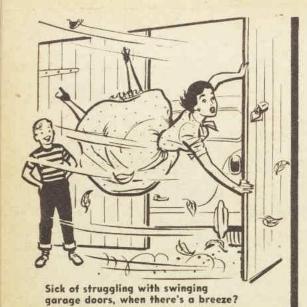




You'll see your waist and hipline fining down to lit the slender fashions you'll feel lighter, smarter, full of healthy energy—when you cat Ryvita as your daily bread. Place a regular order with your grocer, for Ryvita.

A PRODUCT OF WESTON BISCUIT





This is good for laughs of course

but it's so much easier with **BANGOR**

Maybe you'd hate to take the fun out of life by having garage doors you could close without a struggle? Perhaps you'd miss the battle with the breeze, the occasional free ride, the bashed bumpers? But, if the joke's wearing thin, try doors that slide on Bangor track.

Bangor 'round the corner track is especially designed to give you smooth-sliding garage doors that take up next-to-no space. Doors on Bangor track slide right round the corner, stand against the inside wall

Bangor Domestic Track

is just one of the large range of Bangor sliding door tracks for use in the home. Because they're all overhead tracks, there's no worry about fittings on the floor. With Bangor there's nothing to collect dust or interfere with wall-to-wall carpets between rooms. And doors on Bangor Domestic Track glide easily — waste no precious living Bangor cupboard door track

solves kitchen space problems, eli-minates awkward swinging doors. This small, neat track comes in 3', 4' and 5' lengths, can be cut to size with a hack-saw. Easy to install because there's only one overhead track to screw into position. No lower track to gather dust and crumbs. Bangor cupboard track will carry up to 20 lbs.

locked, and save so much time, effort and room you'll bless the day you got doors on Bangor.

In fact, wherever you want to save space, whereever you want to reduce effort, why not install a door that slides on Bangor? There's a Bangor track for every need. Ask your builder or at your hardware store about the wide Bangor range. They'll tell you how easy it is to install doors that slide on Bangor track

your garage when open. They can be securely

track—and let the children have the job!

Slide those garage doors

on Bangor 'round-the-corner

Bangor heavy duty door track

is designed for sliding plate glass doors in the home, for heavy sliding doors in factories and sheds. It carries the additional weight of these doors with effortless ease. Why cut the view into little pieces when you can have one big sliding sheet of glass instead of a series of French doors? A patio door on Bangor can be slid open with a

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idea of the month

A screen slides over the view window when night-time privacy is needed. When not needed it makes a panel backing to shelf. You could make the screen of frosted glass, plastic, coloured hardboard, a mirror, grasscloth, fabric or any other material that harmonises with your decor. The track? Bangor Ball cage or Bangor Cupboard track, depending on size or weight. pending on size or weight.

Bangor

SLIDING DOOR TRACKS



are a product of the Metalbilt Division of Wormald Brothers Industries

Continuing ... Remember the Last One

alive with her tremendous vitality, to this pitiable pair, Mrs. Stanhope weak and complaining, Dawson under-developed, overgrown, and unbearably smug. That they could even hint at such a thing was intolerable. Moreover, it was fantastic and quite unbelievable.

"I don't know why you sent for me," she said stiffly. "You say you're better now and there's nothing I can do, so I'll go and let you get some

there's nothing I can do, so I'll go and let you get so me sleep."

"No, wait!" Mrs. Stanhope had her writing-pad again, and was scribbling rapidly. "I asked you to come up here because I thought you ought to know this." She paused to look up at Cressida with significant cyes. Then she wrote, "You will be seeing more of Mrs. Bolton than any of us. I wanted to warn you."

Cressida tore the sheet of paper off the pad and screwed it up angrily. "I don't believe it," she said

"I don't beneve it, she said flatly.
"Ma said it was the liqueur cake," Dawson said in his de-tached way. "That would have a strong flavor, and could con-ceal another taste."

"Oh, I think you're intolerable!" Cressida cried: "I'm sorry you've been ill. Mrs. Stanhope, but I just refuse to believe anything so monstrous. I expect it was simply a fact that the liqueur cake was too rich for you."

Then they both seemed to be looking at her with pity, almost as if it were she lying ill on the bed, stricken down by Arabia's machinations. The Arabia's machinations. I he thing was a nightmare. She would not tolerate the thought

Cressida backed to the door. Dawson's voice followed her, "I bink you ought to listen to us more, Miss Barclay. You did get locked in that room that other night, remember? Comother night, remember? Commonsense points out that only one person could have done a thing like that, and that would be a person who wasn't quite compos mentis, if you know what I mean."

"I know very well, and I still think you're making the most unjustified slanders. In fact, to prove you're wrong, I'm going up now to have a piece of that cake myself."

"Miss Barclay. Miss Bar-

"Miss Barclay, Miss Bar-clay!" came the hoarse whisper from the bed. "We're only warning you for your own good. You ought to listen,"

"Yes, you should," said Daw-son. "The pattern of Mrs. Bolton's behaviour all points to

Cressida couldn't listen any ore. She knew that Dawson was going to smugly use some long medical term, and that his iong medical term, and that his mother was whispering proudly that Dawson had a legal mind. She shut the door on the odd and more than a little pathetic pair, and went slowly along the passage to Arabia's suite of rooms.

passage to Arabia's suite of rooms.

It was true that Arabia did do strange things, of course. Who else could it have been who had locked her in Lucy's room, or who, indeed, had torn up her notes? Arabia's guilt and despair over Lucy's death could well have left her a little unbalanced. While genuinely growing fond of Cressida, she could have resented the very fact that Cressida was alive while Lucy was dead. That could have prompted her to send that death notice, and do other equally extraordinary things.

But why should her malice

But why should her malice extend to an innocent and harmless person like Mrs. Stan-

No. That was a myth that existed only in Mrs. Stanhope's

from page 5

mind. She had been upset by the rich cake, and Dawsen, anxious to experiment with his small amount of medical know-ledge, had encouraged her to believe that she was very ill. That was all it was.

Reassured by this common-sense explanation, Gressida knocked briefly on Arabia's door, and immediately the deep, rich voice of the old woman bade her enter.

woman bade her enter.

The room was full of rosy light. All the lamps were alight, the three standard ones with their wide, scarlet shades and the two exquisite Chinese porcelain ones that stood on the mantelpiece. In this pool of warmth Arabia sat, the rainbow cushions scattered about her, the jewels in her tiara shining splendidly. She was very different from the remorse-ridden old woman in bed last night, confessing her tragic secret.

den old woman in bed last night, confessing her tragic secret.

"My dear, my dear!" she cried in delighted welcome. "I thought you might call on a lonely old woman, so I dressed for you." She spread the stiff brocade skirts of her dinner gown. "This is the dress my third husband used to like me to wear to the formal dinners we had given for us on our return from an expedition. I got this material in a bazzar in Baghdad. It's quite indestructible. The sheik used to saywell, never mind that now. Come and tell me about your day. Is Mr. Mullins being kind to you? If he isn't I shall take that clock back. Oh, my dear, weren't we crazy this morning, dancing like that. I must say for Moretti, he has a light foot."

Arabia gave her rich peal of laughter, and Ahmed, on his perch, croaked sleepily. The room was full of a heavy perfume that was a mixture of gardenia and spice. It made Cressida feel slightly but pleasurably intoxicated.

"It made me feel forty-one—well, perhaps forty-five.

"It made me feel forty-one
— well, perhaps forty-five.
Though I rode on a mule
through an Afghanistan pass at Though I rode on a mule through an Afghanistan pass at sixty-nine, and was none the worse for it. That was when I saw all those vultures—My dear, don't let me run on like this. Are you hungry? Will you take a little supper with me? Of course you will. I'll make some hot chocolate." "Td love a piece of your liqueur cake," Cressida said. Arabia eyed her benigaly. "And where have you heard about my liqueur cake? Did someone tell you it was my specialty? Certainly you shall have a piece. Just one moment while I put the kettle on." Arabia trailed into the kitchen, the long skirts of her gown rustling. Dishes began to clatter, and snatches of song floated out. Arabia was in a particularly gay mood tonightwas it because she had enjoyed playing a dangerous prank on Mrs. Stanhope?

"I had that wretched little Stanhope woman to tea this afternoon," Arabia said pres-

Mrs. Stanhope?

"I had that wretched little Stanhope woman to tea this afternoon," Arabia said presently. "I thought I ought to be kind to her, but, goodness gracious, that scribbling block of hers! It was like entertaining the Elgin marbles."

Cressida began to laugh with pleasure. Arabia was wonderful.

"I thought I might have been able to wrest some amusement from her," Arabia went on. "Usually there is some way, with even the most unpromising material. But no! Not when one spends one's time reading the most banal remarks. The doctor has forbidden her to speak for three

To page 49

months, apparently, so that she can avoid having a throat op-eration. I don't really think the world is missing much by the little Stanhope's loss of voice. My dear, here is the

the little standard to the cake!"

Arabia trailed into the room again and handed Cressida a plate on which was a large dice of rich and creamy cake.

"Eat it all, darling. It's saturated in brandy. It will do you good. It made the little Stanhope very garrulous with her pencil and pad. Oh, dear, I suppose I should be more charitable. But I do insit that people be amusing."

"Mrs. Stanhope isn't very well tonight," Cressida remarked ofthandedly. She began to eat the cake, because how could there be anything wrong with it when Arabia had so unquestionably produced it?

"I'm not surprised at that.

"I'm not surprised at that. She was extremely greedy this afternoon. I think she probably starves herself, poor scrap. Her husband deserted her, you know (not that I blame him), and she's had to fend for herself and bring up that drainpipe of a boy. That's why I let her have the rooms. I get absurdly soft-hearted at times, and then I regret it. Eat up your cake, my love. There's plenty more. If you like it we'll have one for your party." It's delicious," said Cressida with truth.

sida with truth.

Arabia gave her radiant smile. "You are a sweet child.

Really, my dear, I love you so much. Is that foolish of me?"

much. Is that foolish of me?"
It was a wicked scandal that
Mrs. Stanhope should accuse
Arabia of trying to poison her.
Gressida, finishing her cake
with complete trust, said simply: "I love you, too."
"Oh, my dear!" The hooded
eyelids fell to cover the quick
gleam of tears. Then the heavily ringed fingers patted Gressida's hand.

hand.

sida's hand.

"Forgive me," Arabia said.
"I wanted to cry a little. It's so long since I have been happy like this."
"You've grieved for Lucy too long," Cressida said.
"I know I have. One can waste too much of one's life on grief and remorse. Useless emotions, both of them. I like

Continuing ... Remember the Last One

to be gay and happy, to laugh and sing. And from this moment I am going to be happy. Away with the past, Away with remorse. Life shall begin again."

begin again."

Arabia sprang up energetically and ruffled Ahmed's feathers. He squawked badtemperedly, and she gave her deep peal of laughter. "Eh, you don't like that, you old vulture. You don't like your mistress growing young and hatch a same But she's hand. you don't like your mistress growing young and skittish again. But she's happy, she's happy."

"Arabia," Cressida began trutatively, "It was true what you told me about Lucy, wasn't it?"

Arabia was suddenly still.
"And why should I tell you lies?" she asked haughtily.

"I mean about the way Lucy died," Cressida persisted, thinking of the photograph which she was now sure Mr. Mullins had meant her to find. For why should Lucy die in that miserable, tragic way if she had indeed been happily married?

Arabia began to speak

Arabia began to speak

rapidly.
"I admit that in the past I have misled people about Lucy's death. Perhaps she was have missed people about Lucy's death. Perhaps she was not entirely the pure young girl I had suggested. Perhaps things had happened. What was it more than life, after all? But I had loved her so much and I was so shocked and grieved I was nearly mad for a while. So I built up this fairytale nonsense — not nonsense, entirely, for it was that way at the beginning. Lucy was sweet and loving and innocent until—no, no, I won't talk about it. From now on it's a closed book."

"But, Arabia dear, I want to know."

Arabia swiftly crossed over to Cressida and put her fin-gers over her lips.

'Not another word, my dear. I have been very wrong to let Lucy haunt your life like this. At first you reminded me of her so much, my silly old mind got confused, I mixed present from page 48

and past. But no more of that. and past, but no more of that.

You are yourself and you
mustn't live a dead girl's life.

I've come to a momentous decision and I intend to dismantle that room upstairs. mantle that room upstairs. I've been morbid for too long and I almost made you morbid, too. Mr. Mullins might like some of the things. The bedside lamp — I gave it to Lucy on her seventeenth birthday. Have you noticed it? It's an early Meissen figure. Lucy was enchanted with it. I remember — But, no, no more of that."

of that."
"Please go on. I like to hear it." Anything, even the expensive bedside lamp and Lucy's youthful pleasure, might lead to the reason for her tragic end.

Arship shook her head de-

Arabia shook her head decisively. Her craggy old face was suddenly stubborn and forbidding.

"Not another word. Lucy is buried at last and at peace."
"But won't you ever tell me any more about her? Not about Larry, even? She was in love with Larry, wasn't she?"

she?"
"I thought so, but a young girl's mind can be devious, devious and changeable."
"But the baby—"
"I've told you! Now hold your tongue about it!"
It was the first time Arabia had spoken harshly to Cressida. There was no doubt that she meant what she said. The enthralling subject of Lucy, which she had lived on for nearly twenty years, was now nearly twenty years, was now closed. Why? Did she truly want to put Lucy out of her want to put Lucy out of her mind forever, or was she afraid that Cressida was beginning to discover too much? Arabia, with her rapid changes of mood, was suddenly

laughing, her sparkling eyes willing Cressida to do the same.

"Darling child, don't look so angry and frustrated. Lucy is nothing to you. You are yourself. You have nothing but a name in common."

"But I wanted to write a story about her," Cressida said. "It was going to be such an absorbing story, the ball dresses, the red roses, the half-finished diary, the unanswered invitations, the men she loved

"Why do you say men?" Then Arabia, obviously regretting her involuntary question which would have led to fur-ther revelations, went on, which would have led to the ther revelations, went on, "Now you have found out how Lucy died her story is no longer innocent and beautiful, so we will speak of it no more. It distresses me too much. We distresses me too much. We will talk of other things. Won't you have another piece of cake?"

Cressida looked at her empty plate. Without thinking, she had eaten the whole of the

cake Arabia had given her and she felt perfectly well. As, of course, she would. It was ridiculous to think otherwise.

Was it when Arabia had begun dismantling that pretty petrified room upstairs that she had thought to go down to Cressida's flat and destroy the notes about Lucy? If that were the simple explanation to that piece of vandalism, then it must merely have been a street prowler who had fol-lowed her home. And with Lucy metaphorically buried at last the other senseless and macabre pranks would also cease. So she would really write truthfully to Tom that Dragon House was a pleasant and friendly place in which to live.

"I intend to remake my will," Arabia said, startling Gressida out of her reflections.

She looked up with sudden

Arabia gave her warm, em-bracing smile and said com-pellingly. "So boring leaving one's money to strangers. You will allow me to give you a little, won't you?"

"Oh, no! Please!"

"But why not? It would give me so much pleasure." "No, Tom wouldn't allow

Arabia drew herself up:
"Tom, I fear, is a very
domineering young man. Are
you really in love with him?"

"Frankly, I don't see how you can be. An adding machine, an account book, the 'if one and one make two, then two and two must make four' variety. But two and two

To page 52

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Page 49





ARIES MARCH 21 - APRIL 20



TAURUS



CANCER JUNE 22 - JULY 22



The Virgin

The Balance SCORPIO

The Scorpion october 24 - NOVEMBER 22 SAGITTARIUS The Archer

CAPRICORN

AQUARIUS The Waterbearer

PISCES

The Fish

* Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green, Gambling colors, green, gold. Lucky days, Priday, Saturday, Luck from the opposite sex.

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, orange Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday. Luck in your neighborhood.

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, silver. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in your quick wits.

Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, violet, Gambling colors, violet, rose, Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday, Luck in a bargain.

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey, Gambling colors, grey, silver, Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday, Luck in your abilities.

Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, rose, Gambling colors, rose, green, Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday Luck in the near future.

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Tuesday, Priday. Luck among friends.

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black, Gambling colors, black, silver, Lucky days, Priday, Sunday, Luck in making a request. * Lucky number this week, 2 Lucky color for love, white Cambling colors, white, yellow, Lucky days, Monday, Thursday Luck on a short journey.

Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve, Gambing colors, mauve, blue, Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday Luck in an unexpected situation.

* Lucky number this week. 4 Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, gol Lucky days, Monday. Saturday. Luck in a present.

* Self-interest could cause you to be inconsiderate without realising it. You may be in such a rush that you tread on the associates toes. Be patient

* Those things which touch your daily activities or job, physical welfare, wardrobe, basic requirements at home or abroad will be the highlight of this period.

* The accent now is constructive and favors seeing people. Make the most of daily routine meei-ings. Be alert for progressive suggestions which you can develop.

* Under existing stimulations you may be quite a "go-getter" where work is concerned. Accomplish as much as you can. Streamline your efforts.

* The emphasis is on the "other fellow." If conditions do not altogether suit you, do not create disturbances or antagonism. Ply-ing off the handle can be expensive.

* Your typical qualities are going to be in evidence. The desires for peace, possessions, comfort, and financial stability will be in-fluential factors in your decisions.

* You will appreciate artistic ex-pression more than usual and you will use your personal magnetism to achieve a practical goal. Avoid reckless spending to that end.

* You can add to your stock of knowledge or you can fritter away a golden opportunity. It's up to you. Some bolster income through a new source.

Set your house in order where per work correspondence, led-rs, documents are concerned. A lock eye may find errors to cor-ct. Pine print leads to a bonus

* The green light is still yours. Dress up, cook an unusual meal, enjoy an evening with those you love. Watch for a different angle over a community problem.

* Be receptive to original, pro-gressive ideas which strengthen home ties and make your bome more attractive. Young folk are helpful and keen.

* Should the next few days stir up matters connected with your home or family, be just and im-partial between different members of the household.

* What you wanted yeaterday may come to you today. Don't push too hard. Allow time for your ideas to sink in. You must keep faith in yourself.

* Confidential consultations with family or household over personal or private problems could improve any domestic situation. Keep these

* Anger, jealousy are hard task-masters. If you've been lying awake, resentful over a slight, try to see the matter from the other person's point of view.

★ It might be a good idea to give the homemaker an occasional treat. This can be a meal away from home or turning on a favorite programme. Attention pleases.

* Unexpected turns to household funds and projects can be irritat-ing if you do not think through problems. The surprise element challenges your plans.

* Have you, as a homemaker, ever thought of entertaining the family or members of the household as you would guests? There is always an excuse for a little celebration

* An emotional adventure from which you hoped much may end through outside causes, geographi-cal separation, or a clash. Don't ory over the inevitable.

* Cross-currents cannot be ignored. The one you love most may require your patience and understanding Be prepared to be pleasant leaning-post.

Love can change your entire individuality, helping you to a finer personality, or it can take you down to tragic depths. It's up to you.

* What you want most from the beloved right now is social sup-port for your leisure. The ideal escort, the perfect host, is not to be found by chance.

★ Por some a slowly developing love affair now comes to light and is given approval. For others, a renewal of romance with an old flame after separation.

* The use of novel and ingenious methods to boost a club pro-gramme and to add variety to present efforts should be fully appreciated.

* You are happiest when adding to your educational or spiritual advancement arousing your creative powers. If friends prove unsym-pathetic you may earry on alone

* Other people are likely to influence your thinking and consequently your social life. Take care to avoid gloomy associates who cast a wet blanket over plans.

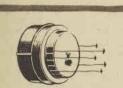
Let others furnish inspiration. Follow up with direct action Don't gamble on friends failing into line with your ideas and theories.

★ Should you be inclined to stand for office in some organisation now is the time to begin your campaign. You may be asked to do several amall favors.

It is wise to shun shop talk when you meet associates outside business hours or voluntary workers away from the job. A chance remark could travel far.

* A conversation could lead to important social developments, but strangers, through recklessness over enthusiasm, could be un-intentionally misleading.

★ Your friends mean well, but their ideas may be too impractical Make no commitments involving time and energy which might lead you into a blind alley.



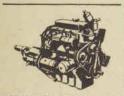
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don't always make four. Some-times they make five. Isn't it interesting!"

Cressida could say nothing.
"I don't think your Tom has ever discovered that life can be full of the most wonderful surprises. And if you produced the surprises I fear he would argue that they didn't exist, that they were an hallucination. Am I right?"
"Well—"
"You dither, child

"You dither, child. So I must be right. A fig for Tom and his opinions then. Is there any other reason that I can't leave you a little of my money?"

money?"
"There would be—unpleas-antness," Cressida said re-

luctantly. "Explain!"

"Explain!"

"Among your relatives." Now she was quoting both Tom and Jeremy. This, probably, was the only fact on which those two would ever agree.

"But I have none!" Arabia exclaimed triumphantly. "Not a single mortal soul in the world. Not even a twice removed cousin. So where, may I ask, will the unpleasantness come from? Come, my dear, I have made up my mind about this. So make me happy by being delighted about it. I do so much like to give pleasure."

"Me, too," said Cressida,

"Me, too," said Cressida, almost in a whisper. That, in-deed, was her weakness. She could not bear to cause pain or disappointment. So how could not bear to cause pain or disappointment. So how could she refuse to accept what Arabia wanted to give her? Anyway, this thing might never happen. Arabia looked as if she might live for ten or fifteen years yet, and in that time, in an uncertain world, her finances could completely alter. She might not, by then, be a wealthy woman at all. "Then it's settled," Arabia

"Then it's settled," Arabia ied. "I'll telephone my icitor tomorrow. Oh, this solicitor tomorrow. Oh, this

Continuing ... Remember the Last One

ing. Now away to bed with you."

Arabia, after Cressida left her, went about turning out lights and humming spiritedly. "You old vulture!" she said affectionately to Ahmed, and carried him in to stand on her

anechonaccy of carried him in to stand on her bedpost.

Ahmed, who was likely to live to be a hundred and fifty, she would bequeath to Cressida, too. He would take with him a little of her rich, voluptuous past. He could not talk about it, but it would not matter if he could to Cressida, who would understand — except perhaps for that one thing.

But that ghost was exorcised. There would be no more hissed voice in the quiet of the night. Now there was peace and appringtime. It would last until the day of her death.

Tomorrow she must get in

Tomorrow she must get in touch with her solicitor. And it would be a good idea to get Miss Glory started on the preparations for the party. They would make another liqueur cake, since Cressida, bless her, had liked it so much.

It served Mrs. Stanhope right if the holy bear lift the form

It served Mrs. Stanhope right if she had been ill that afternoon. She had been so greedy, eating up all she could get, and those eyes of hers, magnified behind the strong glasses, had roved round the room, taking in everything. One had had the impression that her thin little hands had longed to saize things.

thin little hands had longed to seize things.

The party must start either very early or very late to enable Moretti to be there. No matter which, they could eat and drink and dance until daylight. The last time she had done that had been in Algiers—how long ago?—more than fifteen years. Ah — crazy, wonderful days!

But she had had to come

back to this house. It was then she had thought to placate Lucy by reopening that charm-ing room upstairs and pretend-ing that it was only awaiting an occupant. For fifteen years she had put fresh flowers on the dressing-table and dusted and cleaned with her own hands. Sometimes she had opent hours in there, imagining spent hours in there, imagining

it. But how was she to have known that the Cressida she found would be so beautifully right, so lovable and sincere?

right, so lovable and sincere?

No damage had been done.
If Lucy were not talked about
any more, Cressida would
quickly forget the story that
haunted her. Her eager young
mind would seize on something
else. She would fall in lovenot with that dull country cabbage Tom, but with someone
handsome and vital and amus-



she could hear Lucy's laughter and her light, happy voice.

Now that kind of daydreaming was finished, for she had reality, not a ghost. Mr. Mullins would be asked to take away the lamp made from an old Meissen vase, the gift-framed triple mirror, the period dressing-table and stool, the bed with its elaborately carved ends. The clothing she would have destroyed, and then the room, empty and anonymous, shut up. In this way Lucy's ghost would be gone forever.

She had made a mistake in

She had made a mistake in allowing it to remain for Cressida to become acquainted with

Another wedding Arabia's happy dreaming ceased. Lucy's ghost was not quite laid. There was just that tiny, lingering thing, that doubt. The knitted baby's glove. How had it got into Lucy's room? And why?

If Arabia were confident she would sleep soundly that night, Cressida found that she could not sleep at all.

Too much had happened. Her mind could no longer sanely examine and sift evidence. Evidence? Why had

she used that word? What did she imagine had happened once in this old house? And if any-thing strange and perhaps ter-rible had happened, was she

rible had happened, was she never to discover what it had been?

When Arabia said that in future there would be silence about Lucy, Cressida knew that she meant it. This was maddeningly exasperating, but it looked as if the story of Lucy were over. Unless she could find out anything more for herself.

She wondered for the twen-tieth time why she had this compelling urge to discover Lucy's story. It was as if Lucy's ghost stood over her, bidding

her.

And tomorrow the room upstairs—the pretty, girlish shrine kept for so long—was to be shut up. Gone would be the perfume of roses, the unfinished story, the sense of time stopped, of a sleeping beauty who was not there.

Considerant approach a court.

stopped, of a sleeping beauty who was not there.

Cressida was aware of a curious sense of loss. She twisted uneasily in bed. The night was still. It was so late that only an occasional passing car disturbed the quiet. In the distance Cressida heard a clock striking. It was the clock from the spire of St. Mark's Church, she knew, and suddenly, as the slow chimes struck the hour of three o'clock, she had an idea. If Lucy had been married the marriage would almost certainly have taken place in St. Mark's, which was not only the nearest church but a fashionable one for weddings.

Tomorrow she would go and ask to see the marriage register. If nothing more, it would give her evidence of the wedding, but what she hoped for most was that it would give her evidence of the wedding, but what she hoped for most was that it would give her evidence of the wedding, but what she hoped for most was that it would give her sarry's address. Then she could go and see Larry.

The idea was brilliant! Lucy's widowed husband could answer all her questions. Why hadn't

she thought before of finding him? But, of course, silly, she told herself, you didn't know until yesterday that Lucy had married him.

married him.

She must not tell Arabia what she planned. Arabia would be deeply hurt, and would not understand the writer's urge that drove her. She must do this secretly. No one at all should know.

Having come to that decision, Cressida's mind was suddenly free and empty, and almost at once she went to sleep

It seemed that there would It seemed that there would always be noise to awake her in Dragon House. This morning it was a loud squawking from Ahmed, and then Arabia's urgent "Shoo, shoo's! Vulture, vulture!" Cressida put on a description of the control of th

vulture!" Cressida put on a dressing-gown and opened her door in time to see Mimosa streaking past and down the basement stairs, while Arabia wrathfully came down the stairs, Ahmed, ruffled and still muttering, on her shoulder.

"That cat!" Arabia declared.
"Stalking Ahmed is his favorite sport. You should see my drawing-room. Chaos! And my poor pretty here, frightened out of his wits. Come, sweetie! It's all right now. That devil has gone. Kiss Mamma."

"Doesn't Jeremy stop him?"
Cressida inquired.
"Not him! He thinks it's amusing. Gives him ideas, he says. Pah!"

amusing. Gives him ideas, he says. Pah!"

But Jeremy had not witnessed the chase this morning. He did not appear, and Arabia, since she had no one with whom to quarrel, rapidly recovered her temper.

"By the way, Cressida, darling, I mean to bequeath Ahmed to you also. You will be kind to him, won't you. He responds so to affection. If he likes you he'll nibble your ear

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THE FAMILY SIZE AND

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constantly. Ah, Dawson, good morning." This was to Dawson, who was coming down sleepily for the milk. "Is your mother quite recovered?" "Ma? Yes. She's all right." "I heard she was a little off color last night. Naughty soul, she'll have to behave better than that on Saturday night." Arabia departed, cooing to

than that on Saturday might.

Arabia departed, cooing to
Abmed, and Gressida turned to
Dawson.

"Is that true? Your mother
really is better?"

"Practically, yes."

"Then it was silly to imagine

about the poison, wasn't it?"
Cressida's voice was quite friendly, but to her surprise Dawson shot her a sulky angry

'I'm not that dumb, Miss

"I'm not that dumb, Miss Barclay. If I hadn't had the right remedy on hand I wouldn't like to say what would have happened."
"Oh, Dawson, I'm sure you're very clever with your remedies, but I think you like to dramatise a little, don't you? After all, I ate that cake last night and there was absolutely nothing wrong with it."
"All right, don't believe me,"

"All right, don't believe me,"
Dawson flared suddenly. "But
you'll be sorry one day." He
turned to go, but shot over his
shoulder what to him was probably an excruciatingly funny
remark, "You mightn't even
live long enough to have Ahmed
albhling at your ear."

mibbling at your ear."
Was it chance that caused was it chance that caused Vincent Moretti to appear at that moment? Cressida was beginning to think that everyone in Dragon House had a habit of eavesdropping.

Extraordinary 1 a d," he nmented to Cressida, as commented to Cressida, as Dawson went back upstairs with the milk. "What flight of fancy is he engaged on now?"

Impulsively Cressida said,
"Mr. Moretti, do you think
Mrs. Bolton is a little eccentric? Well, more than a little?"
The thick fair cyebrows went
up. Mr. Moretti's pale eyes
were full of their secret knowlades.

She did rhumba nicely for a seventy-five-year-old, didn't she?" old, didn't she?"
"That doesn't prove any-

Continuing ... Remember the Last One

thing. She would still ride a

thing. She would still rice armel, too, if she had the opportunity."

"That's what I mean."

"Well, if that's the extent of her eccentricity I think it's rather charming," Cressida

rather charming," Cressida said loyally.

"Oh, indeed. We all have our little foibles. Mine is for dirges." Mr. Moretti gave his wide smile. As at that moment Miss Glory approached with a tea-tray he added quickly, "But no dirge at this moment," and began to sing passionately. and began to sing passionately, "My love is like a red, red

"From a rhumba to a requiem . . . A red, red rose . . ."

No, no, she must get out of this habit of attaching signifithis habit of attaching signin-cance to the smallest and most casual remark. The red, red rose was, improbably enough, Miss Glory, and Miss Glory was indeed blushing like a

It was very naughty of Mr. Moretti to behave in this way, because Cressida was quite certain he didn't care in the least for Miss Glory. He was merely amusing himself, as Arabia amused herself, less harmfully, with people.

Cressida turned with some relief from the complexities of Dragon House to Tom's letter which had arrived with its habitual regularity.

But she could not concentrate on Tom's mild comments about life in Oakshott. He had an important new client, he had played bridge with the Smiths, Mary Madden had been there, and he had thought it only polite to see her home

The fog had not quite cleared, and its cool, grey wraiths were drifting in the window. It was going to be one of those dreary half-dark days that weighed on one's spirits as heavily as trouble. She would go down to St. Mark's Church in her lunch-hour and look at the marriage register.

Tom's letter, only half absorbed, dropped from her hand.

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Lucy had stepped into her mind again.

When, four hours later, Cressida read the entry in the register, written plainly in thick black writing, it was as if Lucy had come to life. For there it was, indisputably, the record of the marriage of Cressida Lucy Bolton to Laurence Meredith, of Sloane Street, Chelsea. Lucy had

denly for warm, lighted restaurants and cheerful voices. That place where she and Jeremy had lunched the other day—was it only two days ago? She had no taste for what she was doing, yet she was driven to it. What could Larry tell her about his long-dead wife?

The house was one of a ter-

The house was one of a terrace of tall dignified brick houses. After she had climbed the steps and pressed the well-polished bell, Cressida had a sudden moment of panic. Was this a very audacious and



twenty-one, Laurence five. The marriage had twenty-five. place nineteen years taken

Gressida looked at the entry for a long time. Then, Cressida looked at the entry for a long time. Then, absently, she gave half-a-crown to the elderly verger and left the church. If she hurried there would be time to slip over to Chelsea. She would call at the house in Sloane Street and ask to see Larry. She had no idea what she was going to say to him, but that would come when she had actually set eyes on someone who previously had seemed a myth. Lucy's legitimate husband, Larry Meredith.

The fog had thickened and the air was dank and smelt of

the air r was dank and smelt of Cressida longed sud-

extraordinary thing to be doing?

She had not time to grow nervous, for the door opened and an elderly woman, ob-viously a housekeeper, looked at her inquiringly.

"Oh, I want to see Mr. Meredith, if I may. That is, if he still lives here."

"I'm afraid the Merediths haven't lived here for a long time," the woman answered rather coldly.

rather coldly.

"Oh, haven't they. No, I suppose it's likely they haven't. After nineteen years—" How silly she had been to walk up to that door and imagine that Larry or his mother would open it as they would have done nineteen years ago!

She was aware of woman's bewilderment pulled herself together.

pulled herself together.

"I'm so sorry to trouble you, but I wonder if you know at all where they moved to. I particularly wanted to see Larry. I—" Nineteen years—hard as it was to imagine, Larry was not a boy any longer—he was in his middle forties.
"My mother used to know him very well, and while I'm in London she asked me to look him up," Cressida quickly improvised.

The woman was definitely

The woman was definitely suspicious now. She said stiffly, "You'll hardly be able to do that, Miss, since he's been dead this fifteen years or more.

"Dead!" Cressida whispered. "That was when the Mere-diths moved, so I've heard, but I don't know the ins and outs

"Wasn't he-young to die?"
Gressida got out. Was there a blight on everybody? Had they all died in their youth, the people of that long ago spring?

A voice sounded behind the oman in the doorway.

"Is that someone wanting to see Larry Meredith's grave? Tell her it's in the cometery down the Fulham Road. Ask the sexton. He'll show her."

the sexton. He'll show her."

The speaker was an old cleaning woman, down on her knees polishing the floor. Before Cressida could catch more than a glimpse of her wrinkled, grinning face, the stout woman in the doorway gave her a brief nod of dismissal and closed the door.

And the fog had got right inside her, chilling her so that she was shivering. There was only one thing that she was sure of in that moment. Larry, unlike Lucy, had a grave. She had to see it.

had to see it.

The taxi-driver seemed to think it a little odd that a young woman should choose to visit a cemetery in that dreary fog. Cressida, aware of him looking at her empty hands, knew that he was reflecting that she hadn't even any flowers. Not even a red rose, though he knew nothing about the significance of red roses.

She should not be spending the salary which Mr. Mullins had kindly advanced her on taxi-cabs, but this was important. Why it was important she could not have explained. It was just simply that as she had had to find out about Larry, now she had to see that his grave really existed.

Even with the help of the

grave really existed.

Even with the help of the sexton it was difficult to find the grave, but finally they came upon it, and the sexton ambled off, leaving her to look at the stone which bore the simple inscription, "Laurence Meredith, dearly loved son of Clara and John Meredith, Aged twenty-nine years."

and John Meredith. Aged twenty-nine years."

That was all. Not dearly loved husband of Lucy Meredith. No mention of Lucy at all. In his death Larry was claimed only by his parents. He did not even lie beside his wife. His wife had no grave.

wife. His wife had no grave.

A low wind stirred dead leaves on the ground. A rook flapped its ebony way out of the fog. No voice spoke. No one told her where Lucy was, nor why Larry lay here so for-lornly alone. Only the fog hung over the gravestones that were the same cold, grey color.

Abruptly the tears began to

Abruptly the tears began to run down Cressida's cheeks. Quickly, she had to forget this dreary churchyard with its fog-colored gravestone, and its sad inscriptions

Mr. Mullins raised his eye-brows at the lateness of her re-turn from lunch. Fortunately there were several people in the shop, and Cressida was able to compose herself before an opportunity came to talk with Mr. Mullins.

Then she said, "I'm sorry I was late, but there were several things I had to do, and they took too long."

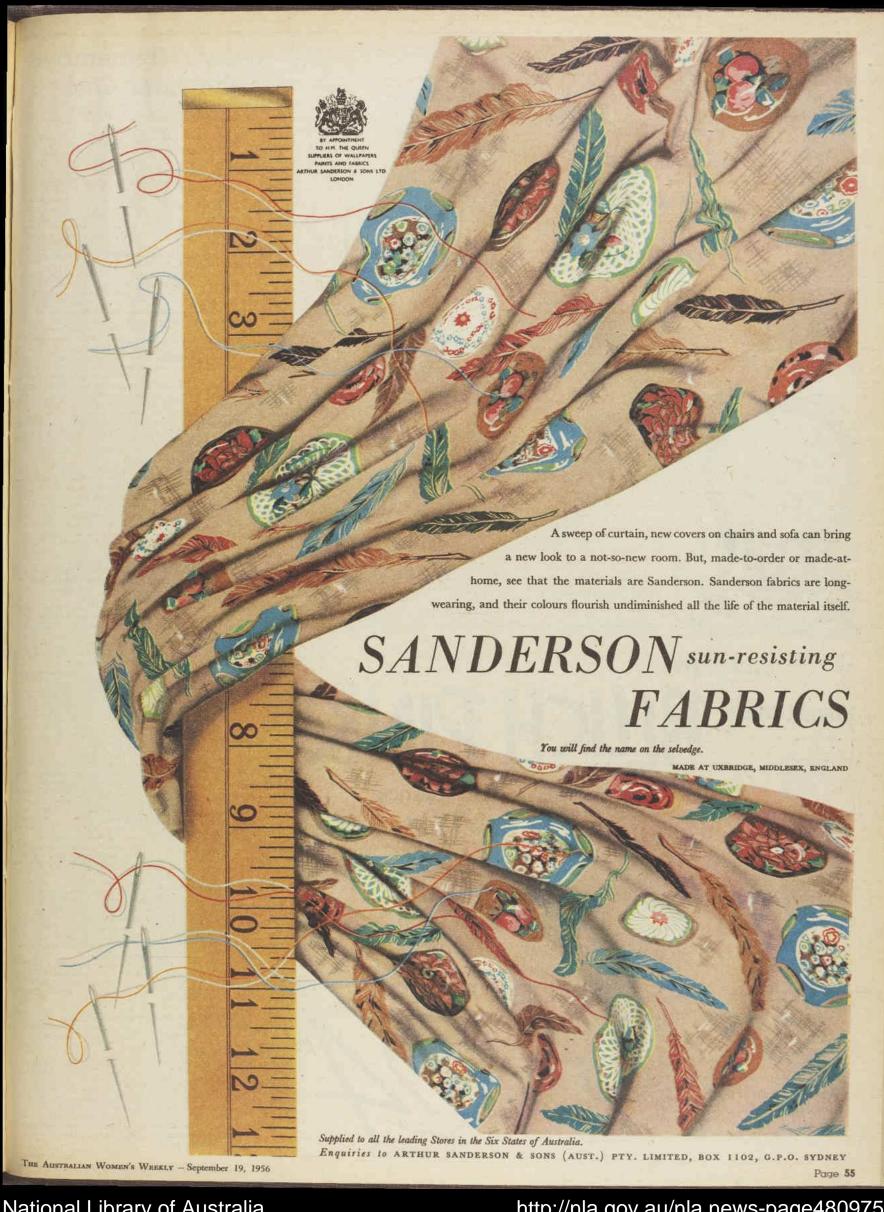
took too long."

"Don't let your work interfere, of course," Mr. Mullins said with gentle sarcasm. Then he realised Cressida's distress and said quickly, "Is there something wrong, Miss Barclay? You have been crying! Ah, it's that Jeremy! He's been upsetting you."

Jeremy — she hadn't seen

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'him since yesterday morning.
It seemed suddenly like years.
"Mr. Mullins," she said urgently, "did you know Larry
was dead, too?"
"Larry?"
"The man Lucy Bolton married. You know, the photograph that we found yesterday."
"Oh, that one! Well, goodness me, he well may be by now."

"But why? He would only be in his forties. He would be young still."
"My dear, there has been a major war in the interval."
"But it wasn't in the war. It was before the war started."

That it was before the war started."
Cressida looked at Mr. Mul-lins' round bland face.
"Did you know he was dead?" she demanded accus-

"My dear Miss Barclay, I know nothing about Arabia's family that she doesn't tell me, and this she has never told

me."
"But why? Why doesn't she talk about it?"
"That surely is her own business. I never ask questions about things that don't

tions about things that don't concern me,"

Mr. Mullins' voice was final. He turned to rearrange the window, which had been disturbed by the sale of a Spode teaset. Cressida followed him determinedly.

"But, Mr. Mullins, you meant me to find that photograph yesterday. Why did you do that if I'm not to be told anything more?"

do that if I'm not to be told anything more?"

"You found the photograph accidentally. I didn't even know it was there. Why should I? Arabia has been my very dear friend for fifteen years, but in all that time she has had no family, no husband, no son or daughter. Why should I pry into her past? If she wishes to tell it to me I listen. But I do not pry."

The courteous voice indicated that the conversation was finished. Mr. Mullins' round rear protruded apologetically from the window as he leaned to shift a Sheraton tea chest.

from the window as he leaned to shift a Sheraton tea chest. When he had completed that task his face was a little pinker, but still bland and innocent. Yet Cressida knew that he had lied to her. He had meant her to find the photograph and deduce from it what she could. He was unswervingly loyal to his friend Arabia, but there was something about which he thought Cressida should be warned, some knowledge she should have.

Then, for goodness' sake,

thought Gressida should be should have.

Then, for goodness' sake, why couldn't he say so? Cressida wondered exasperatedly.

"Miss Barclay, you polished that silver punch bowl so well that I sold it half an hour ago. To an American. She intends to use it for flower arrangements, which is, perhaps, better than filling it with rye whisky or whatever it is that Americans drink. Now perhaps if you could do the same with this tea service. It's Victorian, but very good. A little too ornate for your taste? What about this George the Third piece? Ah, I can see you like the porcelain best. What do you think of these Dresden candlesticks? You see, they have the same cupid design as the mirror you cleaned the other day."

Cressida remembered Jeremy's voice, "What a charming little upside down face," and a vague stirring of enchantment died within her almost before it had been born. Too many dreary things had happened since then. Jeremy was tainted more than anyone by the mystery and the macabre happenings. Why was nobody frank with her?

with her?

from page 54

She refused to be lured by Mr. Mullins' persuasive voice which told her to ignore the secrets which Arabia did not want known. How could she ignore them when printed indelibly on her mind was the picture of Larry's tombstone, mist-colored and sad, denying in the sparsity of its information his association with Lucy? Denying his amiling happiness Denying his smiling happiness as he held her, a dainty and composed bride, on his arm.

When Cressida got home that night her room was full of mist. She had begun to take the precaution of locking the door, thinking to at last keep the mischievous person who played tricks on her out, but the window was open six inches at the bottom, and it was through there that the mist had seeped.

Hadn't she shut the window that morning? She was almost sure she had. Facing directly over the street as it did, the fear of burglars alone made her exercise care. Perhaps she had forgotten it this morning. Anyway, there it was open, and her room full of the damp and chilly mist.

She hastily pushed it down, drew the curtains and switched on the lights. And then she saw Mimosa.

He was crouched on the carpet in a stiff, unnatural position. His eyes were dull, and, lacking his usual slightly elephantine playfulness, he made no sign that he was aware of Cressida's presence.

Cressida knelt beaide him. A sudden frightening knowledge seized her. She sprang up and ran to the door.

"Dawson!" she called. She was half-way up the stairs, still calling Dawson frantically, when Mrs. Stanhope, a little white-faced figure obviously full of apprehension, appeared out of her room.

"What is it?" she whispered. "Dawson isn't home yet. Miss Barclay, surely someone—"Her fear and her throat affliction combined to make the rest of her words inaudible. She wrote frantically on her pad: "Did someone attack you in the fee?"

"Did someone attack you in the fog?"

Cressida brushed away the writing-pad, impatient with Mrs. Stanhope's obsession about the dangers of the streets.

"It's Mimosa, Mr. Winter's cat! He's in my room and he's sick. I think—" There was the sound of the front door opening. "Oh, there's Dawson now! Dawson, please"—she was running down the stairs again, appealing to the ganging boy whose hair and face gleamed wet with mist—"you must give Mimosa a dose of whatever you gave your mother last night. I think he's been poisoned."

Dawson gave her a suddenly

poisoned."

Dawson gave her a suddenly sharp look, which combined surprise and a boyish satisfaction that his skill was being appealed to.

"I thought you didn't believe Ma had been poisoned?"
"I still don't, but there's something very much wrong with Mimosa. Come and look at him."

"Shouldn't you tell his owner?" Dawson commented. "I will, but I haven't had time. You're the expert on medicines."

medicines."

Dawson went into her room and took a look at Mimosa, crouched in his petrified misery.

"Looks bad!" he said. "Fill take him upstairs. Ma will help me."

Thankful to leave Mimosa in expert hands (why was she suddenly so sure that they were

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expert?), Cressida flew down the stairs to Jeremy's base-

She knocked, but there was on answer. Now, wasn't that just like Jeremy to be off on some light-hearted business of his own while his precious cat was being poisoned! Oh, dear, could Dawson handle him, or

could Dawson handle him, or should she have instantly gone out to find a vet?

She ran upstairs again, only to encounter Arabia, who was just returning from some ex-cursion and who was muffled in a voluminous but very shabby beaver coat.

"Cressidia my dear!" Her

"Cressida, my dear!" Her rich voice was like warmth and sunshine. "You're out of breath! Are you running away from Mr. Winter? I always uspected he could be quite a naughty boy."

"He isn't in, and his cat is sick," Gressid a answered breathlessly. "Oh, I do hope Dawson can cure it."

"So do I, poor creature. Has it caten something strange, too?"

Was that a sly, significant look Arabia was giving her out of her hooded eyes? "I don't know what has hap-pened to it, nor how it got into

room. Too many thi happened," she added. things

Arabia patted her hand. Arabia patted her hand. "My dear, that makes life exciting. As long as they are pleasant things. But even if they are unpleasant it's so much better than being bored. Don't you agree? Anyway, I know one person who will be very happy if that horrid cat, Mimosa, is out of the way."

"Who?" Cressida asked involuntarily.

voluntarily.

SPRINGBAKS

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They S-T-R-E-T-C-H

and S-T-R-E-T-C-H

and S-T-R-E-T-C-H

Gentlemen prefer

Continuing ... Remember the Last One

"Ahmed, of course. He detests the animal. Poor sweet, he comes over in a cold sweat the moment Mimosa's whisker comes round the door. Now, wait a moment. Can a bird come over in a cold sweat?"

come over in a cold sweat?"

It didn't matter to her, Cressida thought. She didn't care in the least that Mimosa, Jeremy's greatly valued cat, might be dying. It might even be that she had intended him to die, because he upset and angered her precious parrot. It might be that she had deliberately pushed him through the open window into Cressida's room to die there.

Mrs. Stanhope appeared at

Mrs. Stanhope appeared at the open door of her room and beckoned violently to Gressida. Gressida went slowly, knowing that Arabia's display of callousness would inevitably be interpreted by Mrs. Stanhope as guilt.

"She's crazy!" she whispered citedly. "Do you hear her?" "She's — high - spirited," Cressida said lamely.

Cressida said lamely.

"But to be so pleased!" The eyes behind the glasses were shocked and enormous. Then Mrs. Stanhope wrote busily, Mrs. Stanhope wrote busily, "Dawson has given the cat an antidote. He seems better."

At that moment Dawson himself appeared, flushed and triumphant.

"He's been poisoned or doped, I'd say. But I think I've fixed him."

Dawson, you are Cressida said grate-"Oh, clever,"

PRICE: 9'11

PRICE: 9'11

PRICE: 11'9

to fit as comfortably as your own skin

foot comfort . Nylon outside for perfect fit and long wear Guaran-teed unshrinkable, too!

from page 56

"That was simple enough, Miss Barclay. Ma held him." Mrs. Stanhope wrote, "I in-tend that Dawson should study medicine later, natural ability." He has

natural ability."

Dawson, the prodigy, said confusedly, "Aw, Ma, you're nuts. I'm going to be a chemist. Would you like to take the cat down, Miss Barclay? If he's kept warm he'll be all right. You ought to tell Mr. Winter what's happened."

And that brought the pight.

And that brought the night-mare back, the perplexing question as to what had hap-pened to Mimosa and how he had got into her room. As if she had been meant to find him dead on her floor

Dawson muttered again, "Mr. Winter ought to know. Everyone ought to know," and went for Mimosa, who was now wrapped in a towel, and laid him in Cressida's arms.

Without another word, Cres sida turned and went slowly down the stairs with her bur-den. It was so utterly repug-nant to her to think what they were thinking. Last night she had angrily refused to believe them at all. But now

No; it wasn't possible. Arabia, with her warm smile, her kindness, her generous

She had meant to take Mi-She had meant to take Mi-mosa back to her room, but he would probably be happier in his own familiar surround-ings. If Jeremy had gone out leaving his door unlocked she would take the cat in and leave him beside the embers of the fire.

Surely enough, the door was unlocked. Cressida opened it softly and stood in the darkness of the room. It smelt of tobacco smoke and the stuff Jeremy mixed his paints with, and another more smell—what was it?

Burnt milk, she thought, and at the same moment a voice came out of the shadows: "What are you doing with my

She couldn't see a thing. She groped for a light switch, but could not find one.

"What are you doing here in the dark?" she demanded sus-piciously. "Why didn't you answer when I knocked?"

"I didn't hear you knock. I was asleep. You woke me just now as you opened the door."

"Sleeping!" Her voice was full of scorn. "While someone was quietly trying to kill your

"Mimosal" There was "Mimosa!" There was a sound of blankets thrown back, and his voice came angrily, incredulously. "Who the devil would do that? The light switch is the other side of the door. Don't come near me; I've gpt flu. Quickly, put the light on and let me look at Mimosa."

Cressida at last found the switch and light flooded the now familiar, long low-cell-inged room with its bright slashes of paint on the walls

and its pictures and rugs. And the divan bed in the corner, where a very trate young man with crazily disordered hair sat upright and glared.

"He's all right now," Cressida said placatingly. "Dawson gave him something. Dawson, I might say, is very clever with emetics, even though he looks slightly like a half-wit."

"Probably enjoys it," Jeremy muttered. "Put Mimosa here. Where did you find him? Why wasn't I told? And don't come near me, I said. I'm a mass of

He began to fondle and examine the cat anxiously. Mimosa responded with an irritated protest and, evading Jeremy's hands, settled down at the foot of the bed.

"He common all right. A bit

"He seems all right. A bit limp." Jeremy was plainly re-lieved. "Where's your tongue? Can't you tell me what hap-pened?"

"I'm trying to," Cressida d patiently. "I found Misaid patiently. "I found M mosa in my room. I had le my door locked, but he got i through the window, which was sure I hadn't left open. I had left rushed out for Dawson, because I knew he was good with first-aid. He was just coming in, fortunately, and Arabia came fortunately, and Arabia came in a moment after. Mrs. Stanhope was home, but I don't know about Miss Glory and Mr. Moretti. I thought you were out' because you didn't answer when I knocked, but now you say you were asleep."

"Arabia told Ahmeu it well be a cause for celebration if Mimosa, his great enemy, were that he that time Dawdead, but by that time Daw-son's cure had been effective and Mimosa was reviving. Mrs. Stanhope said Dawson ought to be a doctor, and Dawson said to be a doctor, and Dawson said everyone ought to know what happened in this house, and then I brought Mimosa down to you. That's all."

"Enough, I should think!" said Jeremy. His eyes were burning fiercely.

"I'm sorry you Cressida said politely.

"That's not the point. I may be dying, but it's from a purely innocent germ I picked up all by myself, whereas—"

"You're just like Tom," Gressida interrupted. "He al-ways thinks he's dying when

"Don't compare me to Tom,"
Jeremy said bad-temperedly. "I
don't suppose I resemble him
in the slightest degree. And
take your hand off my head."

He moved away irritably as Cressida laid her hand on his forchead.

She smiled in gentle amuse-ment and said, "I think you're getting better. Why didn't you tell me you were ill?"
"Because I didn't want you

"Because I didn't want you down here playing Florence Nightingale," he said snappily. "It's not only that I don't trust your nursing. You bring too many complications with you. Look at you! Falls down steps, locked doors, death notices, imaginary poisonings...."



"Imaginary!" Cressida said indignantly. "When I've just helped to save Mimosa's life!"

"He has nine," Jeremy, who now seemed to have ceased worrying about Mimosa, said. "I should think he has just picked up a bit of tainted fish. He's a frightful glutton."

"Then how did he get in my

"You said your window was open, didn't you?"

"But I'm sure I wouldn't leave it open in a fog like this."

"Far be it from me to con-tradict," said Jeremy, "but so far Miss Barclay hasn't im-pressed me with the methodical side of her nature."

e of her nature.
"You've burnt the milk yourself," Cressida flashed.

"A person with a high tem-perature is entitled to a little absent-mindedness," said Jer-emy, lying down and hunching the blankets over his shoulders.

"I'm so sorry!" Gressida was suddenly contrite. "I'll get you something to eat. Are you aw-fully hungry?"

"Not hungry enough for your cooking."
"You wait and see," Gres-sida said amiably. "Till make you Tom's specialty when he's feeling off color."

feeling off color."

"I don't want Tom's anything!" Jeremy shouted, sitting
upright. "I only want you to
get out of this room. You with
all your melodrama, and now
your faithful Tom as well. Why
don't you go home to your so
precious Tom?"

"But. Jeremy......"

But, Jeremy-

"Don't 'but' me in that in-nocent voice. Go home where you're safe—from all but Tom, that is."
"Safe?" echoed Cressida.

"Well, what are you doing here?" His voice was harsh. "You're looking for a dead girl who didn't die, and a grave that doesn't exist."

"But I found a grave," Cres-la said quietly. "I found the But I found a grave, Cres-sida said quietly. "I found the grave of Lucy's husband, Larry. And if you're looking for the entry of Lucy's death again, you must look under the name

To page 59



but it takes

to get them really white



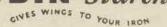
It's so easy to be misled, but take from me, you never will see a sheet or a shirt fit to be called white from washing alone. You must give whites that last rinse in Reckitt's Blue for a white you'll be proud of.

To keep whites truly white-WASH to get the dirt out. RINSE to get rid of loose dirt and suds, then into RECKITT'S BLUE for

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of Meredith, because that was her name when she died."

He looked at her, his eyes heilliant with fever, his cheeks shadowed.

For some reason Arabia won't tell me about that," Cres-sida went on. "She's suddenly won ten on "She's suddenly putting Lucy right out of her mind, almost as if she had never existed. She's even dis-mantling that room and shut-

manting that room and ing it up."
"Why?" Jeremy asked.
"I don't know. I think I found out more than she wanted me to know. Apparently there was to be a baby that was never born. Oh, it's all so pathetic! I'm very happy to help her try to forget the whole story."

whole story."

"But there is still no grave,"
Jeremy said, more to himself
than to Gressida. "Unless..."

"Unless what?"

"Unless it's in this house."

Gressida came quickly and knelt at his bedside. "What makes you say that?" Her voice was a whisper of

had instantly regretted ords. He said lightly: beginning to imagine

"You've no idea how awful it was at the cemetery today, in the mist, with only those few words on Larry's tombstone—beloved son of—no menstone—beloved son of—no men-tion of his wife. And he must have loved her. He must have. She was so gay and pretty, and there are all those happy para-graphs in her diary about Larry and flowers and dances. And now all that's left is that single tombstone." Cressida was crying, the tears running heedlessly down her cheeks. "Fine way this is to cheer

"Fine way this is to cheer me up," Jeremy grumbled. "First Mimosa, then you." His hand rested for one instant on her hair, then he took it quickly away. "I'm sorry I was in such a temper. I'll be better

Continuing ... Remember the Last One

"Don't - take your hand

"If you're pretending it is

Actually I wasn't. Jeremy, "Actually I wasn't. Jeremy, Arabia shutting that room—
it's as if she's at last shutting the coffin—
Oh, where is Mimosa's last strip cartoon?
For goodness' sake, let me cheer myself up. Is it over here?"

But as she went she had to pass the easel, and on it was her own half-finished portrait. She looked at the slender girl with the fly-away hair, the too-wide eyes, the just-beginning

"I look as if I'm listening to a fairy story," she said invol-untarily.

"So you always are." His voice had got back its dry, mocking quality. "And it's not Lucy's. Or Tom's. It's mine. And you don't listen to it, anyway. You listen to all the other voices that get in the way."

She looked at him word-lessly. He suddenly waved his long hand in angry impatience.

"Forget it. I'm ill. I'm delirious. Go and get me something to eat before 1 die."

"An omelet," said Cressida happily. "I can really make very good ones."

"And tomorrow," said Jeremy, "there is something you have to do."

"What's that?"

"You have to tell Arabia everything that has happened."

"But she knows. She knows

"But she knows. She knows Mrs. Stanhope thinks she was poisoned and then Mimosa to-night."

"Does she know you were locked in Lucy's room the other night? Or about the death notice you got?

"Or that someone tore my tes up," Gressida added.

from page 57

'No. I haven't told her those

"Then you must."

"But if they were her own idea of a joke—she has a very extraordinary sense of humor, Jeremy — it might embarrass her.—"

her—"
"Embarrass her or not, tell them to her. Tomorrow. And also tomorrow remind me to send you red roses."

"Red roses!" "For the illustration I told

aware of what she had said, but her remark had success-fully destroyed the brief truce.

"I'll pay you the usual model's fees," Jeremy was shouting, "and Tom can write them down in neat figures and to them up and you can both have fun spending them. All I ask in the meantime is that Tom keeps his smug fingers out of my business."

The roses were in Cressida's room the next evening, two dozen long-stemmed dark red beauties wrapped in cellophane. drive me crazy. Who's to eat all that stuff tonight? You'd think it was baked meats for a funeral feast."

There had been no oppor-tunity to obey Jeremy's injunc-tion to tell Arabia about all the odd things that had hap-pened, even supposing Arabia, to whom the story of Lucy was now a closed book, would have listened.

Was the old lady perhaps a schizophrenic? It was begin-ning to seem very like it.

But there was no time now to worry about that, because the house was unexpectedly full of gaiety. All the lights were on. The large glittering chandelier in the hall blazed, and from the open double doors of the ballroom, cleared of Miss Glory's meager possess. upons of the ballroom, cleared of Miss Glory's meagre possessions, the parquet floor shone glossily, there were large bowls of flowers and someone was picking out a dance tune on the piano.

Cressida had a moment illusion when it seemed to her that the house was waiting for crowds of Lucy's gay, noisy and very young friends to come very young friends to come bursting in. And for Lucy her-self to come running down the marble staircase, her skirts flying, her feet swift and ex-cited.

She knew in her heart that this was the illusion Arabia was creating for herself, even though she said stubbornly that the story of Lucy was finished. The story was unfinished until Arabia's own death. The leading part had merely been transferred to Cressida herself, and it was because of Arabia's strange compelling spell over her that she was willingly playing the part. She knew in her heart that

she was winnigsy playing the part.

She would put on her prettiest dress and wear one of Jeremy's roses. The rest would remain fresh in water until tomorrow, when she would

keep her part of the bargain by sitting for him so that he could complete his picture.

Who used to send Lucy red

Cressida, like Arabia, decided briskly to dismiss Lucy from her mind, temporarily at least, and ran down the steep stairs to the basement to see how Jeremy was, and to say her polite thank you for the roses which, exquisite as they were only part of a business deal.

At her knock he came to the

At her knock he came to the door, and almost before Cressida could observe that he was fully dressed and looked well though still pale, Mimosa bounded past her legs and up the stairs, a blond torpedo.

"Nothing much wrong with him," she commented.
"He's in one of his moods," Jeremy said. "Quite uncontrollable. I told him he was going to Paris."
"Is he?"
"Only on paper Unless you.

"Only on paper. Unless you come, too. No, don't say it. Tom wouldn't approve. Is the almighty shadow of Tom to hang over us forever?"

"I don't think there's much wrong with you, either," Cressida said dryly, "I believe both you and Mimosa have been pretending to get a little attention."

"It looks as if you're not lacking for attention yourself," Jeremy said, looking at the sheaf of roses still in their cello-

"Yes, it really was too ex-travagant of you. I hope the author or the magazine pays for these. I know they don't mean a thing beyond busi-ness, but they really are beauti-ful."

"Hang on a moment!"

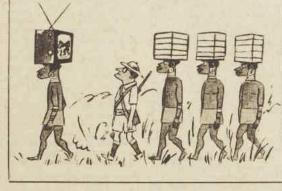
Jeremy's mobile eyebrow was
rising towards his hair again.
His face was both amused and

Keep up that steady

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Buy two bottles at a time. One for work. One for home.



you about. I want you to be holding them. Don't look so startled. You will have time to pose for me, won't you?"

Cressida tried to shake off her absurd feeling of appre-hension, not because Jeremy planned to send her red roses, but because she was to get red roses in this house. This sig-nificant house. nificant house

"Tom said I ought to be paid." She was speaking to fill in the silence, to shut out her ridiculous and unfounded apprehension. She wasn't

Her first reaction was one of pleasure. How very extrava-gant of Jeremy to buy such exquisite ones! That morning exquisite ones: that morning she had slept in and there had been time only to ascertain that Jeremy was almost com-pletely recovered from his attack of flu before rushing off to work.

She had seen no one else except Miss Glory, who had clattered in and out in a great hurry, flinging over her shoul-der in her flat, humorless voice, "That old woman, she'll

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THE WORLD'S MOST EXPERIENCED AIRLINE

Page 60

flowers?" "No, of course he isn't. He would spend his money to better purpose." Cressida's voice was suddenly sharp, bevoice was suddenly sharp, be-cause she was realising, guiltily, that for the first time there had been no letter from Tom and she hadn't even missed it. "These can't be from Tom," she added definitely. "Unless has suddenly gone out of mind." She began tearing at the cellophane covering the flowers in her attempt to get at the enclosed card.

"Once he sent me a gar-denia," she said. "That was to wear at the annual dinner of his firm and we had just become engaged. He thought that was very festive. Oh-h-h-"The card trembled in "." The card trembled in her suddenly nerveless fingers. Jeremy caught it as she was going to drop it.

It was a black-bordered square and it simply said, "In Memoriam"

square and it simply said, "In Memoriam."

The house was suddenly hostile. Something cold and frightening in it had moved closer. It was no use to look at the bright lights or listen to the tripping waltz that was now coming from the ballroom, or even to notice the faint savery. even to notice the faint savory even to notice the faint savory smells that eccasionally wafted through the air. There was to be a ghost at the feast after all, the ghost of a young, gay and foolish girl who had once

and foolish girl who had once loved red roses.

"Did you tell Arabia what I told you?" Jeremy was demanding sternly.

"No, I haven't. I haven't had time. This morning she wasn't up when I left and tonight—how can I tonight?"

"Tonight may be the very time." But now Jeremy was turning away and refusing to explain his muttered words "Unless you'd like to go now, while the going's good."

"Go!" Gressida repeated stupidly.

pidly.
"To Euston or Paddington wherever you catch your n home to Tom. Pll sec there if you can pack

train home to Tom. I'll see you there if you can pack quickly."

"Now!" said Cressida. "But you're mad! How can I leave before the party has even started? Why, it's my party!"

Jeremy looked at her with his cryptic gaze.

"I suppose I couldn't expect you to disappoint the old lady. In spite of what she may be happy to do to you. Well, don't blame me if your soft heart gets you into trouble. Go and dress up and be Lucy for them. Satisfy them once more. And then perhaps we'll be able to lay those infernal roses on your grave."

"Leremy!" She was gripping.

grave."
"Jeremy!" She was gripping his arm. "You keep saying them! Who is them?"
"I wish I knew," he said softly. "I wish I knew."

Only Miss Glory knew anything about the roses, and she just said that she had taken them from the messenger boy at the door. There was no florist's name on the card.

"My word, he must think a lot of you," she said to Cressida. "They'd cost a fortune this time of the year. Look at those stems."

at those stems."
"But I don't know who sent

them

them."
Miss Glory did not believe her. She winked and looked coy, and said, "Lucky girl! Have you so many admirers? And all of them wealthy?" and then whisked away to the kitchen to see to the dinner.
Wealthy? Was that the

Continuing ... Remember the Last One curiously distressed. "You're saying thank you to the wrong person. I haven't sent you any roses. Mine were ordered for tomorrow and I'm afraid only a meagre dozen. Tom has rather spread himself. Is this a bribe, do you think, or is he naturally inclined to buy large sheafs of out of season flowers?"

from page 59

Arabia was the only wealthy person in this house.
Were the roses her final gesture of farewell to Lucy and
of welcome to Cressida, the
new Lucy? Jeremy thought so,

of welcome to Cressida, the new Lucy? Jeremy thought so, only Jeremy seemed to think there was something more sinister than a poignant gesture of farewell in this particular bouquet. Why did he suddenly think that?

There was no time to talk about them now. Everyone was dressing for dinner and she would be late. Some time this evening she had to get Arabia by herself and insist on her being honest. There was so much to be explained. The roses, nostalgic reminders of Lucy, were surely the climax.

max.
Cressida, refusing to be per-turbed by the disturbing gift, were one of the roses in the bosom of her dress and went out gaily to the party.

The dinner-table was laid in e curve of the tall ballroom ndows. Half an hour later windows. Half an hour later they were all seated round it. Miss Glory, looking more than ever like a flat figure cut out of cardboard, in a narrow black



dress with a string of pearls round her thin neck, bustled backwards and forwards from the kitchen with food. Mr. Moretti, explaining that he had to leave early to go to his night-club, wore a dinner jacket, but Mrs. Stanhope and Dawson could not approach this grandeur.

Mrs. Stanhope looked more

Dawson could not approach this grandeur.

Mrs. Stanhope looked more inconspicuous and owl-like than ever in grey, and Dawson wore the tweed jacket, presumably his only respectable garment, which he wore every day to work.

It was Arabia, of course, who stole the show. She must have put on every jewel ahe possessed, and she glittered like a Burmese temple god. Most of the stones were only semi-precious, and on a second look Cressida realised that she was not worth the fortune she would seem to be. Indeed, some of the large stones glittering on her bosom or her fingers may simply have been glass; but that did not take away from her appearance of fabulous richness.

Dawson, at least, was hyponomed by her and cauld person was simply have provised by her and cauld person was simply have been glass, but that did not take away from her appearance of fabulous richness.

away from her appearance of fabulous richness.

Dawson, at least, was hypnotised by her, and could not take his eyes from her sparkling figure. Arabia was fully aware of his fascination, and of being the focal point of the party. It was the kind of attention she loyed.

"Yes, look at me," she chuckled. "You'll never have another landlady who looks like this. Oh, I don't say that some of them don't have fortunes hidden away in teapots, probably much larger than mine, but they come out looking about as exciting as pieces of darning wool. Now me, I look opulent tonight? Tell me, ing about as excuring of darning wool. Now me, I adore looking opulent. Do I look opulent tonight? Tell me, boy, do I?"

boy, do I?"

bucked Dawson beand the

She chucked Dawson be-neath his sharp chin, and the

embarrassed color flowed into

embarrassed color howed into his cheeks.
"You look wonderful, Mrs. Bolton," he muttered.
At the same time Mr. Moretti got swiftly to his feet and made a small graceful bow.
"Madam, you are magnifi-cent. You look like a heathen goddless."

Arabia smiled with apprecia-

Arabia smiled with appreciative delight.

"Exactly the kind of thing the sheik used to say. We must dance later. You dance almost as well as a gigolo I once met in Singapore and that is no small compliment. Ah, life is full of beginnings and endings. And then beginnings again." And then beginnings again.

"And the food's getting cold," Miss Glory said tartly. "Who, I ask you again, is to carve the duck?"

carve the duck?"
"In a moment we'll decide that. Let's first have our wine. Jeremy, fill everyone's glasses. And then I have a toast to give you."

Jeremy obediently filled everyone's glass with the rose-colored wine, and then Arabia at the head of the table stood

at the head of the table stood and raised her glass. Cressida had a moment's swift apprehension. What was the old lady, glittering and quite mad, going to say? Was she going to drink to dead Lucy? Could one raise one's glass and drink to a ghost?

But Arabia's face had grown curiously gentle and happy and almost humble. She said in her warm, husky voice, "To the spring. Let us drink to the return of spring."

And in that moment all her apparent madness seemed like sanity. She was suddenly the most beautiful person in the

After that the party proas well as any party with such oddly assorted guests. The food was eaten and the wine drunk, then the table cleared and pushed back, and Miss Glory commanded to go to the piano and piay a waltz. But Miss Glory, after a few opening bars, suddenly began to sing, "Tis the last rose of summer, blooming alone..."

'We can't dance to that."

We can't dance to that,"
Arabia said impatiently.
Mr. Moretti lifted his slender, graceful hand.
"I beg you, dear lady. Just a moment. This is my favorite som?"

a moment. This is my favorite song."

Was it imagination that his gaze slid down to the rose at Cressida's breast? Cressida could not be sure. Neither could she be sure that Mrs. Stanhope and Dawson were not suddenly staring pointedly at the flower she had recklessly decided to wear. Arabia, it was certain, was. For the first time she was aware of the nature of Cressida's ornament and her eyes abruptly took on their hooded, secret look.

"A red rose," she whispered. "My dear child..."

"All its lovely companions," sang Miss Glory in her thin, high voice, "are faded and gone..."

"But since you sent them to

gone . . ."

"But since you sent them to me—" Cressida began be-

me—" Cressida began bewilderedly.
"Sent them to you!" Arabia's
eyelids lifted momentarily, then
dropped once more over her
too revealing eyes. Had that
been triumph in them — or
fear? My dear child, why
should I do such a thing? Her
flowers, when you know that I
have decided once and for
always to put her out of my have decided once and for always to put her out of my mind. Oh, for heaven's sake, Miss Glory, stop that funereal song! This is a party."

Miss Glory's hands fell with

Miss Giory's nanos reil with a crash on to the keys. Arabia slipped her arm possessively round Cressida. Her old arro-gant head was lifted high. "If someone," she began in

To page 62

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 19, 1956





surfaces and imparts a rich and

lovely lustre.



UNWANTED HAIRS



Destroy unsightly hairs permanently by the "Vanix" devitalising treatment. "Vanix" penetrates deep into hair tissues and kills the roots without affecting the skin.

affecting the skin.

"VANIX" is only 7/H a bottle from all branches of Washington H Soul Pattinson & Co. Ltd. Sydner and Newcastle: Swift's Pharmacy 372 Little Collins St. Melbourne: Myer Emporium, Melbourne; Birks Chemists Ltd., 57 and 278 Eundie St. Adelaide: and Boans Ltd. Ferth Mail Orders (8/6 including postosyl from above or direct from The Vanix Co., Box 38-A, G.F.O., Melbourne.

lris . . . centuries-old charmer

The iris is one of the world's most ancient flowers. Carried by Caesar's legionaries into France, Germany, and Great Britain and planted there as a tribute to fallen comrades, the iris has been developed by modern gardeners until today there are many species and countless hybrid varieties in beautiful colors.

TRISES flower from spring to late autumn. At this time of the year, however, only the bearded, the dwarf, cristata, Siberian and Japanese types

The bulbous Spanish, Dutch, and English types that flower in winter and early spring should be planted in late summer or early

Here we are dealing with the rhizomatous fleshy, surface-rooted) and fibrous-rooted



HELEN COLLINWOOD (above). Light lavender iris with bright violet purple falls. It blooms mid-season. These pictures are by Erry Bros., Victoria.



MOONLIGHT SERE-NADE, A large white iris with lemon undertones, giving a cream effect. Blooms late mid-season.



PARTY DRESS (right). The most ruffled of the flamingo pinks. The color is a beautiful clear pink with a brilliant tan-gerine beard. Blooms mid-season to late.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHERLY - September 19, 1956

types, which flower, according to their type, from late spring to autumn.

To cover the entire iris family requires a chart, for the rhizomatous section alone is divided into bearded or pogoniris, the ono-cyclus, regelia, and pseudoregelia sections, and includes a bewildering variety of plants of all sizes and combinations of colors.

Then comes the crested or Evansia section,

Then comes the crested or Evansia section, which includes cristata, lacustris, watti, and others. The beardless or Apogon section includes the Siberian, spuria, California, longipetala, hexagona, Japanese, and the pseudacorus of Europe, sometimes called the fleur-de-lys, the national flower of France.

There is also the pardanthopsis iris, of which only one species (the vespar) is known. The Lune variety is the most un-iris-like

which only one species (the vespar) is known. The Juno variety is the most un-iris-like of all, with broad, channelled foliage, permanent fleshy roots, but including some lovely flowers, of which the variety orchioides (orchid-like) is most striking.

The bearded irises are partial to lime, but the fibrous-rooted irises (Siberian and Japanese) will have none of it, and like moist, acid soil that holds water fairly well.

Some of the fibrous-rooted irises, particu-

soil that holds water tarrly well.

Some of the fibrous-rooted irises, particularly the Japanese, will grow along the edges of bogs or shallow streams, but the bearded varieties require rather alkaline, well-drained soil of a light to medium character.

The new hybrids are now available in hundred of varieties of color form, height and

dreds of varieties of color, form, height, and size. Some support mammoth flowers on 50-inch stalks; others are tiny gems fit only for the rockery or border-bed edges.

With the exception of the very latest varieties, irises are inexpensive, and quite varieties, itises are inexpensive, and quite an extensive collection can be obtained for a few shillings. They are most generous, too, in their habits, and once introduced to your garden you will always have them.

They remain true to their control.

They remain true to their original color, too, and unlike many bulbous plants do not "run out" or degenerate in a few years. The descendants of a single rhizome will still be beautifying thousands of gardens in the years of come if given a minimum of care.

If your soil is poor it may be enriched with bonemeal or commercial fertilisers or very well-rotted manure or compost that has stood until it is brown and flaky. Strongly stood until it is brown and Haky. Strongly acid soil will be improved by applying a top-dressing of ground limestone, and heavy, clayey soil should be lightened by the addition of peat, compost, sand, wood ashes, fine coal ash (in moderation), or any vegetable matter that has decayed well.

Avoid over-fertilisation especially with

Avoid over-fertilisation, especially with nitrogenous materials like sulphate of am-

monia, nitrate of soda, or poultry manure.

When planting bearded irises, make a shallow drill just deep enough to take the fleshy part of the plant (the rhizome), and firm down the roots attached to this portion very well. If dividing old plants, cut them back to fans of four or five leaves, say 6in. to 8in.

to fans of four or five leaves, say 6in. to 8in. long, and set the divided plants out 10in. apart for best results.

The fibrous irises have great masses of fibre attached to the green portions, and these go down to a fair depth, often 8 to 10 inches. Do not bury the crowns, but keep the green, living portion well above ground when setting out.

Lovely Grace Kelly knows just how glamourous "Colour Right" nylons are

ORACE KELLY lovely M.G.M. star of "High Society to be seen soon in Australia.

HIMIN

Colour Right" Nylons

To bring you glamourous Full Fashioned nylons that are "Colour-Right," MILTON

have previewed the Spring and Summer fashions. We've found that the tops in fashion colours will be - Off Whites to Deeper Beiges

. . . Dusty Pinks to Vivid Pinks

. . . Turquoise to Deeper Blues.

Here are 3 wonderful "Colour-Right" names for you to remember, and they're exclusive to MILTUM

-With Pinks wear . . . WATER LILY. Water Lily With Beiges wear . . . WILD RICE. With Blues wear . . . OPALEE. Make your choice and see for yourself just what MULTUN

Nyloseal "Colour-Right" nylons can do for your new frocks

WITH THESE SHADES WEAR

WITH THESE SHADES WEAR





15 Denier Super Sheers . . . 12'11

Waltz Dream

Smart Daytime Sheers . . . 11'9

15 Denier Non-run Mesh . . . 16'11

Fabulous

12 Denier Sheerest Nylons 14'11

(Prices vary slightly in some States.)

HILTON make glamourous lingerie too!

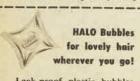
HALO leaves hair CLEANER, SOFTER, BRIGHTER

_than any oily, greasy, soapy shampoo



Halo, unlike most shampoos, contains no greasy oils or soap to dull your hair with dirt-catching film!

Clear, liquid Halo bursts into rain-soft lather, instantly, in any kind of water. Cleans thoroughly, quickly. Rinses completely, carrying away dirt and dusty-looking dandruff. Halo glorifies your hair—naturally, brings back all its clean, bright beauty with each shampoo. Safe, gentle, it's ideal for children, too. Make Halo your family shampoo!



Leak-proof plastic bubbles filled with Halo. So light! So easy to pack! Handy for week-ends and holidays perfect for keeping your hair shining-clean.

HALO

HALO BURBLES 1/-REGULAR SIZE 4/9 SMALL SIZE 2/11

HALO GLORIFIES YOUR HAIR - NATURALLY!



her rich resonant voice, "has thought it amusing, or even kind and sentimental, to send kind and sentimental, to send Cressida what were once my daughter's favorite flowers, I would like them to know that that kind of thing no longer meets with my approval. I have spent nearly twenty years of my life grieving for my have spent nearly twenty years of my life grieving for my daughter and that has been long enough. I told you that life is full of beginnings. Tonight you see one more. I have a new daughter, I am a magician, a conjurer. I have

have a new daugnter, 1 am a magician, a conjurer. 1 have brought back the spring. This is the new Cressida Lucy. She is young and gay and very, very kind, and she has charmed away my sorrow.'

away my sorrow."

She really is mad, Cressida was telling herself. The thin old arm round her waist gripped with surprising tightness, and the hard stones of the ornate bracelets and rings pressed into her flesh. Yet her deviced in the service of the content of the service services and rings pressed into her flesh. Yet her deviced in the service services of the service services and the services of the services pressed into her flesh. Yet her dominating sensation, as always, was one of helpless admiration for the extraordinary old creature.

"So I'll bore you no more with my tales of Lucy. She is huried now, deep in her grave. She is resigned at last to death."

It was abourd and

It was absurd and melo-dramatic and no one was shed-ding tears for a girl so long dead and whom no one except her bewitched old mother knew. Yet a curious hypnotised silence had fallen over the room. It was almost a relief to hear the tinkle of glass and spilt wine down the front of her dress.

Arabia gave her great peal was absurd and melo

Arabia gave her great peal

Arabia gave her great peal of laughter.
"Don't be so nervous, my dear. Cressida, I can assure you, is much too kind-hearted to hurt anyone at all. She won't turn you out."

Mrs. Stanhope, her face highly flushed, mopped nervously at her dress.
"Dawson humsed me" she

"Dawson bumped me," she whispered. "So clumsy."
Dawson, embarrassed, held his bony elbows closely against his sides. "Sorry, Ma," he muttered.

"I must go and change. Ex-cuse me." The bird-like whis-pering ceased as Mrs. Stanhope hurried from the room.

And Mr. Moretti waltzed into the middle of the floor, his pale eyes half closed, his wide

smile spreading emptily.
"In five minutes I must leave. Dance with me first,

dear lady."

Miss Glory turned, with en-Miss Glory turned, with enthusiasm, to the piano, and
began to play vigorously.
Arabia swam, glittering, into
Mr. Moretti's arms, and Jercmy, who had lounged silently
in the background for some
time, took Cressida's arm and
said, "I think I am strong
enough to dance."

She moved across the floor

moved across the floor

if in a dream.

"Jeremy, I think everyone mad. Who sent me the

"Arabia has periods of con-

venient annesia," he said.
"But why? Why be so absolutely sweet to me, and then behind my back play these horrid unamusing tricks?"

"Because, as I've suggested before, you remind her too much of Lucy. Sometimes she likes this, but occasionally, in little isolated black moments, she hates and resents you be-cause you are alive and Lucy is dead."

Jeremy, do you really be-e all that?"

He nodded his head, but she could see the disbelief in his eyes. He looked suddenly older, his face all lines and shadows. "Jeremy, you're not well yet. You shouldn't be here. After

A LL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

Continuing ... Remember the Last One

all, only yesterday you were running a high temperature." He gave her his mocking

"Sweet lady, I would get off my deathbed to look after

my deathbed to look after you."

"After me! But—then you do think—" The cold was coming nearer again. Everything was menacing— Miss Glory's tripping music, Mr. Moretti's smoothly moving figure, a neat black backdrop for Arabia's glitter, Dawson lounging in the doorway . . "Someone here may not par-

"Someone here may not particularly care for the thought
of your becoming Arabia's
heiress," Jeremy said in his low
casual voice. "Someone may
think you are a usurper."

"But no one here has any
claim on Arabia. Lodgers in
a house surely do not expect
to inherit their landlady's fortune."

"And what about you?

"Yes, I know I'm a lodger, but the difference is I don't want this money. I don't want to be Arabia's heiress. The thought appals me. But how can I hurt her feelings? It can I hurt her feelings? It makes her so happy. And I've told you before, I don't need to keep the money."

"If you live to receive it," Jeremy commented dryly.

"If you live to receive it."

Jeremy commented dryly.

"Jeremy, you don't think—
you mean that death notice,
and the in memoriam are serious warnings. But——"

"Miss Glory has been here
the longest. She has endured
Arabia's bullying and her eccentric behaviour for several years,
and she isn't a servant, mind
you. On Arabia's death she
would be homeless. Moretti,
apart from you, has been here
the least time. He seems harmless enough, but he's a type
with whom a little extra money
would not go amiss. He probably has dreams of opening
his own establishment. Do you ably has dreams of opening his own establishment. Do you notice the way Arabia laps up his old-world courtesy act?"

his old-world courtesy act?"

"He flirts with Miss Glory,"
Cressida said breathlessly. "It
could be that the two of them
are plotting. All that mournful music he plays could be
his perverted sense of humor."

"That has only started since
you came," Jeremy said.

"Oh! Has it really? Like
the—the other things."

"The Stanhopes have been
here three months. The woman
is as nervous as a rabbit. She

is as nervous as a rabbit. She seems scared stiff of Arabia, but she's determined to stay here for some reason. It might only be that Arabia never charges a high rent, or it might be for a much more secret reason. Have you noticed the way Dawson hangs round Arabia, asking to do things for her, and acting like a little, well-trodden-down worm?"

well-trodden-down worm?"
"But Arabia can't endure him," Cressida said.
"How true! But what fond mother realises that other people might dislike her precious offspring? It could be that Mrs. Stanhope visualised her son becoming indispensable to a lonely old woman—until you arrived and upset her plans."

you arrived and upset her plans."

"She told me that day that the room was let! Did she do it deliberately?"

"She could have, indeed. What chance had spectacled Dawson if he had to compete both with you and the everpresent legend of Lucy?"

"They keep talking of murder," Cressida whispered. "But they wouldn't do anything. They wouldn't have the courage for anything but little, mean, underhand things."

"And that brings us to me,"

"And that brings us to me,"
Jeremy went on. "The mysterious dweller in the basement,
the sinister kidnapper of pretty
girls—no, pretty isn't the word
for you—you're credulous and
idiotically soft-hearted, and you
deserve everything that is going to happen to you, but some
day I will get that look of yours

from page 60

on to canvas, that look of listening to fairy stories and

listening to fairy stories and songs."

"Jeremy, we're talking about you! Were you planning to be Arabia's heir before I arrived? After all, you lived in the basement on the idiotic pretext of catching burglars—"

"And I have no money, and I take what I want, unscrupulously, even if it belongs to another man."

His arms tightened cound

another man.

His arms tightened round her. Arabia's voice suddenly boomed across the room.

"Are you two making love? Jeremy, come and dance with me. Vincent has to go now."

"Yes. I'm devastated." said

Jeremy, come and dance with
me. Vincent has to go now."
"Yes, I'm devastated," said
Mr. Moretti in his exaggerated
way. He bent to kiss Arabia's
hand. "This has been an enchanting party, dear lady. But
now back to the infermo."
"Where you belong," Arabia
said comfortably. "He has a
slight look of the devil about
him, hasn't he? That bleached
hair and singed eyebrows, from
too much heat, no doubt."

too much heat, no doubt."

She gave her rich peal of laughter and turned tirelessly to Jeremy to begin another

But at that moment Mrs. Stanhope re-entered the room. She had changed from the mousy grey dress into the equally drab brown wool that she usually wore in the after-noons. Her only concession to noons. Her only concession to the party was a rather girlish locket of seed pearls which was probably one of her few trea-sures from her youth. She came into the room fingering it in her nervous way, and whis-pering her apologies for her disappearance. "So clumsy of me with the wine."

Since no one else spoke, and

Arabia appeared to be staring at her with her hooded look, as if to mask contempt, Gressida said kindly, "What a pretty

locket!"

Mrs. Stanhope fiddled for her pencil and pad, and wrote in her quick, cager way, as if afraid that if she did not hurry she would again be left out of the conversation: "My mother gave it to me on my eighteenth birthday."

"How nice!" Cressida murmured.

mured.

The party had suddenly gone dead. Mr. Moretti had gone, the music had stopped, and Arabia was full of her hooded contempt for the mousy little woman who was inadvertently getting all the attention, first with the spilled wine, and now with ber girlish scrap of jewel-

with her girlish scrap of jewellery.

Mimosa's sudden wail somewhere in the hall was almost as if it had been a rehearsed diversion. There was a pounding and a bumping, and more anguished wails from the cat as apparently he fled down to the basement.

Cressida, who had been nearest to the door, was at the head of the basement stairs first. She didn't know who came after her, but she did wonder fleetingly why, suddenly, only one dim light burned in the hall at the far end, and the basement

the far end, and the basement stairs were in darkness. There were confused voices behind her. She felt for the light switch at the head of the stairs. Jerenny's voice called, "Cressida!" And then, in the darkness, someone bumped into her, she stumbled, groped wildly at the stair rail, then fell headlong.

(To be concluded)

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Worth Reporting

TWO young Australians in London are hoping for a quick trip home in

Both of them—Claire Glenn, of Sydney, and Betty Burrows, of Brisbane — were air hos-iesses in Australia for about four years before going over-seas last November, and are now flying for an English charter company.

Betty wrote to us from Lon-don to tell us about some of the exciting places they have seen and people they have met since arriving in England.

"One of our most exciting days was when the Duke of Edinburgh flew his own air-craft down to Lydd, in Kent, to open the airport," said

"I hostessed the plane that Thosessed the plane that flew the official party, which included Princess Margaret's friend Billy Wallace, to Le Touquet, France, for lunch. When I returned home, Claire told me she had opened the door five times for the Duke during his visit.

"She now includes five of the Duke's most dazzling smiles among her favorite

"We have also seen Lady Docker, Tyrone Power, Greg-ory Peck, Bob Hope, Diana Dors, and Peter Townsend, when he came through from Brussels to make arrangements

We have had stops in some very romantic places — Paris, Barcelona, Amsterdam, Palma, and many others.

"I was most excited about my first flight to Palma, Mar-jorca, one of the Balearic Islands of Spain, recently. We samts of Spain, recently. We saw the traditional Sunday bullight, and Grace Kelly and Prince Rainier were there. The bull was dedicated to Princess Grace.

"Sometimes when Claire and I manage a day off to

and I manage a day off to-gether we are able to fly to Ostend, the famous Belgian beach resort, about 40 minutes away, across the Channel. We still feel it's fantastic to go off to Belgium just for a

"It has all been great fun, and we wouldn't have missed a minute of it. But we are hoping for a quick glimpse of home if the charter trip to Australia comes off in Oc-

FROM Paris we hear that

the latest fashion fad is men's hats for girls.
You can wear a black opera hat with a feather and an air (Rose Valois), or a red salin hat, shaped like a man's felt hat and pierced by a small diamond dagger, with a black satin streamer (Svend).

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

THAT WAS A SILLY REMARK YOU JUST MADE,



"And while you're visualising that glorious, broad expanse of velvety green lawn, see if you can also visualise who's going to keep it moved."

Cupid is working overtime

COLLEAGUE, A COLLEAGUE, who travelled as Press liaison officer in the Orient liner Orion just two years ago, re-visited the ship in Sydney recently and found that there had been a high incidence of marriages among the staff since she was on board.

A total of 15 had married, which, as far can be discovered, seems to be a record for an Orient ship. Actual "Cupid" statistics are not kept by the company.

One nursing sister has mar-One nursing sister has mar-ried a doctor; another mar-ried an engineer; a children's hostess married a radio officer. Two "FAPS" (female assist-ant pursers in official lan-guage) married deputy pur-sers.

A senior surgeon married a passenger (they were intro-duced by our colleague), and a chief radio officer and a chief steward have also married passengers met aboard this happy

Murals grew overnight

REGULAR customers at a Potts Point restaurant in Sydney have seen pictures grow on the walls overnight in recent weeks.

As the last customers left for home, the two artists, Mrs. Paul Moline, mother of three, and Mr. Graeme Inson, arrived to begin work.

"It took us five nights, from about midnight to dawn, to complete three large murals,"
said Lesley Moline. "But we
weren't as fast as that sounds.
Everything was planned carefully and organised before
we began the actual painting."

The murals, of Spain and Venice, are delightful ex-amples of what teamwork can accomplish. Mrs. Moline and Mr. Inson, who are collabor-ating for the first time, are also doing a series of murals in private homes.

YOU'RE CLOSE TO AN IDIOT

Chaplains for

Now there are chaplains at runswick, Footscray, and rahran technical colleges. Brunswick, Footsci Prahran technical According to organisers, it is only a matter of time before there will be a chaplain at every Victorian Government secondary, high, and technical

The schools, staff, and pupils alike have welcomed the in-

stitute of Christian Education has written to the pioneers— Council of Christian Educa-tion in Victoria—asking for a full report on the scheme, with the idea of launching a simi-

a chaplain conducts short morning worship before lec-tures begin, takes an average of 30 religious instruction les-sons a week, is available in his private office for personal talks with students, and generally keeps his eye on every member of the school to detect unhappiness or trouble that he might be able to smooth out.

Book News By AINSLIE BAKER

THE ISLAND PLAY-ERS, by Ilka Chase (W. H. Allen). One for the girls. Smooth and sophisticated handling of marimix-ups among a lot of theatre people on a luxury Caribbean Island. Written by the celebrated New York wit and woman of fashion.

ESCAPE TO ADVEN-TURE, by Noel Monk-man (Angus and Robertson). A noted Australian film-maker and student of natural history takes his aqualung and camera into Barrier Reef waters. In-formative and fascinating. Illustrated.

THE SIXTH OF JUNE, by Lionel Shapiro (Collins). Moving war-time love story of a married American officer and a highly principled English girl.

WELL, I'D BETTER MOVE !!!

BY RUD

schools

FOR what is believed to be the first time in technical school history, chaplains are being added to teaching staffs in Victoria.

The first "Tech." chaplain was appointed last year at the Collingwood Technical College in Melbourne.

> When the Kraft roundsman visited Bundaberg's famous Lucke quads recently, he found what all the ads say: The quads are thriving on Vegemite. As well they might be.

In addition, the British In-

As a full-time staff member,

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW with the **LUCKE QUADS**



Vegemite is a concentrated yeast

extract that's rich in the Vitamin

B group - Vitamin B₁ for

healthy nerves, Vitamin B2 for

firm body tissue, Niacin for good

And Vegemite has an added

plus: vital Amino-Components, the nutritious food elements our

bodies cannot manufacture and

are often missing from our daily

diets. No wonder, then, that Baby Health Centres recommend

"The quads haven't had Vegemite

on toast — yet", Mrs Lucke said, "But it won't be long. Right now

milk with Vegemite is the main

vitamin source in their diets.

They love it, and it's so good for

But you don't have to be a quad

to thrive on delicious Vegemite

right up to the grandfolks. Enjoy

it on toast at breakfast every

morning, spread it on the young-

sters' school sandwiches. Or add

a dash of Vegemite to soups and stews for extra flavour and

Every day - every member of your family needs Vegemite for

Vitality. Better check your cup-

board now, and make sure

it's good for all the family,

digestion and clear skin.

Vegemite.

them.'

food values.

you've got plenty!









Eric Lucke, on being a quad: "I guess I feel as if I'm living in the fourth dimension!"



Jennifer Lucke, on How to Make the Most





Veronica Lucke, on Vegemite: "Why bring that subject up now. It's still two hours

In 2 and 4-oz. jars, 6-oz. re-usable fluted tumblers and the 8-oz. and 16-oz.

of Toast: "With Vegemite, of course! thought everybody knew that".

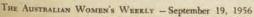


Kevin Lucke, on the world situation: "Depressing, but I'm optimistic. It's the only way to be!"





economy sizes.



Page 63



is guaranteed washable guaranteed fadeless

Check these Merriecolor advantages! It is 48" wide, printed right through so that it looks as well from outside as from inside your windows. It washes like a hankie. It is fadeless at the sunniest window. And—best of all, it is amazingly inexpensive.

See Merriecolor, and other Grafton furnishings - antique satins, printed linens and Homecraft, at furnishing stores throughout

Continuing . . . Margaret and the MP

be late starters, but they have to sample everything in the place — and say something nice about it, too."

nice about it, too."

She saw what he meant later when people ambled up with a piece of fruit cake or apple pie. It might be flattering to be treated as a guest of honor for a night, but on top of a lot of sausages she was in no condition to eat all that pie and cake. Sam chuckled at her struggles between politeness and torpidity. "See?"

"I do indeed," she replied

"I do indeed," she replied sadly, "but I simply can't eat another mouthful. Could you get a box and I'll take the samples home and render a report next week — or would that cost you votes?"

Sam roared with laughter. "I'll head off the supplies," he

"Thirsty?" said a voice sud-

denly.

She looked up to find Henry towering over her with two bottles of cider, "Terribly thirsty!" she smiled. "I've never eaten so much in my life."
"How are you surviving your honors?"

"Honors?"

Henry looked at her keenly.
"For your information, Sam doesn't ask eligible young females to accompany him to parties like this. He's afraid they'll get ideas and yearn to make it permanent."

"Oh, nonsense," Margaret said, scrambling to her feet in some confusion. "Pvc never seen such a place for romantic ideas. Next thing you'll be ask-ing if my intentions are honor-able!"

"Well, are they?" he asked irrepressibly.

She laughed. "I haven't got

Monday Sam arrived with Henry, bearing paint for the lighthouse balcony. "Salt air plays havoc with exposed metal," he said instructively. Henry's eyes wore a distinct twinkle but he said nothing.

On Tuesday Sam helped her clean while Henry painted.

On Wednesday Sam brought her some special plants. He stayed for dinner to sample the first runner beans. "Very tasty," he said with a smile.

"Oh, Margaret's a wonder-ful cook," Henry said proudly.
"I bet I've put on a stone since I've been helping her here."

here."
"You could use it," was all
Sam said.

m said.
"So could you," Henry re- A treed, "remembering that house

from page 38

female you have running the house in London!"

Margaret could make noth-ing of this interchange. Per-haps Henry really thought her cooking was improving.

cooking was improving.

On Friday Sam appeared again to show Margaret how to tie up her tomato plants. Henry followed one step behind. He had always wanted to know how to tie up tomato plants properly, he said. Margaret looked at his expression of gentle interest and said to herself, "What's going on here?"

For the rest of the morning Henry was right at hand while Sam suggested various odd jobs about the house. He agreed heartily with everything Sam proposed. "Yes," he said finally. "Sam's right, darling. What you need is a man about the place."

"Darling!" Margaret stared "Darling!" Margaret stared at him speechlessly until she caught the faint gleam in his eye. Why, that young devil, she said to herself. He's try-ing to make Sam jealous. I must have under-estimated

Henry.

All the same, when Sam suggested a drive one afternoon and Henry calmly invited himself, too, Margaret felt the chaperonage was a bit overdone. Just for once she thought she'd like a minute alone with Sam. "No, thanks," she said coolly. "I think I'll spend the afternoon titivating for the dance tonight."

"Mother wants you to come

"Mother wants you to come to supper," Henry said, shep-herding Sam inexorably to-wards the landing. "Are you sure you don't mind rowing yourself over?"

It was late afternoon when the barometer began to fall. Choppy seas and murky skies should have warned Margaret that a storm was approaching, but she was too busy to notice the weather. She washed her hair, ironed her dress, did her nails, and finished a detective story.

story.

Finally, she rushed into her bath, thinking vaguely that the days must be getting shorter, it was so dark. After dawdling over the book she had to dress in a hurry. She had just slipped her bare feet into ballet slippers when the storm began. storm began.

A thunderous roar shook the ouse and a lattice of forked

lightning covered the sky. The water still looked calm, and Margaret thought she could make it if she hurried. Rapidly she tore into her sou'wester and Wellington boots. This would have to happen when she'd told Henry not to come for her.

Breathless, she felt her way through the ominous darkness to the landing and clambered into the rowing boat. She felt for the oars and her heart gave a wicked thump. The oars were gone! Somehow they'd slipped out and drifted away.

Margaret had a moment of panic as she realised she was marooned on the island. Wincing from the glare of the lightning, she fought to control her wildly beating heart as the sea whipped into dangerous froth and the first raindrops spattered her forehead.

drops spattered her forehead.

Frantically, she climbed out of the boat, slipping and sliding on the wet landing steps. The thunder was deafening by the time she regained the house, and only by sheer force could she close the door against the wind. Almost sobbing with relief, she leaned against it weakly and her eye fell on an oil lamp. A sudden thought atruck her—not for nothing was she a lighthouse owner.

Ranidly Margaret grabbed

Rapidly Margaret grabbed the lamp and some matches, vaguely recalling the signal for SOS. She would hail the Perhams from the tower, shad-ing the lamp with her hands. Bracing herself against the wind, she had fought her way to the balconv, when she wind, she had fought her way to the balcony, when she realised that the lamp would be no more useful than a cigarette lighter in such a storm. Half-heartedly she started to signal, but the flame flickered and died. She had forgotten to put in any oil.

Five minutes later a very damp Margaret was lighting newspapers in the shelter of a dusthin cover hooked to a broom handle. Surely they could see that. She got a fine blaze going in spite of the wind, but her teeth were chattering with combined fright and cold.

After what felt like hours she thought she saw pinpoints of red and green light bob-bing up and down. She strained her eyes and moved the dust-bin shield, but with a crashing roar of waves against rocks the lights vanished. Margaret gave a terrified moan. The

To page 65

IRON-ON TRANSFER

PRETTY cornflower motifs in blue and green are featured on ironon transfer No. 201A, which is illustrated below. This transfer design will look attractive on sheets, pillowcases, aprons, guesttowels, place-mats, or curtains, as well as on blouses, skirts, and scarves.

You will find a hundred uses for these easy-to-apply transfers which save you hours

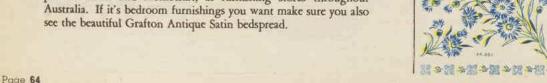
of embroidery. Price 2/6.

Also available is a pattern for the smart blouse with neatfitting collar and peaked cuffs, illustrated at right. The pat-tern is in sizes 32 to 38in. and the price is 2/-.

Order your pattern and transfer from our Needlework Department, G.B.O., Sydney. Box







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* VELVETY SMOOTH * SAVES SUGAR * SAVES TIME ADD NESTLÉ'S SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK TO ALL YOUR SUMMER



CREAM



Continuing

Margaret and the M.P.

from page 64

motor-boat-and Henry in it

otor-boat—and Item.

had gone down!
Finally, with hysterical reef, she saw the lights again.
in eerie voice called: "Ahoy,
here." Throwing aside the
cover, Margaret
franti-

there." Throwing aside the dustbin cover, Margaret danced up and down frantically in front of the fire. "All right?" the voice called dimly. The lightning lit the water vividly, and with her heart in her mouth Margaret saw the motor-boat manoeuvring between the rocks. All of a sudden she had a warm feeling for Henry. There was a man you could really count on in a crisis.

For a moment the boat

on in a crisis.

For a moment the boat
hovered uncertainly between
two huge rocks. Then a wave
caught it, heaved it forward, and it was a clear sea all the way to the landing. Margaret hurried forward to greet the dark figure which sprang out nimbly, tied up the boat, and

'Almost thought I wouldn't

"Almost thought I wouldn't make it," said Sam, wiping salt spray from his face. "Hope you've a fire in the house."
"But what happened to Henry?" she asked perplexedly. "No thing," Sam said casually. "He thought you'd come when the storm was over." He threw her a swift smile. "But storms can be frightening if you're not used to them, so I thought I'd come out to answer your signal."
"Thank goodness!" said Margaret, suddenly feeling very annoyed with Henry. "I've lost my oars! They must have fallen out.."

Sam looked genuinely wor-

Sam looked genuinely wor-ried. "You ought to have an extra pair," he said. "You could have been marooned here for days. It's not even safe to go back in my boat until it lets up a bit."

"Til make some coffee," said Margaret.

"I'll make some coffee," said Margaret. "Splendid," said Sam, fol-

lowing her.

Later he leaned back and applied himself to lighting a cigar. When it was glowing nicely he said casually: "Nancy's taken quite a fancy to you."

"Nancy's taken quite a fancy to you."

"Tve taken a fancy to her,"
Margaret replied warmily. "I can't tell you how kind she's been to me."

"She's always hoped Henry would marry someone she could really treat like a daughter," he remarked next.

Oho Margaret thought not

he remarked next.

Oho, Margaret thought, not helping one bit.

"Henry seems to have his mind pretty well made up," Sam observed finally. "It's not my business, but if your mind should agree with his—well, I think his family would be pleased."

Mayorret fall.

pleased."

Margaret felt an ominous blaze of annoyance at his serenity. "Thank you," she said sweetly, "but if you think you can marry me to Henry in order to keep me in the family, you're mistaken."

"I didn't mean to be officious," he said slowly, "but anyone can see how Henry feels about you."

"Oh, fiddlesticks," she said crossly. "You're so busy push-ing me at Henry you can't see he's just as busy pushing me at you!"

"What?" he said explosively, sitting bolt upright.

"You're always saying everyone should be married. He's just taking a leaf out of your book," she said tremulously, rising to her feet.

"Well, I'm not flattered at the eager way everyone's try-ing to marry me to someone else. I don't need to be mar-ried to enjoy life. I was doing nicely until you arrived."

Angrily, she picked up their wet oilskins and flung them on to a chair. As she did so a small object fell out of Sam's smail object fell out of Sam's oilskin and clattered on to the floor. Before he could move Margaret picked it up and examined it thoughtfully.

examined it thoughtfully.

"Well!" she said with narrowed eyes. "I seem to remember this little thingumajig belongs to Henry's boat and without it he might have difficulty in starting." She stared with growing anger at Sam.

"So that's why he didn't come to fetch me."

"Henry's boat isn't as good in rough water as mine," Sam said blandly. "Leaks. Motor conks out. No cabin. Pas-sengers wet."

"Very funny man," garet said, choking.

Sam chuckled. "I knew you'd take it in the right

Spirit."

Margaret sat down with a thump. "You're just a meddle-some matchmaker, Sam Paxton. If you think that by getting me alone you can talk ton. If you think that by getting me alone you can talk me into marrying Henry, you're mad." She glared at him. "I can take care of myself perfectly well, but you're just too stubborn to see it."

"Hmmm. Is there anything else I don't see?" he asked, towering over her and taking a firm grip on her arm.

"I don't know what you mean," she said hastily.

"You green't asked, to the said hastily.

"You aren't absolutely against marriage?" he asked blandly. "Apart from marrying Henry, you wouldn't refuse to be related to the Perhams?"

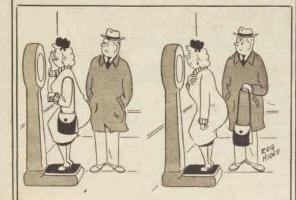
"If you've got another un-married nephew . . ." she be-gan weakly.
"I was thinking of an older generation," he said, tighten-

generation, he said, tightening his arms.

Two breathless minutes
later Margaret found she was
still holding the thingumajig,
"Now it's safe for you to tell
me what you did with the
oars," she said calmly.

"They're in the woodshed behind the lighthouse," said the Member of Parliament.

(Copyright)





Scientists prove teeth whiter with MACLEANS

Healthier, too! Safer from decay!

You can tell at a glance that teeth brushed with Macleans are whiter! But Maclean scientists wanted to find out exactly how much whiter.

So hundreds of special tests were made with a whiteness-meter— or "spectro-photometer." In

every single case, these tests showed that, after one brushing with Macleans, teeth were any-thing from 1½ to 4 degrees

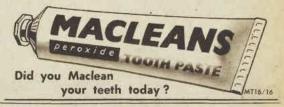
whiter.

Dental authorities all over the world agree that one of the most important factors in avoiding decay is to keep your teeth really clean. Brushed regularly with Macleans, you'll find your teeth are superbly clean — whiter and healthier, your gums firmer, too.

And you'll love the clean, fresh flavour! So don't forget that Macleans white reath are healthy teeth.

Maclean-white teeth are healthy teeth





3 ozs. (3 level tablespoonfuls) butter, 2 eggs, 2 ozs. chopped dates, 1 rounded tablespoonful chopped nuts, 1 level tablespoonful Bournville Cocoo, 6 ozs. (6 rounded tablespoonfuls) of self-raising flour, 3 ozs. (3 slightly rounded tablespoonfuls) sugar, 2 ozs. chopped prunes, grated rind of 1 orange, 1 dessertspoonful orange juice, pinch salt, 2 tablespoonfuls milk.



Method: Cream together the butter and sugar, add the well beaten eggs gradually, beating well after each addition. Stir in the chopped dates, nuts and prunes, the orange rind and juice. Sift together the flour, cocoa and salt. Fold lightly into the mixture alternately with the milk Place in a well greased loaf tin and bake in a moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes. W When cold ice

Special Offer! Send 1/- in stamps or Postal Note for your copy of "Let's cook with Chocolate" to Dept. D, Cadbury-Fry-Pascall Pty. Ltd., Claremont, Tasmania.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 19, 1956

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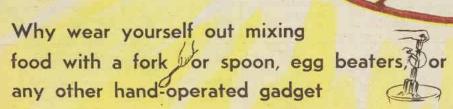


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A small deposit
and A FEW
SHILLINGS A
WEEK will put
it in Your home





You'll be amazed at the way Sunbeam Mixmaster Junior will do all your food-mixing for you...so quickly, perfectly, automatically . . . no more tiring arm-work! You'll delight in the perfect results you get from all your cooking when the mixing is done electrically by Sunbeam Mixmaster Junior at scientifically determined

speeds. And now, you can select a Mixmaster Junior in a lovely colour to harmonise with your own kitchen colour scheme. See the new colours now at your nearest Sunbeam Dealer and ask about the very easy purchase terms for this wonderful labour-saver everyone can afford.



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HANGS ON WALL, STORES EASILY. This useful wall hanger saves precious storage space. Provides a handy place to hang your Mixmaster lunior.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 19, 1956

Page 66

DEBBIE'S VEAL AND BACON CASSEROLE

DEBBIE uses pineapple and tomato juices to bolster the bland flavor of the steak in the veal steak and bacon aserole she makes this week.

The dish is best cooked slowly in a rovered casserole in a mod-rate oven, but it may be cooked in the post of the stove in a tightly idded saucepan or in a pres-

whole potatoes, scrubbed of baked in their jackets, are fine accompaniment when the en is used.

wen is used.

Here is the recipe:

VEAL AND BACON
CASSEROLE
One and a half to 2lb. veal
arak, 1 tablespoon flour, salt,
can bacon, ½ cup pineapple juice,
cup tomato juice, ¼ cup meat
or vegetable stock, ½ cup chopped
arisey.
Cut veal into service-sized
pieces, dip into flour, pepper and
alt. Place half the veal into
n ovenware dish. Cover with
half the sliced onion. Remove

rind from bacon, cut the bacon into small pieces and sprinkle half of it over the meat and onion. Sprinkle with half the chopped parsley and a little salt and pepper. Place remaining meat on top, then add the balance of the onion, bacon, and parsley. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Mix pineapple juice, tomato juice, and stock. Pour carefully into casserole. Cover and bake in moderate oven 14 to 2 hours.' Serve with jacket potatoes.

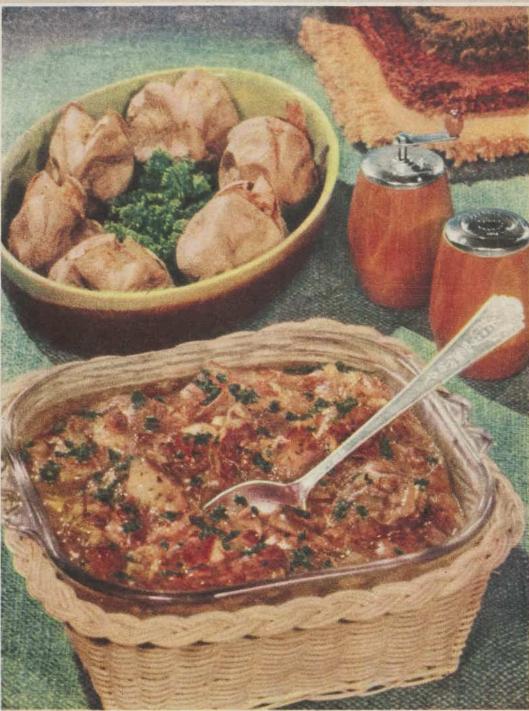
Jacket Potatoes: Scrub and dry
the required number of evensized old potatoes. Prick 4 or 5
times with a skewer or once or
twice with a fork, or slit skin
around centre. Place on ovenshelf and cook \(\frac{1}{4} \) to 1 hour or
until soft. Slit skin crosswise on
top, press potatoes on the side to
force them open. Add a dab of
butter and a dusting of paprika.
Serve in a hot dish.



TRIM STEAK and cut into service-sized pieces. Peel the onions and prepare liquids in the following way: Open pine-apple juice and tomato juice or prepare from fresh fruits. Dissolve half teaspoon meat extract in half cup hot water or, if you have it available, use meat or vegetable stock.



ARRANCE half the pieces of meat (dipped in flour, pepper and salt) in an overneare dish with a lid. Peel and slice the onions and arrange half the slices on top of the meat in the dish. Dust with salt and pepper. Then chop the parsley.





REMOVE RIND from bacon, save it to flavor stews. Chop bacon into pieces and sprinkle half the bacon and paraley over the ment, and then add the balance of the ment, onion, bacon, and paraley. Once more dust with salt and pepper.



POUR pineapple juice, tomato juice, and stock over the meat. Cover and bake in moderate oven 1½ to 2 hours. Baka jacket potatoes on the same shelf.

Nothing else gives your hands surer protection than

ANSELL 'Silver-Lined' RUBBER GLOVES



Slip them on and off like lightning!

With Ansell's crepe surface, you can handle the most delicate china in the hottest soapy water with the sureness of bare-hand touch. They're tough - yet so light and cool! And only Ansell give you the magic smooth-assatin silver lining. You slip them

on and off like lightning - no powder, no tugging! And remember

Ansell's silver lining always stays fresh and clean. Now you need never touch harsh detergents, skin-drying soap powders, cleansers, paint, dirt or grime. With soft, 'Silver-Lined' rubber gloves your hands stay smooth and beautiful. So be sure you

insist on the original . . Ansell 'Silver-Lined' Rubber Gloves. Only 3/3.

Ansell 'Silver-Lined' Rubber Gloves







Slip them on when you're planting out seedlings.

Savory dish wins £5



An interesting savory dish, pork patty casserole, which is economical and simple to make, wins this week's cash prize of £5 in our popular recipe contest.

POTATOES, which are expensive at present, may be omitted from the menu if this prizewinning recipe is served. The sweet potatoes used will take their place.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

PORK PATTY CASSEROLE

PORK PATTY CASSEROLE
One pound pork sausage
mince, good pinch mixed
herbs, 2 green apples, 2
medium-sized sweet potatocs,
2 tablespoons brown sugar, 4
teaspoon salt, 4 teaspoon
pepper, 4 teaspoon grated
nutmeg, 4 thin slices peeled
orange, 14 dessertspoons butter
or substitute, 1 tablespoon
chopped parsley.
Combine sausage mince,
herbs, salt, and pepper, shape
into 4 patties, about ½in. thick.
Place in greased ovenware

Place in greased ovenware dish, bake in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes. Remove ex-cess fat. Core and halve apples, arrange cut side up

will need:

Tony's luxury dish

WHEN buying any type of meat from your butcher," says Tony Clerici, well-

known Sydney restaurateur, "I advise you to

make sure the butcher cuts the meat according to your requirements. You should also inspect the quarter from which it is to be cut.'

To make Beefsteak a la Ritz for four people you

will need:
Four sirloin or fillet steaks (not less than two inches thick, of uniform thickness, and weighing 10oz. to 1lb. each piece), 6 tablespoons butter, 1 cup dry white wine, 3 tablespoons olive oil, 6oz. brandy, coarse black pepper, salt to taste, 1 cup veal stock. Trim the steaks of excess fat, and rub salt and freshly ground coarse black pepper into the flesh of each steak on both sides. Using one large or two small frying-pans (iron), melt the butter and add the oil. This prevents the butter from burning during the cooking process, and thus giving a burned flavor to the sauce. Brown the steaks quickly on both

to the sauce. Brown the steaks quickly on both sides, and cook until rare, or to taste. Remove to a

sides, and cook until rare, or to taste. Remove to a hot, greased platter, and to the pan add the combined white wine, veal stock, and the brandy. Boil quickly for 3 to 5 minutes. Add seasoning and pour over the steaks. Serve with fried potatoes.

To Cook Potatoes: Cut potatoes in strips and fry very quickly in hot oil or fat, 375 deg. F. Drain well on absorbent paper, and serve very hot.

around the edge of dish; sprinkle with nutmeg. Peel sweet potatoes, slice thickly, arrange in dish, sprinkle with brown sugar. Dot apple and potato slices with butter, place orange slices on top of po-tatoes, then pork patties on tatoes, then pork patties on orange slices.

Cover with tightly fitting lid, bake in moderate oven 30

DELICIOUS and simple sweet for special occasions is shown above. Add crushed strawberries to partially set ice-cream, fill in to cooked and cooled

to 35 minutes, or until apple and potato slices are tender. Uncover, continue cooking until top is browned. Serve hot, sprinkled with chopped parsley. First Prize of £5 to Mrs. U. Grath, 23 Park St., West Tam-worth, N.S.W.

FAMILY DISH

This week's family dish is a casserole of lamb's fry and macaroni flavored with onion and bacon. It costs approximately 5/3 to 5/6 and serves four.

THE macaroni adds substance to the dish, which makes an appetising meal for the family.

LAMB'S FRY WITH MACARONI

One lamb's fry, 3 table-spoons flour, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, ½ pint stock or water,

Boz. macaroni, 2 rashers bacon, 2 tablespoons butter or sub-stitute, 1 onion. Soak lamb's fry in salted

water for 30 minutes. Drain, remove skin, slice thinly. Melt remove skin, slice thinly, Melt butter or substitute, add lamb's fry cut into slices and coated with seasoned flour; cook until browned on both sides. Remove, add sliced onion to pan, brown lightly. Add re-maining flour, stir until smooth. Stir in stock or water and stir until boiling.

and stir until boiling.

Add Worcestershire sauce, simmer 2 to 3 minutes. Cook simmer 2 to 3 minutes. Gook macaroni in boiling salted water 20 minutes, arrange a layer in greased casserole, add meat and chopped bacon. Cover with balance of macaroni, then pour in gravy. Cover and bake in moderate oven for hour.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

TO fasten a mincer securely to the table, place a piece of sandpaper, rough side to the table, just under the screw before tightening it.

LEATHER chairs can be

steamed to bring up the nap. Steaming also takes creases out of ribbons and

RUBBER bands * wound round the end of coat-hangers will prevent soft dresses from slipping off.



Think I'm made of money?"

TALL STARTED before breakfast. These things so often do!)
"Darling", said Joan, putting her head around the bathroom door. "I'm off to town this morn-mag. Think I'll look at some new

John's razor stopped. "What re you going to use for money?" "But darling you know we

"We need a lot of other things sefore curtains! Think I'm made

After breakfast John was sorry I didn't mean to be irrit-ut I don't know I'm

n edge these days."
"You're always tired and nervy,
hn! You even wake tired! I'll ng Dr. Green now-and you can

ring Dr. Green now—and you can see him tonight."

And that was how John Lewis
fascovered he was suffering from
"Night Starvation." As the doctor
laid. "While you sleep your
heart and lungs go on exhausting
energy from your body. This, in
addition to the day's activity can addition to the day's activity can start a chain reaction of being fred, worrying about being tired and waking up tired, nervy and irritable. That's 'Night Starvation'. Try a cup of hot Horlicks before bed every night."

It wasn't long before John felt better. Much better. Horlicks helped him sleep, and he found he was waking really refreshed— foll of "res"

The curtains? Well, they were expensive, but John says he afford them now-and they

look fine.

What's so good about Horlicks? It's made with full-cream milk, malted barley and wheat. When mixed as directed on the jar Horlicks contains pretein—essential to the growth of the body—carbohydrate—probably our best source of energy—mineral salts to help build tissue and regulate body activities—calcium, to build sound hone and good teeth—Vitamist, Bl. B2 and D. Not only delicious and nourishing, Horlicks is a tome tood drink for all the family.



orlick only HOrlicks

guards against "NIGHT STARVATION"



JUST TELL THE WIFE to buy FORD PILLS in the larger economy Family size, and get over twice the quantity







PERSPECTIVE VIEW FROM SIDE STREET. SKETCH of proposed addition to the home of Mr. R. Layton, of Beverly Hills, N.S.W, shows new sunroom, looking in from the side street.

ARCHITECT'S DIARY, by Sydney architect W. J. McMurray.

Mr. R. Layton, of Beverly Hills, N.S.W., has submitted a plan and photographs of his attractive texturerendered home on a corner site, and

asks advice on adding a sunroom.

THE addition of a sunroom at the back could spoil the appearance of the house from the side street if sufficient thought is not given to maintaining the present gable line of the roof.

Although lean-to roof added on to the back would be economical because it would hardly disturb the existing roof, in my opinion it would detract from the value of the home.

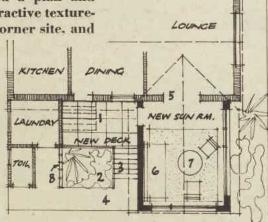
It would appear to be an afterthought rather than an integral part of the design.

I have sketched a plan of an extension which would pre-vent this added-on look and would make it possible to maintain the gable-roof effect. The plan is shown on this

I think it would be inadvisto build across the pre sent dining-room, which would thus be made dark and un-

attractive inside, because it re-ceives light and ventilation from the back windows. Obscuring a window would also be a breach of council building regulations. This building regulations. This would detract from the value of the house in the event of a future sale.

Because the back of the house has the sunny aspect, I suggest adding a small sun-deck between the new sun-room and the laundry. This is shown in my sketch.



- someoned

FLOOR PLAN shows how the new sunroom can be added without obscuring windows. I, old steps (to be moved); 2, new shrub bed; 3, new position of steps; 4, new path; 5, new door opening; 6, settee; 7, table and cane furniture; 8, new trellis screen.

The new sunroom, as suggested in the sketch, would give privacy to the sundeck.
Building the sundeck would

mean moving the present steps to the position indicated in the

A trellis and shrub bed

would conceal the outside toilet and make this new sundeck suitable for outdoor meals. A doorway from the sunroom opens on to the deck, and gives an approach to the yard without having to go through the kitchen.

Bring garden indoors

BRING the garden indoors in your surroom. In addition to the many indoor plants now so popular, potted geraniums, hydrangeas, orchids, and many other color-ful flowers will bloom successfully indoors.

PAINTWORK is much easier to clean and stays new-looking longer if it is kept polished.

WHEN furnishing your sundyes in many fabrics fade on exposure to the sun. Make sure the fabrics you choose are guaranteed fadeless.

PLASTIC leathers and leatherettes used for upto care for. All you need to do is wipe them over with a cloth to keep them spotless.

holstery in a sunroom are easy

MAKE GOOD USE OF SUNSHINE

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

BABIES and young children need a generous measure of sunshine to make them healthy and strong. Sunshine creates a supply of vitamin D in the body.

No set rules can be made for giving babies and young children sunbaths because the sensitiveness of the skin varies so greatly in individuals.

The skin of a baby should gradually accustomed to irect sunlight. First the direct hands and forearms, feet, and legs should be exposed for THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 19, 1956

short periods-a minute or suits, but in warm weather the two only every day.

Later the thighs and upper

arms can be exposed to the sun, and by degrees the whole body surface until, about a month after the first sunbake, the baby can take his sun-bath naked.

Mothers should be very careful, however, to protect the baby's head and back of the neck from the sun. The

rice from the sun. The eyes must be protected both from direct sun and glare.

During cold or windy weather toddlers' limbs will probably have been covered by "crawlers" or coogan

limbs should be uncovered and the sun allowed to reach the skin surfaces.

A pattern of an attractive and practical sunsuit is in-cluded in my 12-piece layette pattern, which also includes a carrying coat, two nightgowns, two dresses, a matinee jacket, and two flannel pilchers.

These layette patterns can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, price 3/6. Please print names and addresses in block letters.



Actual photographic test, conducted with the electric Tracer Light, graphically illustrates the amount of effort required in order to obtain a shine from ordinary polish when it is applied to the surface of floors.



Wundawax Polish, with Instant Shine, resists all scuffing all marking. It seals the surface against dust and dirt, preserving as it polishes . . . gives the cleanest, brightest

Wundawax Polish is easy to apply . . . economical to use, It provides an anti-slip surface . . . yet a shine which lasts for days.

Wundawax with Instant Shine - by independent survey, the largest selling floor polish in Australia



THE WUNDAWAX INSTANT SHINE TRIO:

WUNDAWAX POLISH

WUNDAWAX POLISHING CREAM

WUNDAWAX SELF-SHINING POLISH

WUNDAWAX

Captivating • Entrancing

PERFUMES

Paris by



Someone didn't

INSIST ON SELLOTADE



A Good Deed Gone Wrong. When Mrs. Perkins went to visit her daughter that morning, she thought she'd take some things to help out at lunch. But she didn't use 'Sellotape', the sticky tape you can rely on. After this, she'll insist on

'Sellotape' is the consistent brand of sticky tape - it always stays stuck!

When 'Sellotape' leaves the factory its sticky surface when Schotape leaves the factory its sucky surface is just the right strength — and it's just right when you buy it in the shop — because each roll is overwrapped in protective Cellophane*. 'Sellotape' always comes to you 'factory-fresh'; never dries out, never goes gooey, never splits. And, because it's 'factory-fresh' 'Sellotare' sticks like a lignest to any surface. fresh', 'Sellotape' sticks like a limpet to any surface and stays stuck!

For the Home: 'Sellotape' costs only 9d, for the 3 yard roll, 1/9 for 81/2 yards, A thousand uses round the home — and the youngsters need it for school, too!

For the factory, shop or office: 'Sellotape' comes in factory-sealed tins of 72 or 36 yard rolls to fit standard size dispensers.



YOUR SPOTS GO



I. Smooth this creamy, non-greasy balm on to the bad places. It swiftly kills the germs causing eczema, spots nimples spots, pimples.



2. Irritation ends. But continue the treatment



3. Your skin soon becomes wonderfully clear and healthy, thanks to the double-antiseptic action of Valderma

IN A FEW DAYS

Make this 3-day test

Skin complaints like eczema,

Skin complaints like eczema, spots, rashes and pimples don't heal unless you get at their cause — the germs beneath your skin. Valderma* the wonderful new double-antiseptic halm gets right under the pores and gives rapid relief.

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Quick Results

Quick Results
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VALDERMA ANTISEPTIC BALM

Continuing .. Legal Eagle

girl, we settled down and Sam started telling her his troubles. She made sympathetic clucking noises, and when he had fin-ished she smiled and said, "Now don't get your hopes too high, dear, but I may have the answer to your problem."

"How's that?" asked Sam.

She rummaged into her purse and came up with an envelope. "I have here in my hand," she said, "a letter inviting me to go on 'The Big Weekend.'" "To go on what?" asked Sam.

Sam.

""The Big Weekend'," she replied. "It's a quiz show they run over at WRLQ. The prize is a trip to New York for two."

"You mean you're going to be on radio?"

"Uh-huh. Every week they get people from some different business. This week they've got a bunch of secretaries from the courthouse and city hall."

"And the one who answers e most questions right gets e trip, is that it?" Sam asked.

She nodded. "Yeah. And if I win, I'll take you to New York. That'll save train fare and hotel bills for you, and you can buy a nice new suit or two."

"If I know Betty," I said,
"you are practically in New
York now. Our Betty has read
a book."

"Oh, Mr. Mackenzie," she id, "save your malarky for e juries."
"Betty," I said, "tell me this.

What term became synony-mous with Turkish after A.D. 1300?"

She pursed her lips. "Otto-man Empire."
I turned to Sam. "See what I mean?"
"I see what you mean."

"I see what you mean," said Sam.
Well, a couple of nights later I was, as the saying goes, glued to my radio set. Betty and four of her sister stenographers were lined up at a table, and a slick, fast-talking master of ceremonies was firing questions at them.

master of ceremonies was firing questions at them.

Every time one of the girls
gave a right answer a clock
above her head would be
moved forward 15 minutes. A
couple of hapless gals hadn't
even moved off 12 o'clock,
where they'd started, but
Betty was turning out to be a
sensation.

Betty was turning out to be a sensation.

She hadn't missed a question and her clock was up to 3.30. She was setting some kind of record, and the announcer was regarding her with a mixture of bewilderment and awe.

"And now, Miss Milner," the announcer was saying, "just what were those tricks described in the British national anthem?"

"Knavish," said Betty, without batting an eye.

out batting an eye.
"Hmm," said the M.C.,

"right again. But tell me this —what is the capital of Turkey?" "Ankara."

The M.C. looked out at the audience helplessly, "So help me, folks," he said, "she's not a ringer. She really knows the answers."

"Sam Padgett," she said.

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Means Contentment

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his comfort . . . with those

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Mother, too, likes its fresh

fragrance and silky smooth-

ness that safeguards her per-

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man.

"No," said Betty, "a friend."

"Oh," said the M.C., slightly taken aback. He gulped and went into his commercial, at which point I snapped my set off.

The next day I hurried over to the restaurant, eager to get in on Sam and Betty's triumph. So I was a bit surprised to see Sam come into the place looking grim as a newly elected J.P. He barged over to the table and plunked himself down, scowling.

Just then Betty came in, looking almost as incandes-cent as Sam.

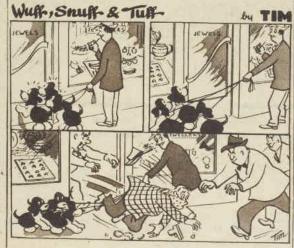
"What's the matter with you two?" I burst out, "Did they disqualify Betty for using a pony, or what?"

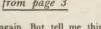
"They didn't disqualify me," she replied, "but they did Sam. They won't let him come on the trip."

"Because they're a bunch

To page 72

FOR THE CHILDREN-





"Right again, Miss Milner.
And now, just for kicks, tell
me what was the name of
Josephine's son, the one
Napoleon named as heirapparent to the crown of
Italy." Italy.

"Eugene," said Betty.

answers."

Well, the winner was a foregone conclusion. Betty had spun the clock practically around, and the M.C. made a great to-do about it. He went into a long spiel about what hotel she would stay at, what nightclubs she would go to—all those advertising dodges they have—then he asked her, "And who, Miss Milner, are you taking along on your trip?"

"Sam Padgett," she said.

Of course, he didn't know Sam from Adam's off ox. "Sam?" he said gingerly. "Is that a girl?"
"No," said Betty, "that's a man."

"Er-your husband?"

The next day I hurried over

"What's the matter?" I asked "You don't look like the happy winner of a, quote, Big Weekend, unquote."

"Humph," he grunted.
"They're a bunch of crooks, that's what!"

"Who's that?"

"That radio station, that's who. A bunch of insulting, sanctimonious crooks!"

"Why not?"

Noises in the night ...

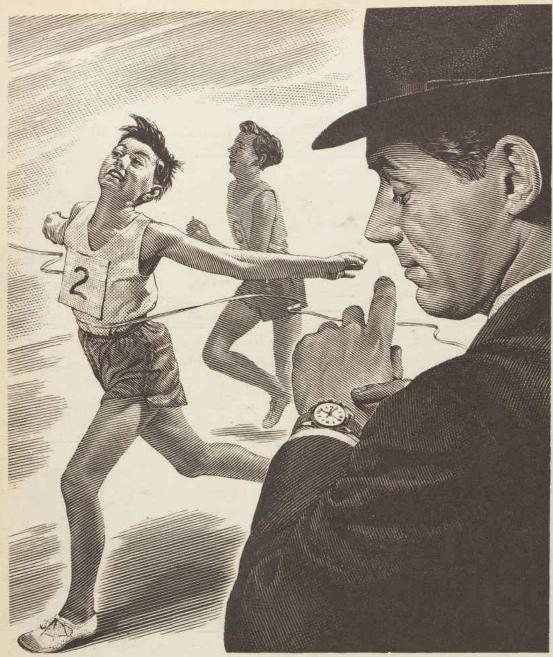
Only the cat? It sounded like an arm-

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HERE'S A STOP-WATCH THAT KEEPS ON GOING!



Go to a jeweller who provides full servicing. Get an expert to help you choose your watch, and he'll look after it for you all through its long life.

It's a Swiss chronograph - a wrist-watch and stop-watch in one. You can tell it by the two extra buttons, one on each side of the winder.

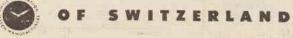
First you have a simple wrist-watch-a very good one though. Press one of the buttons, and it becomes a stop-watch; the sweep second hand starts from 12, moving 1 of a second at a time. Press again, the hand stops. Press the other button and the hand returns to 12. And all the time, the minute and hour hands tick serenely on.

Get a good jeweller or watchmaker to demonstrate one for you. See the other wonderful watches from Switzerland-watches that wind themselves, that keep out damp and dust, calendar watches, jewellery watches . . . and many, many more for you to choose from.

Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard

Time is the art of the Swiss

WATCHMAKERS



Continuing .. Legal Eagle

of insulting, sanctimonious crooks, that's why!" Sam burst

I turned to Betty. "Just what happened?" I asked.

"Well," she said, "after the programme was over everywent, see said, after the programme was over every-thing seemed to be going fine. Mr. Bland, the manager of the station, was congratulating me and they were all set to make arrangements for the trip— until he found out about Sam."

I could hear Sam grinding is teeth beside me. "Hmm,"

I said.
"So," Betty went on, "when Mr. Bland found out Sam wasn't married to me or wasn't my brother or father or son or even distant cousin, he got very perturbed. He said the station couldn't send two until the said to the station couldn't send two until the said to the said to said the station couldn't send two until the said to said the said to said the said the said to said the said married young people down to New York to the same hotel on the same train . . ."

"I pointed out we'd have different berths," Sam put in disgustedly.

"Nothing helped," Betty said. "Mr. Bland said I'd just have to go alone or pick some-one more suitable."

"That's when I blew my top," Sam said. He looked at Betty. "Are you still game?" he asked.

She nodded, "Let's do it this

"Well, well," I well-welled, what's this?"

Betty's eyes flashed. "We're filing suit against WRLQ for defamation of character, that's what!" she exclaimed. "They can't – they can't – "She glaneed at Sam. "What was that you said?"

"Impugn our integrity," he

"That's right," she said, "they can't."

Sam's and Betty's eyes met in defiance and indignation. I could hear the drums roll and the cannons boom and I knew they had fired the shot heard round the courthouse.

Of course, Sam's employers, old fuddy-duddies that they were, were appalled at his filing suit over such a thing, No sense of fun at all. But everybody else in the legal community was delighted.

Sam being a lawyer, the thing was pushed up on the list and within a couple of weeks it came to trial. Of course, I was there with bells on. Wouldn't have missed it for the world. on. Wouldn't for the world.

I sat up in the front row, almost within touching distance of Sam and Betty. Sam looked really alive. Vital and mad right down to the roots of his flaming hair. He'd held out for a jury trial and he loaded the jury with women and a couple of emotional-type men.

This Bland sat squirming at the defence table, a puffy-looking individual who kept tugging at his horn-rim glasses and engaging his lawyer in intermittent frenzies of con-sultation.

sultation.

Well, first Sam put Betty on the stand. She was perfect. She looked demure enough to get to the women jurors and interesting enough to get to the men. She told of her delight at going on the prodelight at going on the programme, her ecstasy at winning, and the depths of despair and humiliation into which she had been flung subsequently.

I glanced over at Bland and he looked about ready to crawl under the table. Then Sam put him on the stand and chopped him up into little pieces. Sam worked himself into a transport of indignation. It was a slaughter.

After the first half-hour

from page 71

the defence lawyer called for time out and they settled the case quickly. The station settled for the trip to New York for two—any two — and I'll bet Bland felt like the luckiest guy in town. That jury looked as if it would have given Sam and Betty the whole radio station. station.

station.

I couldn't even get near the two, what with the jurors and spectators flocking around, some with handkerchiefs to their eyes, so help me. So a couple of hours later I went over to the restaurant and grabbed a table, hoping Sam and Betty wouldn't be too busy to show up. I didn't have long to wait before they came in and made their way over through a barrage of congratulations.

"Ah, the new Clarence Dar-row," I said.

Sam was grinning all over.
"You know," he said, "darned if today I don't feel like one, at that."

at that."

"Well," I said, "now you're all set. You can buy two new suits and go to see Uncle Clarence in style,"

"Yeah," Sam said, "but I don't think I'll be seeing Uncle Clarence after all."

"What," I exclaimed, "after all this you mean to say you're not going down there!"

"Oh, I'm going down, all



right," Sam said, "but not to stay. As a matter of fact I've decided to stay right here and continue being a lawyer."

"I'm glad to hear that, Sam," I said.

"I don't mean the kind of lawyer I have been, tracing deeds in musty books and all that. I mean a trial lawyer. I found out today that's what I can do."

"When he gets mad." said

"When he gets mad," said Betty, "he really goes to town, and I don't mean New York."

Sam grinned "The straw that really broke Bland's back was after the settlement when I told him we were going to make a honeymoon out of his Big Weekend. 'Then why did you sue me!' he screamed. 'The principle of the thing,' I told him."

So Sam is now a successful defence lawyer in these parts. Betty and he have a couple of redheaded kids and the youngest, a boy, looks to me like a natural to follow in the old man's footsteps. I met him on the street the other day and he was practically tearing his carriage apart.

"He wants his rattle," his mother said, "so he can throw it out again."

"He looks to me like Sam working up to a conclusion," I

Betty smiled up at me. "Yes," she said. "Isn't he mag-nificent!"

(Copyright)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHERLY - September 19, 1956

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in 1941, when Peter had been all of nine. A tall, handsome man in his thirties, dark as Peter was, with an aquiline cose and the same grey eyes.

nose and the same grey eyes. A man with a deep appreciation of beauty and a scorn of anything that did not measure up to his high standards.

That sense of beauty—almost a worship of it in every phase—was something inherent in all the Seymours. They had a wright from anything that was deformed or ugly. Seymour men were handsome, and ever since the first of them had come to America in the 17th century, they had sought out as mates women of physical beauty.

beauty.

Perham Seymour had carried on the family tradition.
Inheritor of the wealth his forebears had accumulated, generation by generation, he had contributed to it and satisfied his love of beauty by becoming an outstanding architect. He had also married the loveliest girl in Baltimore: Amy Lee Bonsard, a girl of distinguished family and wealth.

wealth.

That was what made everything that had happened so incredible to Peter. Sitting at the table in the Lion and Lamb, he felt almost as much curiosity about this woman who had stolen his father as hatred for her. Peter's mother, now well in her forties, had remarried, was still a beautiful woman. What but an overwhelmingly greater beauty could have made Pelham Seymour reject his wife for this Englishwoman with whom he Englishwoman with whom he had lived since 1945?

had lived since 1945?
All Peter knew, as a boy, was that his father had gone to war in 1941. The following year he had been wounded, but only slightly. He had taken but only stightly, He had taken part in the invasion of Nor-mandy and had been wounded again. When the war was over, Peter and his mother had counted the days to his return. Instead, there had come the news that he was not coming back ever

come the news that he was not coming back, ever.

That was all that Peter had known in 1945. It was all his mother had told him after she had returned from England.

What had happened in

"FORBIDDEN WOMAN," by Alec Rackowe

England Peter heard later on from his mother, when he was England Peter heard later on from his mother, when he was grown up. His mother had told him because Peter had never been able to forget his father; never been able to quite believe that it had all

father; never been able to quite believe that it had all been his father's fault.

Peter had come to the New York house from Harvard. He was in his senior year, getting ready to take his degree and then do his military service. After that, he intended to go on with the study of architecture, and follow in his father's footsteps.

He was discussing his future with his mother, and the conversation had turned to his father.

His mother had said, "I believe it, Peter. When His mother had said, "I didn't believe it, Peter. When I got your father's letter I was stunned. I didn't care if there was another woman. I knew it could only be something of the moment. He'd been wounded. Someone had appealed to him. When he came to his senses everything would be all right. His mother's voice had been

would be all right.

His mother's voice had been quite steady. "I wasn't going to take it lying down. I wasn't going to accept a statement in a letter that he didn't want to come back and that I should arrange to divorce him. I went to England, instead. I had to see him."

I went to England, instead. I had to see him."

She'd said, "I saw your father. In a suite at the Savoy. He was sitting behind a desk when I came in. He didn't get up. He just said, 'I meant what I wrote you, Amy Lee. I'm not coming back, either to America or to you."

His mother's hands had been still. Peter had known it was past with her. She loved Emmet Landruff, to whom she was married now; Emmet, who had been devoted to her since boyhood, long before Pelham Seymour had come to sweep her off her feet.

She'd said to Peter, "I asked

She'd said to Peter, "I asked your father if there was some other woman. He said, 'If you wish. It isn't important. I'm

just not coming back. I want you to accept that, Amy Lee.' I spoke to him about you—about the three of us as a family. But I knew it wasn't any use. When I saw your father meant what he said, I left."

left."

Emmet Landruff's rings had glittered on her hand as she gestured. "There was a woman. There had to be. I found out later that your father was living with this woman and her daughter—not his, I'm sureat a place he'd bought. He'd cut all his ties with America. I wrote to him; other people wrote to him. He never answered; never saw anyone who wered; never saw anyone who tried to look him up. The woman received them and turned them away. turned them away. I suppose

> Whatever the number of a man's friends, there will be times in his life when he has one too few.
> — Bulwer-Lytton

she wasn't taking any chances of losing him. She and her daughter are still there.

"Your father didn't want you or me, Peter. Evidently he's content with that woman, and that's all right now.
There's Emmet for me; and
he's been good to you, too.
I can forget your father, but
I can't forgive him for what 's done to you."

he's done to you."

Peter hadn't doubted his mother. After his graduation and induction into the service he had been sent abroad. From Germany he had written his father at Princes Wyvern; he hadn't received an answer. Nothing, until he had heard from the firm of solicitors that his father had died and that there were details in connection with his English properties that had to be settled.

Peter finished his beer and ashed the tall glass away. Peter finished his beer and pushed the tall glass away. There was regret in him, but bitterness, too. He could do nothing about his father, that was past, but he could see that woman before he disposed of the English property and returned to America. Once he had satisfied his curtosity, that would be the end of it.

His mother and formed was

would be the end of it.

His mother and Emmet were in South America, where Emmet had business interests. His mother had her own money and the trust Pelham Seymour had set up for her at the time of their marriage. So the money was Peter's, handed down automatically, like the Seymour estate overlooking the Potomac. What property Pelham Seymour held in England was Peter's as well. He would dispose of it quickly and get out and forget this skeleton in the Seymour cupboard.

Princes Wyvern was around, a corner of a narrow road, walled in on either side by ancient red brick. You could miss Princes Wyvern if you weren't looking for it. There was a station, a couple of pubs, a couple of churches, and a few small shops, nearly hidden by great beeches and plane trees.

Mr. Avlward met Peter in Mr. Aylward met Peter in the quiet offices above a poul-terer's shop on Princes Wy-vern's one street. From the reversed lettering on the win-dows Peter gathered that Ayl-ward and Aylward were estate agents as well as solicitors. Mr. Aylward was a spare man in his early fifties with thinning grey hair, a cropped moustache, and hair, a cropped moustache, and strady blue eyes.

He asked what Peter's plans were, and Peter said, "To clear things here. Then I'm go-ing back to America."

What about Baron's Hall?"

Mr. Aylward said.
Peter raised his brows.
"What is that?"
"Your father's place. Yours

"Sell it," said Peter. "I have no interest in it. I suppose my father left his mistress provided

for."
Mr. Aylward's face did not

for."

Mr. Aylward's face did not change, but his eyes were as frosty as his voice. "You must not say such things."

"Why not? It's so."

"It isn't," Mr. Aylward said quietly. "I was your father's friend. I am Mrs. Tredworth's friend and Diantha's. I know better than village gossip."

"They lived together for ten years, didn't they?"

"They did." Mr. Aylward's lips closed in a thin line. He said, "In appearance you are very much like your father. A younger version. He was a fine man, all things considered."

Peter met Mr. Aylward's eyes. "Including how he treated my mother and me?"

Mr. Aylward got up. "There are things" he said, and stopped. "You intend to sell Baron's Hall. It is a large property. It won't be easy."

"Break it up. Sell it for what it will bring. It's just a house and land, isn't it?"

"A lot of land. Three farms, as well as Baron's Hall and the Dower House. Baron's Hall

"A lot of land. Three larms, as well as Baron's Hall and the Dower House. Baron's Hall hasn't been lived in since the war. You can't staff such places nowadays. Your father

piaces nowadays. Your father lived in the Dower House." "With his—with this Mrs. Tredworth and her daughter?" "Yes. I can sell the land easily enough; the farms as well. But not the Hall."

well. But not the Hall."
"That's your job," Peter said, getting up. "You make the arrangements. I'll sign authority over to you."
"You won't be allowed to take the proceeds out of England."

That's all right. You can bank the money for me. Some day I'll come over with my family—when I'm married and have one—and spend it."

Mr. Aylward said nothing. Peter said, "I want to see my father's grave, and I want to meet Mrs. Tredworth. When you and I settle the paper work

I'm going back. That will be the end of it. This whole business is not something I want to remember."
"Bitterness—" Mr. Aylward began, and Peter cut in to ask, harshly, "Why shouldn't I be bitter?"
"And your methor?"

I be bitter?"

"And your mother?" Peter explained, "is happily married. She has long stopped loving my father. But I was just a kid. I admired and looked up to him. I can't forgive him. I wan to forget him, if I can. One way is to get rid of everything that ties him in with what happened. Shall we go?"

Mr. Aylward did not say anything until they were in Peter's car, and Peter had started it rolling up the street; then the solicitor said mildly, "You're on the wrong side of the road."

the road."

Peter braked and looking into the rear-view mirror and swung the car to the opposite side. He said, "Sorry It takes some remembering that everyone's out of step but the English."

"W."

lish."
"We'll probably come to changing," Mr. Aylward said equably. He gestured. "Take the road to the right. The Parish Church is down the

ane."

The churchyard was small and quiet, overhung with trees. To one side stood the Norman church with its square tower. Peter stood looking down at the spot where his father lay.

Peter's ever stone All the

father lay.

Peter's eyes stung. All the love he had had for his father welled in him. He thought of the big, handsome man, so strong and so adept, whether in the way he had ridden a horse, or hit a golf ball, or handled a sail. So sure of himself in his strength and beauty; so demanding of perfection that he could be ruthless with a litter puppy that did not measure up. A man of high standards—yet a man who had done something despicable, wholly impossible to understand. stand.

After a long moment Peter turned away. In the car again,

To page 76



save the day for you. Those days which so many girls dread (and don't they always happen to come on 'special date times or when you simply have to look your best?) And it's all very well for people to say "walking is good for you at such times". No girl who suffers is going to agree with that!

The thing to remember is, there's usually no need to suffer at all at these , not if you take 'ASPRO'. The times . Page 74

way 'ASPRO' takes away pain is utterly amazing! So quickly, so surely.

There's no wondering with 'ASPRO' once you've tried 'ASPRO' you know quite definitely it will take pains away in its own very special soothing manner.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 19, 1956



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THE HOUSE OF FRAGRANCE . LONDON . MELBOURNE



"FORBIDDEN WOMAN"

he drove as Mr. Aylward directed. They ran along a tall brick wall, whose color had faded to a rose pink. Mr. Aylward said, "The gates are on your right, just ahead." They were tall, wrought-iron yatrs hung on souars stone pil-

They were tall, wrought-fron gates hung on square stone pillars. The gravelled road swung hetween all beeches that marked the green lawns. As Peter slowed the car a dog came toward them, tail waging, an old dog that limped badly. Peter said, "Whose dog

is that?"
"Tress? She was your father's."

father's."
Peter said thinly, "He certainly must have changed. He'd have done away with a cripple like that long ago."
Mr. Aylward said gently, "Your father was much older than when you knew him. He probably had changed a great deal."

The dog loped beside the car, a dog with a setter's lovely head and shining black Gor-don hair. The road split at an intersection. The main part don hair. The road split at an intersection. The main part went on towards a great house that Peter could glimpse through huge oaks. Mr. Aylward said, "We turn left," and Peter saw the Dower House, set on a small rise with a flagged terrace and flower beds. It wasn't a small house, not by American standards. It was of red brick below, timber and plaster above, with a heavy slate roof, brick walls.

Peter left the car in the driveway. As he got out the dog came to him, tail wagging tentatively, eyes almost human in their pleading. But perhaps because the dog was associated with his father, Peter said gruffly, "Get away."

He hadn't been aware of Mr. Aylward. He heard the older man say, "Go on, Tress."

The dog limped slowly across the terrace, lay down on the warm stone. The black oaken door opened. A grey-haired woman made a slight curtsy and held the door wide.

The hall was cool and pol-

woman made a slight curtsy and held the door wide. The hall was cool and pol-ished, reflecting the light from china and brass and bric-a-brac on the narrow oak shelf

that ran around the room.

Mr. Aylward said, "This is Mrs. Broker. She and her hushand take care of the Dower House. They live in the gate lodge."

Mrs. Broker made her curtsy again as Peter said, "How do you do?" He followed

He followed Aylward into a bright sitting-room with bayed windows that looked out upon the green lawns. Peter asked, "How many rooms are there in this house?"

"Let me see . On this floor there are two sitting-rooms, dining room, and breakfast-room, plus the kitchen and scullery. Upstairs there are four more bedrooms, two bathrooms."

"And only one house ser-vant? Or does the man help as well?"

as well?"

Mr. Aylward said, "I told you. Servants are scarce. But Enid and Di have always helped." As Peter nodded, his lips twisting, Mr. Aylward said. "My wife does her own cooking. Few of us have more than daily help nowadays. England has changed since before the war."

has changed since before the war."

"I never knew it." Peter said carelessly, "so I'm not in a position to be aware." He said, "A nice room. Are Mrs. Tredworth and her daughter here?"

"They will be in shortly, It's almost teatime." Mr. Aviward turned his head. "In fact, here they are. There's no mistaking the sound of their car."

Peter could feel the faint chatter of uneven valve tappets. He said, "My father's car? That?"

"There's a new town car in

car? That?"
"There's a new town car in

the garage," Mr. Aylward said dryly, "There'll be no difficulty in disposing of that, unless you'll want to take it back to

"No, thanks," Peter said.
He could hear a clear, light
voice speaking to the dog. He
faced the door of the sittingroom, standing tall and still, waiting. This was what he had come for, more than anything else to see this woman who had stolen his father from Amy Lee

Bonsard.

He heard a clear, very Enghish voice say, "No, Tress. Outside, darling."

It was a young voice, and
it was a girl who came to the
door. She stood there a moment, looking at Peter, before
she moved inside. A girl of
suchteen or nineteen with pale ment, looking at Peter, before she moved inside. A girl of eighteen or nineteen, with pale gold hair curling about a fair-skinned face and wide, violetulue eyes. A girl younger even than her age. Too plump, perhaps, and still awkward. A girl who looked at Peter, her red lips parted, and then blushed painfully.

Peter's eyes moved from the girl to the door. This was the daughter, Diantha. But it was the mother he wanted to see. And suddenly there was someone else in the doorway: a tall, beautifully proportioned woman in a heather suit. She appeared taller than her daughter. Her hair was the same

Her hair was the same golden color, her eyes the same violet-blue, but there was no comparison between them. For Mrs. Tredworth was beautiful.

HE inherent appreciation of beauty in Peter made him acknowledge that this was a woman to turn the head and capture the heart of any man. He could understand his father's defection, but it made him only the more re-

made him only the more re-sentful.

Mr. Aylward was speaking.

Mrs. Tredworth bent her head, her eyes on Peter. Her eyes were perhaps the loveliest of her features. Peter could not say what it was that was most striking in their expression. A

striking in their expression, a deepness; a quiet.

She was different from his mother. Younger. A woman still in her thirties, if he was any judge. Not so pretty as Amy Lee had been, but more beautiful. As she came tobeautiful. As she came to-wards him, Peter was aware of a pain in him, the more bitter because of this woman's

bitter because of this woman's loveliness.

Mrs. Tredworth's voice was low and calm. She said what Mr. Alyward had said: "You're very like your father." She didn't hold out her hand.

Peter said, "I'm his son, after ail."

"Yes." For a long moment she looked at Peter; then she asked, "Has Broker brought in your bags?"

Mr. Aylward said, "Mr. Seymour was not sure he would be staying."

in your bags?"

Mr. Aylward said, "Mr. Seymour was not sure he would be staying."

Peter said, smiling past the bitterness in him, "Of course I'm staying. If I may."

Mr. Aylward frowned, but Mrs. Tredworth said in that same level, soft voice, "It is your house, you know." She did not turn her head. "Di, dear, tell Broker to bring in Mr. Seymour's bags. He'll have the south room." Her eyes met Peter's. "It was your father's room. That is all right?"

"Yes." Peter saw Diantha go from the room. Mrs. Tredworth sat down with an infinitely graceful movement, as the grey-haired Mrs. Broker wheeled in a tea-tray.

As Peter sat down in a damask-covered armchair hethought it was just what one would expect of England. Green lawns and trees, a graceful house, and tea served by a beautiful woman. This was what his father had chosen.

He glanced at Mr. Aylward and then at Mrs. Tredworth. Not his father's mistress? It was odd if she hadn't been.
Diantha came back as Mrs. Tredworth poured the tea. She sat down, with a quick look at Peter, and he saw the color touch her fair skin once more. He got up to take the tea Mrs. Tredworth prepared for him. He chose a cake from the tray. It was rich and satisfying.

Mrs. Tredworth said, "The Aylwards and Dr. and Mrs. Somers are coming to dinner. They were your father's friends, Mr. Seymour. We were a very small circle. They would like to meet you."
"That will be nice," Peter

"That will be nice, Peter said.

Mr. Aylward got up. He said, "I'll be getting back."

Mrs. Tredworth rose, too, and went with Mr. Aylward from the room. Peter crossed and helped himself to another cake. He said to Diantha, "It's a lovely place. The Dower House."

She said quickly in that clear voice, "It's where the mothers moved when the heir married and brought his new wife to the big house."

"I know. And the unmarried daughters accompanied her. It

daughters accompanied her. It would be a fine solution in the States. Too many young people having to live with their in-

having to live with their inlaws."

He smiled down at Diantha,
and saw her blush again. Mrs.
Tredworth came back into the
room. She said, "If you don't
mind, I'll go up. Show Mr.
Seymour his room, Di. Then
perhaps he'd like to be shown
the grounds and the Hall."

"I'd like that," Peter said.
Mrs. Tredworth added, "We
dine at seven. The others will
be coming for sherry a little
past six. We don't dress for
dinner, Mr. Seymour."

She went from the room, and
Diantha said, "It's this way."

She led him past the stairway and indicated a door. "I'll
be waiting when you're ready."

"It won't take me long to
change," Peter said.

* He closed the door of the room behind him. It was very 'He closed the door of the room behind him. It was very still inside, powdered with sunlight. A big room with a low four-poster and Georgian furniture. The curtainings were colorful. Underneath the bay windows were shelves of books. Peter had the sense of a woman's touch, but no sense of his father's presence at all. There were none of the things he remembered in his father's rooms at Seymour on the Potorooms at Seymour on the Potorooms. ne remembered in his father's rooms at Seymour on the Potomac. Nothing that was truly masculine, either. And there were no pictures, save the hunting prints on the walls. No photographs. Not one.

There was a large bathroom off the bedroom. His father's presence was there in the

photographs. Not one.

There was a large bathroom off the bedroom. His father's presence was there, in the solid-gold toilet articles that Peter's great-grandfather had purchased in Russia long before the turn of the century. Peter lifted one of the brushes, and felt his heart harden in him.

him.

His bags had been opened: his things put away. He changed to slacks and a shirt and moccasins.

Diantha was waiting for him in the hall. She got up as Peter came toward her, opened the hall door, and went out on to the terrace. The dog was lying there, her brown eyes fixed on Peter.

Peter went down the steps with Diantha beside him. She said, "May she come?"

For a moment Peter nonplussed. Then he le nonplussed. Then he looked around and saw that Tress was standing on the terrace, look-ing after them. There was something in the dog's attitude that made Peter's lips tighten

GLAMOUR AND GLASSES

By MARGARET MERRIL

Today there is no need for the girl who has to wear glasses to imagine that her looks must leave her sitting on the shelf for the rest of her life. Frames nowadays are designed to flatter all types and are in a myriad of colours. Today, they are considered a fashion accessory. Why not choose a casual pair for daily wear and a party pair, a-sparkle with colour and gaiety.

gaiety.

Is your face oval? Then all shapes and types will suit you. For a round face there are gay harlequin types with square lower rims, while a girl with a square face should choose frames which are upswept from rounded lower rims. If your face is piquant and pearshaped, iet the top of your glasses follow the natural line of your brows, while the lower rim can be rounded or square. The girl with a diamond-shaped face should choose glasses with width at the outer edge narrowing as they come to the bridge. Choose your style carefully and have fun with your next pair of glasses.

Remember, nevertheless, your eyes, despite glasses, must be unwrinkled and glamorous, so protect every night with your OiL OF ULAN, patted gently on to the lids.

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PAN AMERICAN

"FORBIDDEN WOMAN," by Alec Rackowe

He gestured. The dog came bounding, great plumed tail

Diantha said warmly, "She's a silly clot

ouch a silly clot."

Once with them, Tress became demure, limping along with great dignity close beside Peter as they made their way across the lawn towards the great lane of beeches.

great lane of beeches.

Diantha said, "I thought you'd like to see the Hall. It's loveliest at this time of day."
"Is it in good shape?"
"Oh, yes." There was a lilt in her voice. Peter felt that she

n her voice. Peter left that she
gras fighting some emotion; that
er young girl's sensitiveness
eas warring against a need for
inglish self-containment. She
cash' so different from girls
e had known on Cape Cod
nd in Virginia and Maryland.

The beeches threw dappled shade, then ceased as they approached the Hall. The lawns began, gave way to formal gardens, and then to

formal gardens, and then to terraces.

Baron's Hall was Georgian, of the same rosy, faded brick that composed the lower part of the Dower House. Peter stopped and looked at the Hall. Its beauty caught at his heart. Beside him Diantha was still, and Tress lay down close beside Peter's feet and rested her head on her shining paws. "How old is it?" Peter asked.

"More than two hundred."

"More than two hundred

"Whose was it?"
"The Mordants' Lord Mordant was killed early in the war. The death duties took almost everything. The estate had to be sold."

'And my father bought it?'

There was something in the way she uttered the mono-syllable that made Peter ask,

"Did you like my father?"

She was facing the Hall. "I didn't know him very well."

"After ten years?"

"I was away at school most of the time." She said, "I have

the key."

In the vast hall their footsteps echoed; there was little in
the way of furnishings, and
where the pictures must have
hung there were faintly lighter
shadings on the damask walls.
There were large aittingrooms in green and rose-pink
and blue. What furnishings
and left were covered with and blue. What furnishings were left were covered with

The divided staircase led up in a great sweep. The ball-room was huge and empty. "A museum piece," Peter said. "This belongs to another age."

"No one can afford to live te that in England any more. That's why so many houses like this are being turned over to the National Trust."

"For American tourists to gawk at. Well—maybe this place will be, too."

lace will be too."

He had expected her to be booked, but all Diantha said as, "I imagine that would be est. It's too lovely to let go

to ruin."

Sunlight shimmered on the water of a pond. Peter said, "Are there fish?"

"Coarse fish. Yes."

"Hardly what my father would have cared for. He was a great fisherman. Don't fell me be used a rod there."

"I think he did, now and

That hint of stiffness was in her voice. Peter thought, "Why shouldn't it embarrass her? It was her mother, after all. She couldn't have helped know-

They walked around the Hall, cut back again across the lawns to the Dower House. There were several outbuildings. Part of what had once ings. Part of what had once been the stables were garages. But there were no horses, no dogs. Peter thought that his father had been, indeed, a dif-

ferent man than the one he re-

membered.

Tress followed them wherever they went, staying close beside Peter. At the door of the Dower House the dog lay down again on the warm stones.

Peter looked down at Diantha. "Thanks," he said.

Her eyes were shy.

Peter added, "Isn't it dull for you here?"

"Oh, no, I like it. There are always lots of things to do. Walks and tennis."

Walks and tennis.

Walks and tennis,
"And friends?"
"Oh, yes. Robin Somers is coming this weekend."
Peter thought, "The boy-friend?" He looked down into her face and saw the color rising there again. He said, "Who is he?"

'Dr. Somers' son. He's at

"Dr. Somers son. He's a-Cambridge."
"One of the circle?"
She did not answer that, and Peter asked, "There's only yourself and your mother? Your father?"
Diantha's voice was clear:
"Daddy was killed in the war.
In 1940. I don't remember

40. I don't remember I was only four." She

But when she arrived, the room became but a setting for her lovely presence. Like Diantha, she wore blue, but you were not aware of the dress, only of the woman. Her calm, deep eyes met Peter's as she accepted the glass of sherry Mr. Aylward brought her. Soon a white-coated man appeared in the doorway to say, "Dinner is served, ma'am." Mrs. Tredworth set down her glass unhurriedly. She said. "Do let's go in."

Peter found himself sitting

Peter found himself sitting Peter found himself sitting at the shining, oblong Sheraton table with its silver and crystal. He had been placed at one end of the table, facing Mrs. Tredworth at the other. The rest were at the long sides, three on one, Diantha and Dr. Somers on the other.

Peter felt that they were all trying ever so hard to be nice to him. He didn't want them to be. He couldn't understand them. It wasn't as if his father had been royalty, with his irregularities ignored because of the for: the fact.

Peter looked at Mrs. Tred-orth and thought, "He could



"Hope the roast isn't as tough as the last one."

"My name is Peter," he said. Her violet eyes met his for a long moment. Then she went inside, and he heard her soft "Yes-Peter."

He did not join the others until well after six. After he was dressed, he had stood by the french doors looking past the terrace to the lawns.

the terrace to the lawns.

The beauty of his surroundings was upon him, but it did not mitigate the bitterness. He knew what he was going to do. He was going to get rid of this place. He didn't care what plans the Tredworths had made, or what it would mean to them. He had no obligation of any kind to this woman who had caused his mother hurt. He had wanted to see her; he had. That was all there was to it.

When Peter came out at last, the others were gathered in the sitting-room across the hall from the one where he had been received. He saw Diantha first, in a blue dress. Mr. Aylward was there, and two older women and another man; this man, rosy-faced and bald, with a fringe of grey hair, must, Peter was certain, be Dr. Somers.

Mr. Aylward made the presentations. Peter thought that, on the surface, this gathering was very similar to those he was used to at home. The women were smart and good-looking; the conversation was pleasant and cultured. But the inflection of their voices made him very much aware of where he was. It made him look at these people coldly, remembering that they had been his father's friends and had condoned what he had done.

Peter only half listened to Avlward made the

Peter only half listened to what they were saying. He was waiting to see Mrs. Tredworth again, to see if at second sight she might not appear less beautiful.

have married her. Since he didn't, how can these people treat her as if she were above reproach?" But he felt, too, that it would not matter to Mrs. Tredworth how anyone treated her. She was too self-contained, too far removed. He had the feeling that she was armored in her beauty. Peter knew that he could not touch her; that he had no power to hurt her. her.

Peter thought, "I can't blame Dad for falling in love with her." He frowned, and felt Diantha's eyes upon him wonderingly. There was pain and anger in him, but the pain was deepest. If he could visualise the woman he sought for himself she would be like Diantha's mother.

Then had their coffee in the

They had their coffee in the sitting room. Diantha went to the piano and began to play softly. Peter knew that she wanted him to come to her. He could feel it. But he was not in the mood. the mood.

Broker brought a small ble. He turned back the table. He turned back to leaves to expose a green-felt top. Mrs. Tredworth said, "Do you play bridge, Mr-Seymour?"

Seymour?"
"Seldom," Peter said; which was untrue, but he did not want to play cards with these

people.

The three women and Mr.
Aylward sat down. Dr. Somers
came to sit beside Peter. In
the florid face his hazel eyes
were benevolent, "You've not
been in England long?"

"A week."

been in England long:
"A week."
"You've finished your school-

You've finished your school-ing?"

Peter flicked him a sideways glance. "Didn't my father tell you about me? Such as he knew?"

Dr. Somers considered his cigar. "Your father never spoke of the past."

"I can understand that,"

spoke of the past.
"I can understand that,"
Peter said thinly.
Dr. Somers said slowly,
"You are very young. It is
difficult for the young to be

tolerant, parfticularly topped, and then said, "Time war, many things change people. In some ways your father was an utterly impossible person, but he was a fine man, for all of that. He's dead now." He said abruptly, "My son Robin is at Cambridge, He'll be down for the weckend. You were at a university

also?"
"Harvard." "Ah, yes. There are quite a few American men at the colleges, Robin tells me. You've done your National Service?" "Army. I was in Germany until last year."
"I see. Robin did his in the

until last year."

"I see. Robin did his in the Navy before he went up to Cambridge. They'll be having May week shortly. Early in June. Perhaps you'll go up."

He replied. "I don't think I shall be here that long."

The rubber was over. Dr. Somers got up to sit in. Peter went out on to the terrace. It

Somers got up to at in. Feece-went out on to the terrace. It was not long until he beard the soft strains of the piano cease. He stood looking out into the fragrant dark, knowthat Diantha would come, He thought impatiently, "Such a dumb little bunny; so naive vulnerable.

and vulnerable."
When she came, Peter was smoking a cigarette. He offered his case, but Diantha shook her head. She stood beside him on the terrace, and then she sank the terrace, and then she sank down on the steps and folded her arms about her knees. Peter had a feeling that she was happy, happy with everything, with the place, with himself. He could feel the pull of the place as well.

place as well.

It was Diantha who said at last, "They're leaving," and got to her feet. Peter went with her into the sitting-room again. The Aylwards and Somers were taking their leave of Mrs. Tredworth. "Enid," they called

Tredworth. "Enid," they called her.

When the others were gone. Peter waited for Mrs. Tredworth to say something that was personal. She didn't.

He was sore at heart as he prepared for bed. He turned out the lights and lay in the dark. This was where his father had slept. This was his bed. Peter told himself, "PII arrange things with Aylward and leave at once. I don't care what happens to her or Diantha." Diantha."

He was tired, but he could not sleep. When he first heard the sound he was not sure where it came from; then he realised it was from the terrace.

Peter sat up. There was someone there. The mother or the daughter? Peter's lip curled as he swung his long legs from the low bed and went to the french doors. He pulled one of them back. The cool air of the night swept in. There was no one on the terrace or on the lawn beyond.

Peter closed the door and

on the lawn beyond.

Peter closed the door and went back to bed. He knew he had not been mistaken. He had heard someone there. He sank back against the pillows and heard a sound again, only this time from close beside him. A soft, uneven thumping.

It came to Peter, then. He said softly, "Tress?"

He felt the silken head thrust against his hand. She must have slipped past him when he had opened the door. He heard the low sound the dog made; its pleading was unmistakable. He said, "Oh, all right, then. Come on up, you silly clot."

He felt her soft weight and warmth alongside his thigh. He put his hand on her head, and it came to him that Tress was used to being in this room, to being with his father. It was something Peter could not understand — that his father would have tolerated this

Continued overleaf





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"FORBIDDEN WOMAN," by Alec Rackowe

cripple; but there were so many things he could not under-stand.

The silkiness of the dog's head, the way she nestled her muzzle against his chest, as if she were offering love and compassion and understanding, sne were on the solution of the compassion and understanding, broke Peter's composure. He felt his eyes prickle with tears, he felt that he was nine again, his father gone from them, forever, it seemed. He turned on his side and held the dog close to him and asked, his cheeks wet, "Oh. Dad, why did you have to? Why?".

It was raining when Peter woke. A soft, mistlike rain that ceased while he was dressing, leaving only a haziness that was already beginning to burn away when he went out on to the terrace. Tress slipped away, and Peter breathed in the clean verdant odors.

erdant odors.

felt calmer than he had

He felt calmer than he had yesterday, but otherwise he had not changed his mind in any way. He was going to have Aylward sell Baron's Hall and all that was his, and as soon as the necessary papers were drawn, Peter would leave. As Dr. Somers had said, his father was dead sow. Let the past slide into the years.

Diantha was in the breakfast room when Peter went down the hall. She turned her bright face to him. "Good morning, Peter." Her voice was breathless, as if she had been thinking of what she would say to him. "Broker didn't bring you tea. Your dather never had it. He had coffee with his breakfast. Do you take coffee?"

Peter said, "I take coffee."

Diantha motioned toward the silver dishes on the side-board. "There's porridge and coid cereal there. Would you like some bacon and eggs, or kippers?"

"Just coffee and toast. Fruit juice, if there is anv."

kippers?"

"Just coffee and toast. Fruit juice, if there is any."

"Fil get it." She sped away. Peter turned as Enid Tredworth came in. She did not smile, but her voice was gentle as she said, "Good morning. Is Diantha seeing to your breakfast?"

Is Diantha seeing to your breakfast?"
"Yes." She was as lovely as ever. Peter hardened his heart against her beauty. He said, "Shouldn't you and I have a talk, Mrs. Tredworth?"
Her serene eyes met his. Her voice was quiet as she said, "There is nothing for us to talk about."
"I am going to get rid of

"I am going to get rid of this place."

this place."
"I know. Mr. Alyward told me. I think it is wise."
Diantha came in with the tray. She set it down at the place that had been laid for Peter. But he stood looking after Mrs. Tredworth, who had turned and gone from the room. It was not until Diantha said, "Your toast will get cold," that Peter became aware of her.

cold," that Peter became aware of her.

He sat down, saying, "Have you had your breakfast?"

"Ages ago." She said, "Do you like your coffee black? I brought hot milk."

"Black, please." Peter took a piece of toast, butter, and jam. Diantha poured the coffee. She sai down and looked at him with great eyes. She said anxiously, "Are you sure that is all you want? It is a long time until lunch."

"I never have anything more." Peter looked at her. Against the beauty and serenity of Enid Tredworth he had felt at a loss, like a boy; but here

at a loss, like a boy; but here with Diantha he was a lord

with Diantha he was a loru and a master. She said, "It's going to be a marvellous day. Really warm. Would you like to—to see the countryside?"

Peter said idly, "It might be fun. What do you suggest?"

Her eagerness was unmis-

Her eagerness was unmis-takable. "Box Hill? We could take a lunch."

He told Diantha she could drive when Broker brought the lunch basket, and her obvious pleasure and humble gratitude pleasure and humple graduus-somehow annoyed him. Tress came to them, and when Diantha said anxiously. "Td better lock her in She'll try to follow," Peter said, "Oh, let her come along" He opened the door and said, "Get in, idiot,"

opened the door and said,
in, idiot."

He saw the way Diantha
looked at him as she said,
"She is, isn't she? Such a
silly old clot." She couldn't
hide the tremor in her voice.
Why, he thought, the kid was
simply spilling over with
affection. She was so young,
it was appalling. Peter
shrugged inwardly "What's it shrugged inwardly. "Wha to me?" he asked himself

to me?" he asked himself. From where they parked the car it was still a long climb, but the view from the top of the hill was worth it. Peter sat down and looked out at the varied greens of the countryside spread below them. Diantha sat down beside Peter while Tress went roving. The sun was gently warm and there was no breeze.

The sun was gently warm and there was no breeze. Diantha said softly, "Tell me about America, Peter." It was in her voice. She meant; "Tell me about you."

PETER speaking, idly watching the scene below, thinking that so many people had known this loveliness. That his father must have known it well, perhaps he had been here with Mrs. Tredworth. He looked at Diantha's shining blue eyes, so like her mother's. He got up and said, "Let's walk."

After a time they went to the

up and said, "Let's walk."

After a time they went to the car and got the lunch basket, brought it back to the brow of the hill. Peter ate heartily. Tress sat quietly, like a true lady, and disposed of everything she was offered. Diantha repacked the basket, and Peter lay down and watched the floore check. repacked the basker, and reter lay down and watched the fleecy clouds move slowly across the blue sky. There wasn't a sound from Diantha. It was he who rose and said at last, "I guess we'd better

go."
He heard her say, "Yes," but when he looked down she was still sitting there. He reached out his hand and felt her fingers tremble as they curled about his. He drew her to her feet. Her violet-blue cyes looked up into his. He put his hands on her arms and leaned forward.

It was a mere reflex action

leaned forward.

It was a mere reflex action on his part, but her lips, meeting his, were soft and trembling, eager in their response. Peter felt a revulsion of feeling. He pushed Diantha from him, not too gently. He said, "Haven't you ever been kissed before?"

before?"
Her voice was a whisper.

"Yes."

"Then what are you making a production out of it for? Pretty girls always get kissed on an octasion like this."

She raised her eyes to his. Her face was so white Peter could see the faint dusting of freekles. She looked as Tress might if he had kicked her.

He said roughly, "How old are you?"

are you?"
"Nineteen.

"Time you got wise to your-elf. Time you grew up. You're not a kid any more . . . Let's

On the way back, Diantha On the way back, Diantha did not say a word. She sat deep in the bucket seat, her head averted, and when Peter drew the car up before the Dower House she got out and ran inside. Peter was angry with Diantha; not pleased with himself. He let Treas out, and drove on into Princes Wyvern, It was almost five, but Mr. Aylward was still in his office. Peter said, "Can't we speed

this thing up? I want to get back to America. There's no reason for me to hang around

"It takes time to prepare papers," Mr. Aylward said slowly. "I hope to have everything ready for your signature at the beginning of the week." "That's fine. You'll tell Mrs. Tredworth?" "I have told her." "I have told her." "I mean—get rid of everything. I'm taking my father's toilet articles. I don't want anything else. There weren't any clothes, I noticed." "Your father asked that the vicar have them for the poor. That's already been done. I trust you approve."

Peter said savagely, "I don't

That's already been done. I trust you approve."

Peter said savagely, "I don't approve of anything. Surely you can understand that? I don't get any of it—not what my father did, nor how you all condone what he did."

Mr. Aylward said almost wistfully, "One has loyalties to one's friends, even when one doesn't approve. I'll let you know when the papers are ready, and you can come here and sign them."

"And there are to be no claims," Peter said. "I want that understood."

"You mean on Mrs. Tredworth's part? There will not be any. I shall have a release prepared for her to sign at the same time. She can come with you, if she will. Is that all right?"

"That's fine," Peter said, and went out of the dusty office.

right?"
"That's fine," Peter said, and went out of the dusty office and down to the car. When he got to the house, Broker opened the door for him. The man said, "At what time will you dine, Mr. Peter? The ladies won't be dining at home."

home."
Peter said, "Seven will be fine. I don't want much."
He dined in solitary state, with Tress at his feet. He wished it were four or five days from now and he was gone.

Robin Somers came the next Robin Somers came the next afternoon. Peter had not seen Diantha at breakfast nor her mother. He went for a long walk through the great park, and when he got back he saw the tiny, ramshackle car. It was at least twenty years old, if not more—painted a violent green, with little left of its upholstery.

To fill the hour-that is happiness.

—R. W. Emerson.

Peter went around the house to the flagstoned terrace and found them lunching there. Diantha did not look at Peter as she introduced Robin. Peter saw a lean, tall boy with a luxuriant full beard. It was glossy, darker than Robin's dark brown hair. The beard looked ludicrous on his young face; for he was younger than Peter, not more than twenty-two to Peter's twenty-four.

The way Robin's eyes went to Diantha made Peter think, "He's in love with her."

Robin Somers was very friendly and almost shyly admiring. He asked about Harvard and told Peter about Cambridge. Diantha didn't join in the talk, and when Peter looked at her he met a steady violet gaze. He thought, "All right. So you hate me now. You didn't like my father. Don't like me, either. No reason why you should."

He and Robin talked of many things. But Peter felt that there was one subject on which he would get nowhere: the subject of his father. Loyalties, Mr. Aylward had said. Peter went around the house

Even when you knew your friend had done something low-down, you didn't desert him.

friend had done something low-down, you didn't desert him.

They played tennis after lunch. Peter and Broker marked the grass court behind the vegetable garden, while Diantha went with Robin to the Somers' house so that Robin could get his things and pick up an extra pair of tennis shoes for Peter.

Peter played Robin a set that was no contest. Against Peter's booming service and low placements Robin was powerless. Peter won at 6.0. Robin said ruefully, "You're much too good for me. I guess you're the sort of American who's good at all sports."

There was acceptance in his voice. It grated on Peter. Seymour men always went out to win; always did things better than other men. He wondered if his father had let up on his ever fierce determination to excel.

Robin stayed for tea, and it was Robin who suggested they go to the flicks, as he called the movies, and then have a sandwich later at the Boar. They went in Peter's car. In the movies Diantha sat beyond Robin, who was in the middle. It made Peter smile thinly. When they got back to the Dower House, Peter said good night and went to his room, leaving Robin and Diantha together. But it was not long before he heard the clatter of the green car departing. Peter Dower House, Peter said good night and went to his room, leaving Robin and Diantha to-gether. But it was not long be-fore he heard the clatter of the green car departing. Peter opened the french doom knowing Tress would be there.

He was impatient for the weekend to be over, for the arrangements for the disposal of Baron's Hall to be made. He would be in New York in time to make plans for spending the summer.

Peter did not see Diantha

spending the summer.

Peter did not see Diantha
nor her mother at breakfast,
but there was quite a gathering for lunch. The Aylwards
and Somers', Robin and the

The Reverend Mr. Ebsley was a big man in his thirties. He gripped Peter's hand, and his eyes were kindly. He said, "I hear you play a fine game of tennis. I used to play a bit myself."

myself."
Robin murmured, "Just an Oxford blue."
"A long time ago," Mr. Ebsley said. "But perhaps I can extend you a little. Ed like the chance."
The vicar was good. Peter forgot everything for the time being in the joy of the contest between them. When it was over, Peter went quickly to the net to shake the vicar's hand. "If you were in form you'd have taken me easily."
The vicar wiped his streaming face. "Wonderful tennis."
He beamed. "The best I've had in years."

ing face. "Wonderful tennis."
He beamed. "The best I've had in years."
They walked to the side lines. Peter saw Mrs. Tredworth behind the tea table. Her eyes met his, and it all came back to him. He looked quickly away.

He was tired that night. It was a question of which ached worse, his muscles or his heart.

Peter did not go to church with the others the next morning. He went for a walk with Tress instead, came back, and had a solitary lunch. Tomorrow he would go in with Mrs. Tredworth and sign the papers, and leave right afterwards. He did not see Mrs. Tredworth. Robin came to tea and to take Diantha to Evenstong. Robin invited Peter to go with them and then to have supper at the Somers', but Peter said he had to pack.

The fine weather broke that night. It was raining softly when Peter got up and let Tress out. A quiet, almost impalpable rain. Peter packed his bags, left them on the polished floor. When Broker brought

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Peter's breakfast to the break-fast room, he said, "Mrs. Tred-worth will be ready when you are, sir. Shall I put the top n the car

Peter saw Diantha as he cent down the hall. She was a the larger of the sitting-soms. She sat beside the win-lows, quite still. She mur-sured something when Peter id a polite goodbye, but did or get up.

Mrs. Tredworth came out on the steps as Peter drew the r up before the door. She wore a raincoat but no hat. Peter got out to hold the door for her, then slipped under the wheel, and sent the car

was very much aware of beautiful woman beside He was very much aware or e beautiful woman beside m. There were a hundred ings be wanted to say, but tightened his lips. As they tered the road, narrow like the English secondary all the English secondary roads, Mrs. Tredworth said in her quiet, echoing voice, "Don't be bitter, Peter. There has been too much of that, al-

It was the first time she had addressed him by his Christian name. It made Peter's words the more harsh as he said,

name. It made Peter's words the more harsh as he said, "You can say that to me?"
Unconsciously he pressed harder on the accelerator. Mrs. Tredworth said, "I don't mind if you take your feelings out on me, but it isn't fair to punish Diantha. I've nothing to reproach myself for. If I could tell you..."

broke off. She said, Watch out-

"Watch out—"
A big truck had swung around the curve. An American Army truck in olive drab. It was in the middle of the road. was in the middle of the road reter swung the wheel to the ride. He swung it far over, but astinctively he swung, not to he left, but to the right. Just efore the car smashed head-n into the looming lorry, eter felt Mrs. Tredworth's mrs go about him, draw him lose...

Peter was aware of rain misting the windows on the other side of the room. His head whirled. He could not see clearly, but he knew it was not his room at the Dower House. There was someone

"FORBIDDEN WOMAN," by Alec Rackowe

streaming window. His eyes would not focus properly, but he was sure it was Enid Tredworth. He felt a wave of thankfulness go over him as he looked at her, the golden hair, the checks with faint hollows of loveliness.

It all came back to him: the way the lorry had loomed; the way he had swung the wheel the wrong way; the way her arms had gone about him, protectively. He wanted to call out to her, but he was sinking. out to her, but he was sinking into a softness that would not

When Peter woke again the rain had ceased. He could not think very clearly, but he knew he had been pretty badly hurt. He'd probably had a foul concussion. It was quite possible that it wasn't the day after, that it was a couple of days after the accident, at least.

He looked toward the win-dow, but Enid Tredworth was not there. He could feel that he was strapped and bandaged, and his head felt muzzy. He figured that they had given him some shots: that was why he felt so queer. He wished Enid Tredworth had been there. He wanted to tell her . He was not sure what it was that he wanted to tell

her. The The next time Peter awakened he recognised Dr. Somers, standing with a woman in a blue uniform.

He tried to speak. It was the sister who noticed.

Dr. Somers bent over Peter. He said, "With us again, ch? That's good. Just take it easy, young feller."

Peter said, "Where is she?"
He did not hear his voice and he knew he had not uttered the words. He tried again.
"M-Mrs. T-Tredworth. She was here. All—right, isn't she?"

Dr. Somers spoke after a moment: "Enid? Yes, lad. She's all right. Don't try to talk."

His florid face was indis-tinct. "You take a nap. The police have been waiting to talk to you. Just a formality,

you know."
"M-My fault. Forgot I was in England."
"Yes. You sleep now."

There was a sharp pain somewhere in Peter. He was not aware of making any sound, but he felt the tiny prick of a needle and drifted off. There was a comforting thought. Enid Tredworth was all girls. He couldn't forcest all right. He couldn't forget the feeling of her arms press-ing his head to her soft body. When he next awoke, fully conscious, the sister was fuss-



ing over him. Peter said, "I'm all right." The sister smiled. She went out of the room.

She wasn't gone long. She came back with Dr. Somers and a man in blue uniform and cap. A police officer, Peter was sure

was sure.

The sister pushed a chair beside the bed. The police officer sat down and whipped out a book. Dr. Somers said, "Don't tire him, Crandall."

"I won't, sir." He looked at Peter. "It's for the record, sir. We have to make an investigation after an accident."

Peter said "It was yet fouls.

Peter said, "It was my fault. The— the truck came round the turn. I was going pretty

fast. I forgot I was in England, not America. I s-swung to the right." He was surprised to find how exhausted he was from the mere effort of speak-

Crandall said, "Quite so,

"Look, it was my fault. The fellows in the truck. Were they-?"

they—?"

He couldn't finish, but the inspector said, "No one was hurt, sir. Your car cannoned off the lorry into the wall."

Peter sighed with relief. None of the men had been hurt, and Enid Tredworth was all right. He was the only one who had taken a bashing, and it served him right. He ought who had taken a bashing, and it served him right. He ought to have been on the alert. But Enid Tredworth had been say-ing something. What was it? She'd said. "isn't fair to punish Diantha. I've nothing to reproach myself for, If I could tell you..."

He didn't want to think of Diantha. He'd been pretty hard on the kid. . . .

hard on the kid.

He heard Dr. Somers say,
"I think you've all you need,
Inspector. It was an obvious
accident, due to lack of experience in driving under our
system. There's no reason at
all why we have to be the
only people in the world to
drive on the left side of the
road."

drive on the left side of the road."
"My fault," Peter murmured. The voices swept over him. What had he been thinking about? Diantha. He'd kissed her and she'd started making a production out of it. Well, he'd done her a good turn. It would stiffen her; make her take her silly little heart off her sleeve, Make her look round. See Robin. Good guy, that.

But her mother. Enid. He should hate Enid, but he couldn't. What Seymour could hate beauty? She'd put her arms about him. She'd tried to protect him. When he saw her he would tell her he didn't hate her. It was his father who had done the wrons. A woman had done the wrone. A woman

had to follow her heart. A real woman. Not a kid like Diantha

Peter drifted off to sleep, and awoke, and slept again. He had no sense of time.

Then one evening he awoke, in the long twilight, hungry. He saw the bell button on its He saw the bell button on its rubber cord pinned to the coverlet. He reached for it. His hand would not obey, and he looked at it. It was white and thin, and Peter thought, shocked, "I've been here a long time. I must have had a real knockout." time, I n

It scared him a little, but he was all right now. He was sure of that. He had a bit of a headache, but that would be the result of the concussion. It would go away after a time.

The sister came in, and he said, "I'm hungry, nurse. What about a steak?"

She was a pleasant, round-faced girl. She smiled at him. "I'm not sure of the steak, sir, hut we'll give you a meal. First but we'll give you a meal. First you'll have a bit of a wash and brush up."

"A shave, maybe?"

"A shave, maybe?"

Peter grinned and raised his hand to his cheek, and then he stared at the sister. There was hair on his cheeks; soft and silky to the touch. He felt his face carefully. A full beard. He'd been there a long time and they hadn't shaved him. His face. and the His face

He said, his voice shaking, "Did—did I smash up my

The sister said quickly, "Oh, no, sir. We just didn't want to disturb you more than was necessary — that's why you weren't shaved. I'm sure you

weren't shaved. I'm sure you can have the hairdresser in any time you wish."

Peter closed his eyes in relief. It was something he instinctively dreaded: the fear of an accident that would disfigure him.

He thought of his mother.

He thought of his mother. Had they told her? It would only send Amy Lee into a tizzy. It would bring her and Emmet

on the run, and he didn't want that. He didn't want his mother to see him like this.

The sister brought him tea and an egg. It wasn't the steak he had asked for, but even so it was a job to feed himself. He wouldn't let the nurse help him, though. He was finishing the last of the tea, and the twilight was fading when he saw Mrs. Tredworth come into the room. She stood for a moment in the doorway as if unwilling to come farther, and then she moved to him. She stood looking down at him, and Peter saw that it wasn't Mrs. Tredworth; it was Diantha. worth; it was Diantha.

saw that it wasn't Mrs. Tredworth; it was Diantha.

She was so changed that at first he couldn't be certain. But after a moment he knew it was Diantha, not her mother. When he had seen Mrs. Tredworth at the window there had been no doubt. This wasn't Enid, though Diantha's face had thinned down so that the hollows, like her mother's, showed; and her cyes were shadowed.

Peter thought, "I guess it gave her a shock. Her manner's grown up. It suits her. She's not such a kid." He smiled up at her. "Did your mother come with you?"

"No. She—she's gone away."

Peter nodded. "Now that I'm out of the woods," he told himself. Mrs. Tredworth had probably got a terrific shaking up. He should have asked her when she had been here before. He said, "I wanted to thank her for coming and to tell her how sorry I am. She tried to

when she had been
He said, "I wanted to thank
her for coming and to tell her
how sorry I am. She tried to
protect me, you know."
Diantha was silent.
Peter said, "I've been here
quite a while, haven't 1?"
"Yes."
"Yes."
"In Princes

"No. In Dorking," There was something in her roice was something in her voice that made Peter think, "She's still mad at me. Well. I don't blame the kid." He said, "How long? A week?" Diantha answered, "A lot

"It's June, then?"
"Yes. Quite late in June."
"For Pete's sake!" Illogically,
the thought of Robin came to

Continued overleaf

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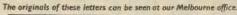
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YOUR BABY

difficult

ABOUT

MILK?

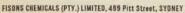
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EVEN WHILE YOU WORK





"IFIT'S FAULDINGS — IT'S PURE"

"FORBIDDEN WOMAN"

him. His fingers touched the silky beard. "Did you see this? Just like Robin's, isn't it?"
"A lot, yes."
The room was almost completely dark now. Peter remembered something that had bothered him. "Look, Diantha; your mother didn't get in touch with mine, did she?"
"No. No one did. We didn't know where to reach your mother."
Peter breathed his relief.

Peter breathed his relief.
"That's all right, then. I wouldn't want her to know."

Diantha was silent. Peter was suddenly annoyed at the dark. There should be a light-cord just above his head. He started to shift himself to a better position. The pain came, then—like a roaring torrent. He wasn't aware that he screamed. A light bloomed. He heard Enid—or was it Diantha?—call, "Sister!" Through all the pain he felt fingers take his arm. There was a coolness on his skin and a faint pricking that Peter flinched from. The pain started to recede, and in the blessed relief he closed his eyes; but the taste of fear was in his mouth.

WHEN he could see clearly again there was morning light coming through the windows, and a nurse was sitting beside his bed. She said, "Good morning, sir."

morning, sir."

Peter did not answer. Fear was upon him as if it had never left him. He moved his fingers, moved his arms. He wriggled his toes. He felt that they had moved, and yet he was conscious that the bed-clothes did not stir. He put his fingers against his leg. There was no sensation.

Peter swallowed. He moved,

There was no sensation.

Peter swallowed. He moved, and pain touched him. He set his mouth. The nurse was looking down at him. He said, "I want to see the doctor."

He closed his eyes. Someone came in, but it wasn't Dr. Somers. Peter jerked away from the fingers that took his wrist. He said sharply, "I don't want any more dope. I want to see Dr. Somers. Is that clear?"

"Yes. He'll be here shortly. Relax if you can, Mr. Seymour. The more rest you get the better it is for you."

The morning light was strong when Dr. Somers came. He looked at the chart as Peter stared at him; then, with a nod of his head, dismissed the sis-

ter.

He moved a chair to the foot of the bed, where he faced Peter. His eyes were serious. "Now, what is it, 1.4.2"

Peter said, "I want to know. Give it to me straight, Doctor. I'm smashed up?"

"You were. A bad concussion; a fractured pelvis. That's what's giving you all the pain. You're young, though. The bones are knitting nicely. The pain will get less and less."

"I can stand the pain," Peter said. "It's my legs. There's no sensation in them. They're injured, aren't they?"

The doctor shook his head. "They're not injured. The injury is in the pelvic region."

"The voctor snoos ins head, "They're not injured. The injury is in the pelvic region."

Peter felt sick. "I'm paralysed below the waist. Is that it?" He felt that his voice was rising. "Tell me. I've got to know." as rising.

Dr. Somers stood up. He said slowly, "At the moment there is a complete paralysis." At the moment! You mean it will clear up? You promise that?"

that?"
Dr. Somers said, "I can't promise. I hope it will, but I can't promise. Better men than I have been in to look at you. It's too early to be

That's all they can definite.

Peter raised his arm to shield his face. He said, "A cripple. Oh, no?" Dr. Somers' firm voice said,

"Peter—"
"No," Peter said. "Go away.
"Ter me alone."

"Peter—"
"No," Peter said. "Go away.
Let me alone. Let me alone."
He kept his arm across his
eyes. He thought, anguished.
"Oh, God, why didn't You let
me die?"
Dr. Somers came back the
next morning and sat down
again at the bedside. Peter
did not look up. He had refused to let them use the needle
again; when the pain came he
had forced it down.
He had slept in snatches, his
mind going round and round,
coming out always at the fact
that he was paradysed, that he
would never walk again. The
Seymour men had always
prided themselves on their
strength and their completeness; now he was to be a
cripple.
Dr. Somers said briskly,
"You've had a night to think
about it. About the dark side.

ripple.

Dr. Somers said briskly,
"You've had a night to think
about it. About the dark side
of it. Now you should begin
to think about the other side."
Peter tried to laugh. He
couldn't. "What other side?"
"Getting better."
"So that I can be a healthy
cripple?"
"What clse is there?"
"You know what clse there
is," Peter said grimly.

HERE was such a long silence that Peter glanced up at last and found Dr. Somers looking down at him strangely. The doctor said, "That's up to you. When you get out of here you can do yourself in if you want. It's my job to get you as fit as you can be. Lying in bed is not good. It's dangerous."

"You mean I'll die. So what?"

"It's my job to see that you live. You're mending nicely. I want you out of here. I want your muscles built up."

"The ones that will work, hey?"

"The ones that will work, hey?"
"The ones that will work. The state of your mind is beyond me. That's up to you." His face got more deeply florid. "Not far from here there are better men than you who lost the use of their limbs in defence of you and me. If you've got any courage at all, you can try to face what they have accepted."

Peter thought, in shaking

Peter thought, in shaking anguish, "They're not me. They're not Seymours." But he did not speak.

he did not speak.

Dr. Somers went on, quietly now: "I'm going to have you moved out of here in a day or two. To the Dower House. You'll be better off there. It's going to be a long convalescence for you. You'll need physiotherapy, and you'll need physiotherapy, and you'll need physiotherapy, and you'll need to help those who'll help you."

Peter did not say anything, but he thought, "She'll be coming back, Enid." He felt again her arms about him, protective. He wanted to look at her, talk to her. He felt that Enid Tredworth was the only one who could help him, who could understand.

The vicar came that after-

The vicar came that after-noon. Mr. Ebsley's face was shining and bright above the turned-about collar and grey broadcloth. He said, "I hear you're going back to the Dower House. You'll do well there."

there."
"Yes, We'll be playing ten-"Yes, We'll be playing tennis again in no time, won't we, padre? You'll have your revenge on me. Or haven't they told you that I'll never walk again?"

The same look that had been in Dr. Somers' eyes was in the vicar's blue ones. Peter

said grimly, "Are you here officially? If so, save it. I don't need any religious pap."

Mr. Ebsley said gently, "You need faith, Peter,"

"Faith? After what has hap-pened to me? Faith in what?"

pened to me? Faith in what?"

"Who else but God is there
to sustain you? Or any of
us. Faith in the only thing
that brings acceptance."
Peter set his lips.
The vicar said, "There is always hope, Peter."

"For what? Miracles?"

"Even for miracles. Have
faith in God and in yourself.
Ask of Him. He will help you,
lad."

Peter snorted. The vicar took a book from his pocket and opened it. Peter said sharply, "I'm in no mood for praying. I asked to die. I'm still alive, if you can call it that."

can call it that."

Mr. Ebsley said, "I pray as much for myself as for you.

We all need comfort in a world such as this. You needn't listen if you don't want to. Fil go away if you say."

Peter shrugged. Mr. Ebsley's spice was doen and single.

Peter shrugged. Mr. Ebs-ley's voice was deep and sin-cere. The words he read made Peter writhe inwardly. What good was it? What good was he? Never to hit a tennis ball again, never to ride a horse. Not even to walk!

Mr. Ebsley closed the book.
He said, "Is there anyone you want me to get in touch with?
Your people—"
"No!" Peter said explosively.

"I don't want my mother to know. Not yet. She—she couldn't take it."

"Are you sure?" Mr. Ebs-ley asked gently, and Peter said, "I'm sure. I'm very sure, I don't want her to know."

They took him to the Dower flouse in a white ambulance. He couldn't see anything until the attendants carried him out on the rubber - wheeled stretcher. Then Peter saw the green and smelled the scent of roses. He heard Tress whine, but he could not see

whine, but he could not see her.

It was Diantha who was in the room he had left so long ago. She spoke to the sister who remained when the men were gone. Her voice sounded like her mother's, Peter thought tiredly. He said, "Let Tress stay."

There was sunlight and there was rain. There was the nurse to attend him. There was the nurse to attend him. There was the physiotherapy woman who came in Exercises for his arms, a rubber ball for his fingers. Peter listened silently to what was said to him. He slept in naps that did not refresh him. He lay awake most of the night, with his hand on Tress' silky head.

Tress was the only one he wanted. He refused to see any of the others. Sometimes Dr. Somers came. The nurse was there, and often when he awoke he was sure that Enid was in the room, but when his eyes cleared he saw that it was always Diantha.

He opened his eyes late one There was sunlight and there

alwavs Diantha.

He opened his eyes late one July afternoon when the cuck-cos were ealling monotonously in the still heat. Enid was sitting in a deep chair beside the window. Her eyes were on him. As his mind cleared Peter knew it was Diantha, and all of a sudden he knew it could not be Enid.

He said, "She's dead, isn't she? I killed her."

Diantha had risen. She stood tall and quiet, so very much

Diantha had risen. She stood tall and quiet, so very much like her mother, "It was an accident."

"She put her arms about me. She tried to protect me—and I killed her."

"You didn't."

Peter went on unbandicals.

Peter went on unheedingly,

To page 82





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Porce 81

LIFETIME

"She wasn't hurt. She died instantly."

Peter said, "Let me be alone. Please."

Please."

She went through the open doors out to the terrace. And her graceful figure was as slim as Enid's had been. "No wonder she's changed," Peter told himself accusingly. "I've done this to Diantha; to Enid and to myself." He thought, "Why didn't I die, too? Oh, God, why weren't You merciful?"

why weren't You merciful?"

He didn't see Diantha the rest of the day. When Dr. Somers came the next morning, he looked down at Peter and said, "We're going to get you up today. You can use some sunlight. It will do you good to be on the terrace. We've a wheel chair for you. You'll get used to it. Good exercise for your arms and hands." The hazel eyes were watchful. "Do you want a hairdresser in to take off that beard?"

No."

"All right. It's getting a little ragged. We'll give you a mirror and a pair of scissors. You can trim it yourself."

Broker wheeled in the chair after lunch. Peter's lips were tight as Broker and the nurse slid him into it from the low

bed.

Broker wheeled him out on to the terrace. The sunlight hurt Peter's eves, bus its warmth was kindly on his face. After a while he could open his eyes. He saw that Tress had come on to the terrace. Her shiny black plume waved slowly. She came toward the chair, She did not sailf it She lay down and rested her head on the footrest beside Peter's feet.

feet.

He was quite alone, save for Tress. He looked down at the chair he sat in. The wheels that could be turned by handles on the inside. It wasn't a new chair; it had been well

Peter thought, "As if they couldn't have got a new one for me. You'd think they'd had it around, just in case."

He tensed. He thought of the way they had eased him off the bed, As if the bed had

"FORBIDDEN WOMAN," by Alec Rackowe

been purposely made low, so that getting into a wheel chair would be easier.

would be easier.

Peter looked at Tress' shiny head, resting on the footrest as if it was something she had done hundreds of times be-

He turned his head and called. The sister came. Peter said, "I want to see Miss Tredworth."

"Is there anything I—?"
"No. Miss Tredworth, I

DIANTHA came along the garden path and on the terrace. Peter set his shadto the terrace. Peter set his lips and met Diantha's shad-owed violet gaze. He said, "This isn't a new chair. It was my father's, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

When when did it hap-

"When when did it happen?"
"I don't know. Before we came here."

Peter stared at her. "But my father had bought this place when my mother saw him at the Savoy. "He closed his lips, remembering what his mother had said: "He was sitting behind a desk when I came in. He didn't get up."

Peter said, bewildered, "But

Peter said, bewildered, "But he wasn't badly wounded. He was out of the hospital. Dis-charged, Was it an accident afterwards?"

"No. It must have been an aftermath of his war wounds. It came on him suddenly. A total paralysis below the waist. Unmendable."

Peter's mind could not grasp it. "But why didn't he let us know? Why—?

let us know? Why.—?

"Why?" Her voice had been quiet, but now it was deep and stormy and her eyes were almost black. "You ask that? Because he was your father. Because he thought only of himself; just as you think of yourself. Because all he could think of was that he had been big and strong and all-

conquering, and now he was a cripple. He couldn't bear to have you or your mother see him, pity him. Rather than that he renounced you both. He hid himself away, cut himself off from everything he had known, in fear of your pity."

"But we loved him. We-"Yes. And he loved you, too. That's what made him utterly despicable. But you Seymours are all like that, aren't you?"

We wouldn't-

"We wouldn't—"
Diantha was too wrought up
to heed him. "You're no difierent. You can't bear to think
of what has happened to you.
Like him, you wallow in selfpity. You wouldn't let your
mother be told—not because of
her, but because of yourself.
Because you couldn't bear to
have her see you less than perhave her see you less than per-

As Peter stared up at her,
Diantha said, "I hated him for
what he had done to his
family, for what he had done
to you. That's why, when you
came..." She broke off, her
lips trembling. "I despised him
I despised him. as I despise you, because you're just like him."

She stood over him, wan, incredibly lovely; incredibly like her mother, and then she walked away.

Diantha did not come again Diantha did not come again that afternoon, but Dr. Somers did. Peter was huddled in bed. He looked at the older man with dazed eyes. Dr. Somers sat down somewhat heavily. "I'm glad you know. Diantha told me. It seems incredible, like some monstrous joke."

Peter said stonily, "Why wasn't I told about my father?"

Dr. Somers said, "It's obvious, isn't it? He made us
promise not to tell you, or anyone. For ten years he'd kept
his secret from everyone who
had known him. He never
left the grounds. We didn't
approve, but he was our friend,
and our lovalty was to him. and our loyalty was to him. He was dying and he asked us

What-what did he die

"A malignancy. It had nothing to do with his paraly-It had

Peter closed his eyes. He remembered what Enid had said: "I have nothing to reproach myself for. If I could tell you..." She hadn't been able to tell him, because his father had sealed her lips. She had died knowing he hated her for taking his father from them. for taking his father from them. Peter knew now that Enid Tredworth had never been his father's mistress. He thought, achingly, "If only I could have told her that I didn't hate her. I tried to, but I couldn't."

Dr. Somers was looking at m sombrely. Peter said, him sombrely. Peter said, "Ten years. He was more than twice as old as I am now. So that's what I have to look forward to?" he added savagely.

Dr. Somers got up wearily. "Peter, let me ask Mr. Ebsley to come and visit you."

PETER demanded, "Why? So that he can yak at "Why? So that he can yak at me about putting my faith in God and His bounty? After this happened to me—and to Enid?" His hands clenched convulsively. "I'll help myself. I'll lick this on my own. It was my fault; if there's anything to be done. I'll do it. If I'm ever to walk again I'll make it possible; no one else."

Robin came the next day. Diantha brought him to the terrace and left them alone Robin was a little shy with Peter, but after he'd brought a mirror and Peter had in-spected his beard, Robin joined in Peter's dour laughter. Peter felt Robin's beard; felt his own, which was silkier to the touch.

He helped Peter trim the beard. Peter insisted on hav-

to promise. What else could ing it pointed. Satanic. "More we do?"

Peter was ready for the physiotherapist when she came the next day. There was nothing much to be done about his legs, but he could build up his arms and torso.

The therapist said, "I'm glad you've decided to help your-self. I can't come very often; there are so many cases I'm needed on. You can do more on your own than I could ever do for you."

"Just tell me what to do," Peter said.

There was a trapeze attach-ment over his bed, so that he could shift himself and exercould shift himself and exer-cise his arms and shoulders as well. In time he would be able to slide himself in and out of bed and the wheel-chair, dress himself. Mean-while, there was Broker to help, and the sister, though she was leaving soon, since there was such a shortage of nurses.

Peter quickly learned how to use the wheelchair. He piloted it around the room, with Tress somewhat fearsomely lying across his useless legs. That was something, he knew, that his father had not done.

Peter did not see much of Diantha. He was giad of that. Diantha. He was giad of that. But he thought about her, and one day as July gave over to August and rain set in, he got tired of the chill greyness of his room and wheeled himself down the hall and into the small sitting-room. Diantha was sitting before the fire, mending some linen. She raised her head and looked at Peter. He said, his lips firming. "You see said, his lips firming, "You see I'm getting along."

Diantha did not speak.
Peter wheeled the chair around
to face her, with the fire between them. "You've told me
a lot, but you haven't told me
everything."

Her needle glinted. Peter said, "I want to understand about your mother and my father. Tell me about your

mother. Your father was killed in the war. How did Enid and my father meet?"

my father meet?"

For a moment Peter thought Diantha was not going to answer; then she said, "My mother married my father in 1935. She was eighteen, and he was just twenty-one. I was born the next year. My father had a secretaryship to a Member of Parliament, but when war came he gave up his job and went into the R.A.F."

Her needle was still Realized.

into the R.A.F."

Her needle was still flashingher head bent. "My mother
volunteered for hospital work
as the war came. My father
was killed in the Battle of
Britain, leading his squadron
in a dogfight over the Channel. They heard him say over
the wireless, 'Carry on, you
chapa. This is it. Ive had it.
Tell Enid I'll be-' That was
all. They didn't see him go
down; they were scattered.
They never found him or his
plane."

plane."
Peter's eyes were dark with

pity.

Diantha's quiet voice went on, "I think my mother died with him, but she didn't give up. There was a job to be done, and she had a part in it. She became a full-time war nurse. I don't know just where she came across your father, but it was at the end of the war.

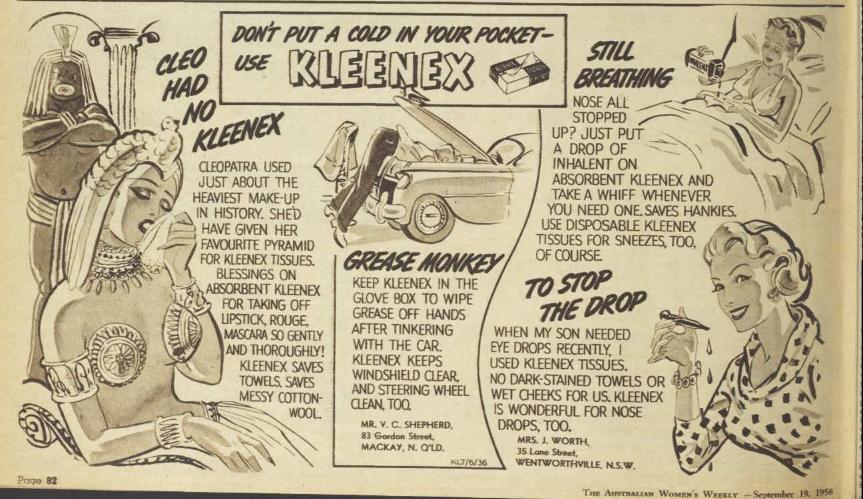
out it was at the end of the war.

"Perhaps she'd met him when he was in hospital. I only know that he was in a nursing home after the paralysis hit him. He didn't want to get well. Mother fought him through that In her way she fought to make him live for all the ten years we were here. Your father didn't mind me. He only objected to pecule who He only objected to people had known him—before." "Yes," Peter said. "But

had known him—before."

"Yes." Peter said. "But my father and Enid? Didn't he care for her? How could he have helped it? And he was free for most of the ten years."

Diantha put down her sewing, but she didn't look up. Her voice was thin as she said, "I don't know what you thought. Two people can't live together for that length of time without a bond growing up between them. My mother



"FORBIDDEN WOMAN," by Alec Rackowe

ould have married him. I'm

why

Diantha did not answer,
"All right," he said. "We
won't talk of that again. We
won't talk of the past. What

gre your plans?"
Diantha looked at him quarely. "Are you going back to the States?"

of the States?"

"No. Not yet." He flushed.
"It isn't because I don't want
anyone I know to see me. It's
because I have a job to do,
and this is the best place for

"It's my job, too. To help

Peter said roughly, "I don't need vou. I don't need anyone. There's the sixter—"She'll be going soon. Broker has his own work to do. You can't do everything for yourself. It's what my mother would want me to do. Besides, just now I have nowhere else to go. It will be a way of earning my board and lodging until I find somelling else."

hing clsc."

Peter was so furious he shouted, "I killed your mother. Do you think I can make to make the make t ever pay you enough to make up for that? I know you des-pise me, but what sort of swine do you think I am? And my father wasn't that way, either, no matter what you think."

His whole body shook with anger and weakness. He felt the tears spring to his eyes, and turned the handles of the chair wildly to send himself from the room. He heard Diantha cry, "Peter . ." but he paid no attention.

She came to his room later, before supper, to tell him that the sister would not be com-ing after the end of the week.

e did not apologise. Peter nodded. "That's all

Diantha said, "I can take her place. My mother taught me. I've done some nursing."

me. I've done some nursing."

"That's all right," Peter said again. He looked up at her, his jaw hard. "Just one thing: You don't have to needle me. I'm going to lick this thing, as far as it can be licked. I won't lie down and quit, so I don't need any prodding with sharp words."

"I—I'm sorry." Her face was white.

"I-I'm sorry." Her face was white.
"Skip it. When Mr. Aylward comes I want to see him alone."
"You're not coming out to your supper?"
"No. I have it here."
He watched her go. He thought, "The sooner I make it the better. Then I'll go back to the States."

Mr. Aylward listened to what

Mr. Aylward listened to what ster had to say. He shook s head. "Diantha will never Peter had accept anything."

Peter said patiently, "She has a suit against me because of the accident—and it won't be me that will pay, but the insurance company."

"Yes, I'm in touch with the urance people on that mat-

Peter said firmly, "I want her to have Baron's Hall. I'll arrange an income for its main-tenance."

Diantha will never ac-

cept."
Peter shut his mind after that to everything but the day at hand. He did not look to the past nor to the future. He worked at his exercises until the strength came back to his muscles, until he could do practically everything for himself. There was little Diantha had to do. She kept out of his way as much as possible, and Peter told himself he was glad of that.

September came. Peter fished sometimes in the pond, where Diantha or Broker had helped him to wheel himself.

He came back to play chess or bridge, to listen to the wireless or look at TV. His body was growing strong, all but his legs, yet the bitterness in him did not lessen. He did not accept; he refused to accept.

Sometimes when he woke in the quiet of the night he thought he could feel a ringle of life in his legs, but when he pressed them with his fingers there was no response. Still the feeling stayed with him. He wanted to walk. He wanted to get up and go on, on his own—without Diantha or anyone to help him or to on his own—without Diantha or anyone to help him or to hover. He didn't want either their pity or their care. Peter woke from a light sleep one night to feel the familiar tingling in his legs. There was a great impatience upon him.

a great impatience upon him. He felt that he only needed to swing his legs from the low bed to stand and walk.

Tress stirred as Peter threw back the covers. He managed to get his feet to the floor, and

to himself, "I've made Diantha what she is; changed her so. God forgive me."

God lorgive me.

He wanted to lie there, with his head against her warm body, but he said, "I'm all right. I think I can make

He put his hand on the floor, bracing himself. Diantha got to her feet, bent to aid him. His free hand reached for the bedpost, caught it. He drew his torso up on to the bed, and Diantha lifted his legs. She bent over him and her voice trembled. "You're sure you're all right?"

Peter said quietly, "I'm all right. I won't try anything stupid like that again. Go back to bed, Di."

She hesitated, and Peter said, "Go on. Please, Di."

The vicar came into Peter's room after lunch the next day. He said, "There comes a time when, even if you are not wanted, you have to come.

him. Di says so. But he wouldn't. Why?"

"For the same reason that he wouldn't let you know what had happened. For the same reason that made him drive your mother out of his life. That most deadly of sins: Pride."

Pride."

Colin Ebsley threw up his hands. "If you only knew how I argued with him. I told your father, time and again, what I thought of him. I told him that pride, to me, is the rottenest of pretensions, the most snobbish attitude there is. I tried to show him the distinction between being proud and having pride."

Peter sat ailent his even

and having pride."

Peter sat silent, his eyes shadowed and thoughtful, as the vicar went on: "I couldn't shake his overweening, hateful pride. Your father loathed his broken body. His pride refused to permit him to reveal his imperfection to those who had known him before. It is why he acted as he did toward your mother. He thought she could not help comparing him with the man who became your stepfather.

"He could not stand the

your stepfather.

"He could not stand the thought of that comparison, and that is why he arranged that sinful farce at the Saoy. He knew that Emmet Landruff had always loved your mother, and that she would turn to him to give herself and you a normal life. He excused what he had done to you by telling himself that you would have a better life without him. Oh, yes, he told me all about it." all about it."
"Yes," Peter said achingly

"And it was his pride that made him refuse to ask Enid to marry him. He preferred to look upon her as a nurse and companion, rather than have to look upon himself as the half-husband of a beautiful woman. Pride, Peter; stupid, mean, self-wounding pride— for let it not be forgotten that, hard as he was upon every-one in his life, he was hard-est upon himself."

Tress was lying, her head on the footrest. Peter said, "Yet there was Tress."

The vicar smiled. "Yes. There was Tress. It was something I never spoke of to him, for I knew it would anger him. but not convince him. Tress was one love that your father could accept without any loss of pride. Tress could not speak, but I am sure he often spoke to her."

The vicar said gently, "Peter, does pride mean to you what it did to your father? Are you going to let it ruin your life as it did his?"

Peter said thoughtfully, "I hope not, padre. I'm a Seymour, I can better understand how my father felt than anyone else. I've felt like that these past weeks — like going away somewhere and hiding in a dark corner away from everyone. I know just how he felt."
"He was wrings and work."

one. I know just how he felt."

"He was wrong, and you would be wrong."

"Yes. I guess so. Mother loved Dad. She loved him with all her heart. She would have continued to love him and tend him. He had no right not to trust her love and mine. He should have let her know."

"You haven't," the vicar said pointedly.

"You haver said pointedly.

said pointedly.

"I haven't been able to think straight. I'll write her tonight. I won't tell her everything about myself just yet. I can't. It would be like—like giving up hope, and I refuse to do that. But one day I'll tell her the whole truth about me—and about Dad. I think she can take it now, and forgive him."

"Yes," The vicar came with outstretched hand and grasped

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"Only one of my children turned out bad!" with the aid of the bedpost he pulled himself upright. He stood for a moment, his heart beating wildly; then he made a forward step. His legs crumpled under him and he fell to the floor heavily.

He lay there, stunned, while Tress whimpered and licked his hands and face. He tried to get up, but he couldn't.

He began to draw numerators the floor with his arms, feeling the dead weight of his legs and hips holding him back. He moved a foot or two and then collapsed. Pain He began to draw himself and then collapsed. Pain coursed through him; he knew that he was going to faint.

When he came back to con-sciousness Diantha was there. She was beside him on the fisor; his head was on her lap and she was weeping. She was crying as if her heart would break, her hands over her face. She wore only a thin dressing-gown over her night-gown; her hair was a golden cloud.

Peter thought, his heart sick within him, "I'm making life unbearable for Di and for all of them. I won't let them help me, and I can't help my-self. No one can help me."

And yet one had to seek aid. Peter had a terrible yearning, like a cry inside him.

He was aware when Dian-tha sighed deeply and raised her head. Something in Peter melted. He thought, "I love her. She's Enid all over again, and I loved Enid." He said THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 19, 1956

Diantha came to see me this

Peter said, "All right. I thought I could do it on my own. I can't. There's nothing to be done. Perhaps I'm being punished for being my father's

Mr. Ebsley said, "Rubbish.

Mr. Ebsley said, "Rubbish. It's a most amazing and shocking coincidence. Otherwise, there is no parallel."

Peter said, "You knew about my father, didn't you?"

"Yes. We all knew. We were all bound by the promise he extracted from us. It was an entirely emotional act that doesn't bear looking into. I was opposed to it, but I agreed, as the others did. He was dying then."

Peter felt the old hurt well him. "But he wasn't dying I the ten years."

The vicar got up to walk to the window. He turned and said, "My dear fellow, from the time I came here I fought your father, back and forth, all over the place, and got nowhere. He didn't mind talk-ing things over with me but ing things over with me, but I could get nowhere with him. Not about your mother — it was too late to do anything about that. Your mother was married. But there was you, and there was always Enid."

Peter looked.

Peter looked up. "How could he have helped loving

could he have helped loving her?"
"Ah," the vicar said softly.
"How could he have, indeed? I think he did, Peter. I think your father loved Enid very much."
"She would have married

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"FORBIDDEN WOMAN"

Peter's. "And you, lad? Let God and this pretty futile servant of God help you. No man is sufficient unto himself."

"I wish you would," Peter said. "I know now that I cannot go on alone. Maybe I can find faith to—to sustain me. I know I need patience and humility and acceptance."

October was a lovely month. It grew cold, and the fires were wonderful to sit by. Robin Somers went back to Cambridge, came down for weekends. Diantha sat by the fire, and now it was Peter who looked at her when he thought she wasn't aware. He told himself sternly that the time for thinking of her as he was thinking was past. There was Robin for Diantha. He must get out of their way.

Peter had written to his mother about the accident. He asked her not to come. He was all right and he would be

mother about the accident. He asked her not to come. He was all right and he would be coming home soon. He would meet her and Emmet there.

He had completed all his arrangements with Mr. Aylward. When he was gone Diantha could decide what she wanted to do with Baron's Hall. The Dower House was her home; he couldn't think of it without her presence.

One weekend Robin came over for tea. He and Peter took up a chess game where they had left off the previous week. Diantha came in from

Peter sat there, at once tremu-lous with hope and sad at heart, because he dared not raise his eyes to Diantha's lest she see what was in them

she see what was in them.

The strength and feeling came back slowly to Peter's legs. There were crutches at first; there was the need to learn all over again the art of walking, even with their aid. The leaves fell and the bare branches made dark traceries against the twilight sky.

Peter worked at the parallel bars that had been set up in his room. He did the exercises the doctors prescribed. He began to be able to take a few steps with the aid of sticks, with Tress hovering anxiously about him. He knew at last that he would walk again, freely, and that it was time to go.

He did not tell Diantha. He He did not tell Diantha. He told Robin one November afternoon when the wind whipped the leaves over the lawns that were still green. Diantha was in Dorking, shopping. Robin had just driven down from Cambridge and had stopped by before going on home.

Robin said, "Dad tells me you're getting on famously.

"Fine." Peter lowered him-self into a chair in the small sitting-room and put aside his

Peter said tensely, "What on earth are you talking about?" Robin blinked. "I mean, Di loves you, Peter. It's no secret."

"She detests me," Peter said, his throat tight.

A look of shy obstinacy came into Robin's face. He didn't speak, but he shook his head slowly.

slowly.

After Robin had left, Peter sat on, his hand on Tress' head. Robin couldn't be right, but Peter had to know. It was time he put everything in tidy order before he went. He stood up, and he could stand without the sticks. He could even take a step or two. It would get still better, He felt a deep thankfulness and a sober gratitude.

Peter heard Diantha return.

He was standing by the fire with Tress at his feet when she appeared in the doorway.

Only when the firelight bright-ened the room and Diantha looked the way Enid had, so very long ago. Slim and lovely.

She come into the groom and

She came into the room and said, "It's cold and getting colder, Didn't Robin stay for tea? Broker says he was here."

here."
here."
He had to get home,"
Peter said quietly.
"Shall we have a light?"
"No." Peter moved slowly toward her. He heard Diantha

gasp.
"Peter, you—you're walking

"Peter. you—you're walking without your canes."

"Yes. I'm walking." He could not see her face, only the shine of her eyes. He said, "I'm pretty much all right now. I'll be better as time goes on. I'm leaving for America next week."

Diantha was silent, but Peter saw the way her hands came together. He said, his heart pounding, "I'm not fool-ing myself. One of these days-years from now—this may come back at me, but I'll never cry out again nor act as my father did."

Diantha's hand lifted. Diantha's hand lifted. Peter said. "I'm telling you this because it's only right that you should know. Because I have to tell you before I can ask you to throw in with me for good. I love you and I need you, Di, but that's no reason why you..."

Her can exhand in the comm.

why you..."

Her cry echoed in the room.

She ran forward, and then, her arms held him. She said, "Be still." he still." Her body trembled as it had trembled that day Peter had kissed her on Box Hill. It no longer made him angry with her for wearing her heart on her sleeve, for spilling over with affection.

It was the way it should

It was the way it should always be with a woman who was all woman, who loved and wanted to be loved. Peter held her to him, holding to her as much as he held her, and that was right, as well.

Her hands were against his cheeks; her lips sought his. Peter said, "You'll come with

me?" "We'll come back, though,

course." There was so "Of course." There was so much he wanted to say. He hoped there would be years enough in which to say all the things that clamored for expression. He held her close, seeing her face inexpressibly lovely in the warm light of the fire. He thought, "No Seymour ever found a lovelier woman."

There was a dull, slow beat of sound in the quiet room. Peter did not need to look down to know what it was. Tress' plume thudding against the carpet as she lay there watching them with loving

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The drive home for Simon Elvedon, handsome publisher, on this rainy November night begins in the same way as it has done a thousand nights except for the purchase of some flowers.

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Through this accident Simon is forced to make the decision which marks a turning point in his life.

There is delicate, sensitive writing in this fascinating novel, a brilliant study of a middle-aged married manwho falls in love with another woman.

house chore and stood watching the game. She said,
"You'll have to stop when tea
comes. We had to throw it all
out last time. It's wasteful."

Robin nodded, poring over the board, plucking at his beard. Peter put his fingers to his own. Diantha was looking into the fire. Peter wondered what she was thinking. He wished she would smile. She never did any more.

never did any more.

Tress was lying beside Peter's chair. She raised her head and whined as if in sympathy with his thoughts. As Robin said, "Your move," Tress sat up on her haunches and pawed at Peter's legs, insisting on his notice. Peter sisting on his notice. Peter said, "Ouch! Get down, you clot," and swung his chair round to face the table.

Robin was looking at him oddly. Peter stared back, and then his heart leaped. He put his fingers to the spot where Tress had pawed him. Diantha had turned from the fire, her face white. white.

Peter said, "I—I can feel when I touch it. There's sensation in my leg!"
Robin said, "That's what Dad's been hoping for that the nerve might recover in its own good time."

Peter best his head feeling.

own good time."

Peter bent his head, feeling for Tress' soft ears. He did not dare to look at Diantha. He thought, "God will let me walk again. However little, He will let me stand on my feet once more."

e more."
'I'll call Dad," Robin said.

sticks. "Look, Robin; I'm get-ting ready to push off home." "To America?"

"Yes. I'm making over Baron's Hall to Diantha. Has Mr. Ayiward told you?"

Robin frowned. should be tell me?"

Peter said bluntly, "You're in love with Diantha. You're going to marry her when I'm out of the way and things can be normal again. You'll live here. I want you to—both of you."

you."
Robin said in that shy, off-hand way of his, "I think you've got it a bit wrong, Peter."

Peter said harshly, "Are you ing to tell me you aren't in we with her?"

love with her?"

Robin shook his head, smiling ruefully. "Oh. I suppose I am. Or, rather, I always have been, Peter. But it never was serious. It couldn't be, don't you see? Di never cared for me in that way. Not the marrying way, I mean. I grew up with her. I was soft on her, but you don't really fall in love when you know it's one-sided; and after you came I knew there never would be a chance. I haven't thought of Di in that way in a long time."

of Di in that way in a long time."

"After I came and messed everything up." Peter said.

Robin said, "It's going to be rough on Di. It works two ways, of course. If you don't care that way for a girl she's got to take it, the way a man has to."

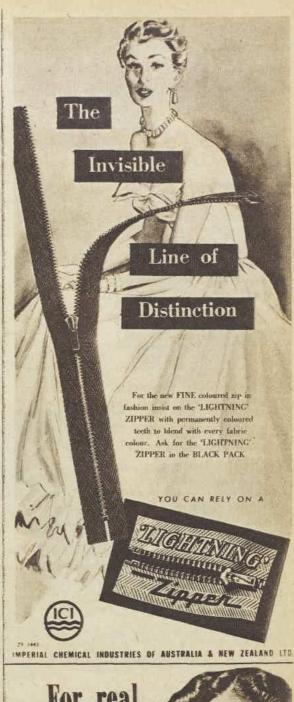
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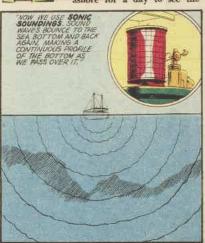


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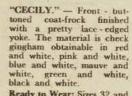






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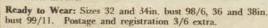


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